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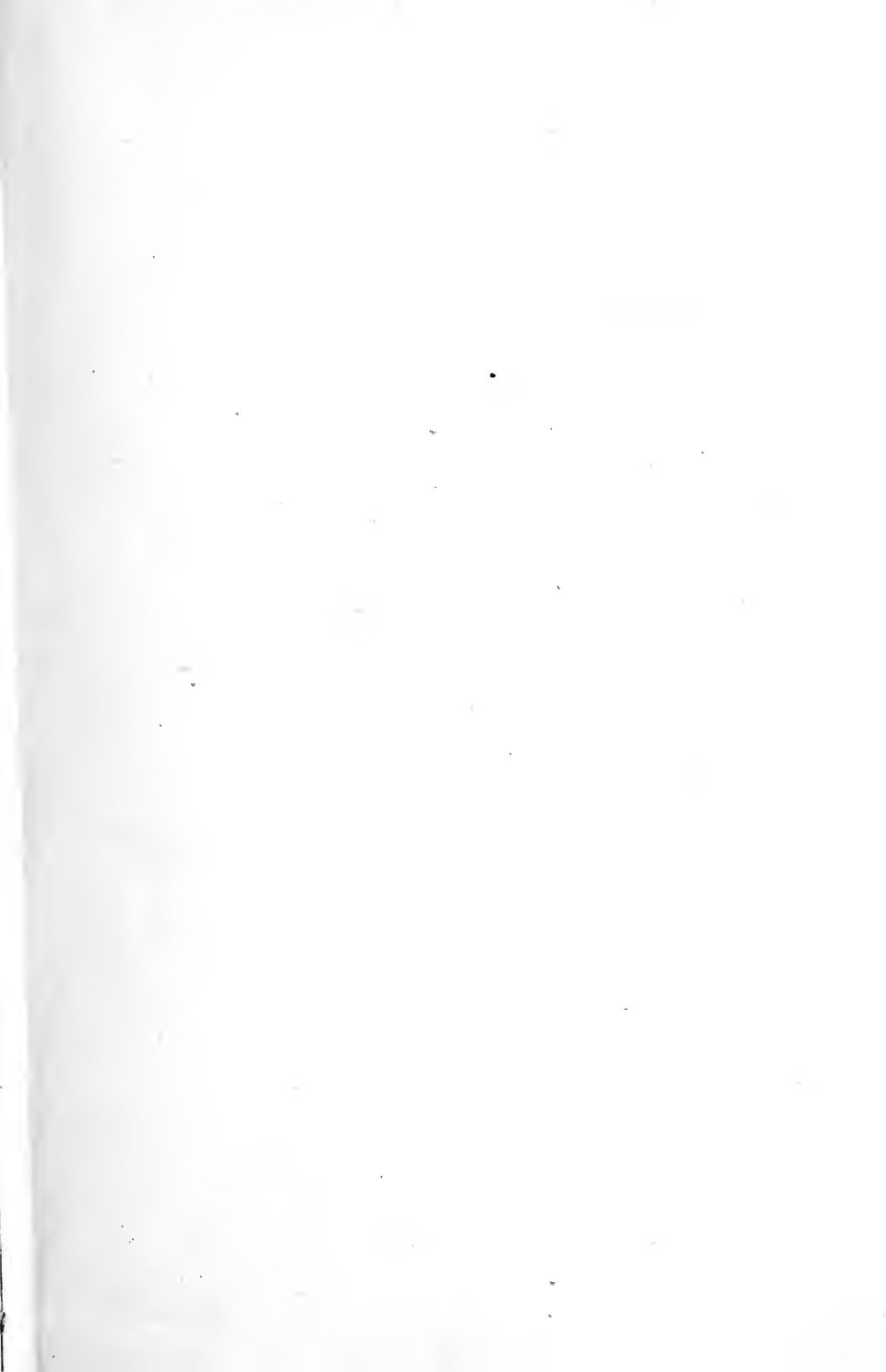




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W.P. Caister  
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*The Lady Anne Bernard.*  
*From a miniature by Cosway.*

# SOUTH AFRICA A CENTURY AGO

(1797, 1801)

PART I.  
LETTERS WRITTEN  
FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

PART II.  
EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL  
ADDRESSED TO HER SISTERS IN ENGLAND

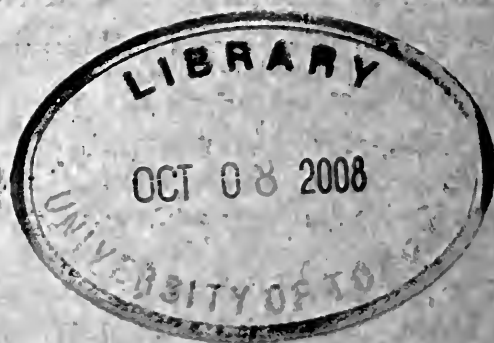
BY  
THE LADY ANNE BARNARD

*Selected for Reading in Schools*

BY  
H. J. ANDERSON, M.A.



MASKEW MILLER LIMITED  
CAPE TOWN



## PREFACE

The sixteenth century saw the coming of the sailing-ship and the great voyages of discovery. The Catholic countries of Europe, Spain and Portugal, led the way ; and in 1494 the " Pope's line " sought to divide between them the newly discovered regions. But such a division could not last. Other nations—England and Holland, then France—were determined to have their share of treasure and trade ; and the failure of the Armada broke the naval power of Spain. By the eighteenth century the struggle for predominance at sea and in the new lands had narrowed down to the rivalry between England and France, the France which rose to pre-eminence and power under Louis XIV. By 1760 Britain was in control of India and North America ; but the struggle between the two nations went on—with intervals for recovery—for over fifty years. The decision inevitably determined the fate of South Africa as well ; for the Cape was on the main sea-route to the East, and must fall a prize to the strongest power at sea. Holland became involved in the conflict, when she followed France in supporting the American colonists, during the War of Independence. Britain was hard pressed then ; and the result was a French garrison at the Cape from 1781 to 1783, in which year peace was declared between the new " United States " and Britain. It is well known that about this time the burghers of the Cape were by no means happy under the rule of the Dutch East India Company. Poverty and distress were rife ; and there was trouble in the East between the more distant Dutch settlers and the Natives. It was the period of the French Revolution, and the men of Swellendam and Graaff-Reinet decided to have little republics of their own. Even in Cape Town there was a republican party : they called themselves " Patrioten " in imitation of the " Patriot " party in Holland. It was this republican party in the Netherlands which welcomed

the armies of the French Revolution, so that in 1795 the Stadtholder (the Prince of Orange) was forced to take refuge in England. Holland became the Batavian Republic, in alliance with France, which since 1793 had been at war with more than half of Europe, including Great Britain. Steps were taken at once by the British Government to secure the Cape. An expedition under Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig reached Simon's Bay on June 11, 1795. The Stadtholder had written letters, in which the Dutch Governor at the Cape was requested to admit any troops that might be sent by England (as his ally) to defend it from French invasion. By means of these letters, which they brought with them, the English leaders hoped entirely to avoid bloodshed. But the Commissioner Sluysken came to know that the Prince was a refugee, without any authority to write in the name of the Netherlands. Resistance was however of little avail : the Dutch garrison was too small. A truce was declared on September 14th, 1795, and two days later the Castle was occupied by the English forces. The inhabitants of the different divisions—the Cape, Stellenbosch, Swellendam, and, with more reluctance, Graaff-Reinet—soon accepted the new authority.

Henry Dundas, the Secretary of State for War in Pitt's First Administration, had a clearer idea than other British statesmen of the value and importance of the Cape. He sought out the best man he could find to be Governor, viz., the Earl of Macartney, a distinguished and experienced administrator. In the meantime General Craig had acted as Governor ; he ruled firmly, and made a beginning, under instructions from Dundas, in removing certain grievances of which the burghers had been complaining under the rule of the Dutch Company. Lord Macartney arrived at the Cape on May 4th, 1797, on board the *Trusty*. Dundas had selected his own nephew, Major-General Francis Dundas, to be Lieutenant-Governor and to take command of the garrison (General Dundas was twice Acting-Governor, after Lord Macartney's retirement, and—later—after the recall of Sir

George Yonge). Andrew Barnard was appointed Secretary of the Colony; this appointment he owed to his wife's influence with Dundas. The Barnards arrived in South Africa a day later than Lord Macartney; they came by another ship, the *Sir Edward Hughes*. Lady Anne Barnard's letters to Henry Dundas (who later, in 1802, was created Viscount Melville) begin at this point. The first is dated July 10th, 1797, and the last February 16th, 1801.

The Cape was restored to Holland by the Peace of Amiens (in March, 1802). Lady Anne remained in Cape Town until January, 1802; her husband, a few months longer, till the affairs of the Colony had been duly transferred to the Dutch authorities. War between France and England broke out afresh in 1803, and three years later the Cape was again occupied by an English force. (In 1814 it was finally and formally handed over to England by the Netherlands.) This result was the logical outcome of Trafalgar. Barnard came again to South Africa in 1806, having been re-appointed Secretary; but he died—in 1807—soon after his arrival. He was buried in Cape Town, in the Somerset Road burial ground, whence his remains and tombstone were recently removed to Woltemade No. 1. The inscription on the stone is in English and Dutch: "His afflicted widow, who at a distance deploras his loss, has erected this tablet as a mark of her liveliest sorrow. Colonist! Drop a tear to his memory. He sought the welfare of your country, and he loved its inhabitants."

It was a happy chance that—at an interval of half a century—brought to South Africa two brilliant letter-writers. One was the Lady Anne Barnard, the other Lady Duff Gordon. In many ways they differed profoundly; but both were remarkable personalities, in whom rare natural gifts were developed to the highest degree by education and social training. Both had quick intelligence, ready sympathy and understanding of others. unusual powers of observation, and a keen sense of humour. In their letters all these qualities appear, and added to them are the charms of a vivid

and natural style. But we have here to speak only of Lady Anne. On her arrival in South Africa in 1797, she was no longer in her first youth. She was in fact forty-seven. Her husband was twelve years her junior, a circumstance which she was not at all concerned to conceal (compare the letter of June 1st, 1800). Her friends at "home" would remember her best as Lady Anne Lindsay, the charming and witty daughter of Lord Balcarres. She was born in 1750, the eldest child of the family; and she had two sisters and no fewer than eight brothers. She received a good education, suited to her station. Both she and her favourite sister, Margaret, were bright and intelligent. As the children grew up, they naturally came into contact with the best and most intellectual society of the time. David Hume, the historian and philosopher, was a great friend of the family. In 1771 Lady Margaret Lindsay married, and Lady Anne missed her sister sadly. "Residing," she says, "in the solitude of the country, without other resources of entertainment but what I could draw from myself, I used to mount up to my little closet in the high winding staircase, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rocks, the birds, the beach; and with my pen in my hand and a few envelopes of old letters, which too often vanished afterwards, scribbled away poetically and in prose." It was no doubt a valuable training for the future letter-writer; and, what interests us more, it was probably about this time that she wrote the famous ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*, the first and best form of which is quoted at the end of this preface. (Lady Anne did not publicly acknowledge the authorship of the poem until 1823.) In 1773 she met Dr. Johnson, the literary dictator of the time, when he came to Edinburgh, where Lady Anne with her mother lived in the centre of the social and intellectual life of the city. Probably about this time she first met Henry Dundas, a brilliant young barrister who was rising to fame in the political world. When her sister Lady Margaret became a widow, Lady Anne joined her in London. Her sister was beautiful, and Lady Anne herself was accounted one of the

wittiest and "most fascinating women of her time." Little wonder that the home of "the Lindsay Sisters" in Berkeley Square became a favourite meeting-place of the most distinguished people of the day. Great statesmen and orators such as Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, and Dundas were among their friends. Even the Prince of Wales was a frequent guest. The friendship between Lady Anne and Dundas was specially intimate, and it continued unbroken till his death.

In 1793 Lady Anne married Mr. Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick. Their marriage was happy enough, though Lady Anne was so much older than her husband; but they lacked wealth, and it was a relief to them both when Dundas, who had now risen to be Secretary of State for War, was able to offer Barnard the post of Secretary to the Cape Colony. The appointment was no mere act of grace: it fitted in very well with the Minister's political plans. The Cape was his "favourite child," and he had great hopes of its future. A first essential was to conciliate the Dutch settlers. What Lord Macartney would do to win them over by just administration, he trusted that Lady Anne would supplement in the social sphere. And he was not disappointed. As the Governor was not accompanied by Lady Macartney, it fell to the Secretary's wife to be the chief lady at the Cape; and no one could have filled the position more successfully or with a finer grace than Lady Anne. Nor was she merely playing a part. With all her "managing" ways, which grew perhaps with advancing years, she was a woman of warm human sympathy; and she won the affectionate regard of the Dutch people. We are told that, when she left the Cape, "a large party of Dutch, headed by the Fiscal, came to the quay to see her off." And it was not merely by her social qualities and *savoir-faire* that she was able to serve her friend. The letters give us the impression that even in matters of high policy Dundas was prepared to be guided by Lady Anne's shrewd observation and judgment. Her account of Sir George Yonge's feeble administration may have had something to

do with that Governor's recall. She could even write freely to Dundas about his own nephew (General Dundas), when his actions failed to meet with her approval. And withal she loved the Cape, and shared in great measure her friend's hopes for its future: "Barren and ill-cultivated as it now is, it strikes Mr. Barnard and me to have (*sic*) great powers in itself to become one of the finest countries in the world."

How greatly Lord Melville valued Lady Anne's letters is shown by the fact that he kept them tied together and carefully preserved among his most treasured papers at Melville Castle. There they remained after his death for almost a hundred years, till—in 1901—they were at last published to the world.

The last years of her life Lady Anne spent in preparing materials for a family history, *The Lives of the Lindsays*.

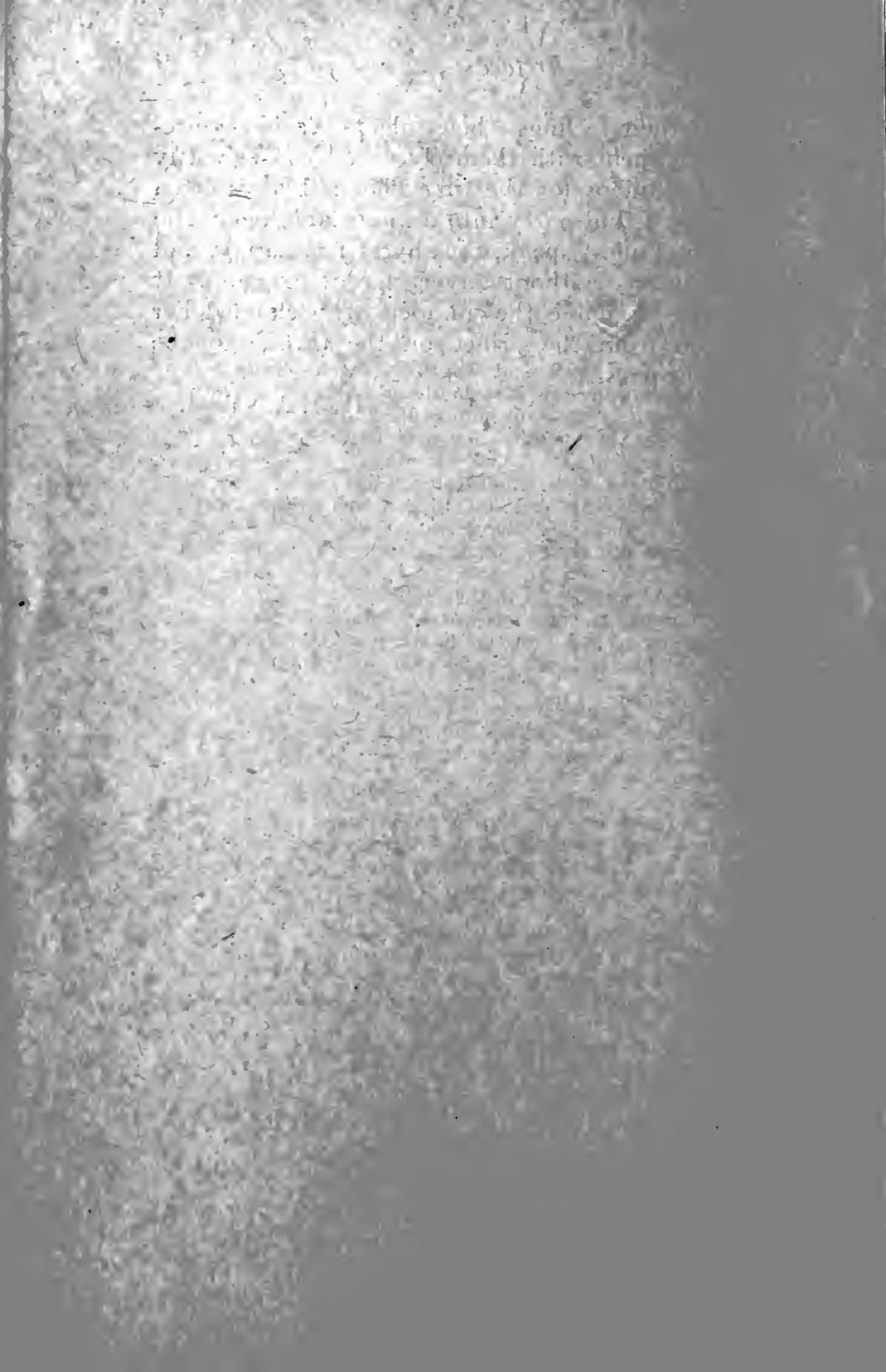
Lady Anne's contribution to the "Lives," in its ultimate shape (published 1849) consists of "Extracts from the Journal of a Residence at the Cape of Good Hope, and of a short Tour into the Interior, By Lady Anne Barnard—addressed to her Sisters in England." The "Journal" covers much the same ground as the letters to Henry Dundas; the narrative is, if anything, simpler and more intimate. Portions of the "Journal," which are printed in Part II., afford an interesting commentary and supplement to the letters; in particular, the account of the "Tour into the Interior," which is given much more fully in the "Journal," has been printed in preference to that contained in the letters.

Lady Anne's friend, Lord Melville, died in 1811. She lived till 1825. The tribute paid to her by her nephew, Colonel Lindsay, is worth quoting here:

"The peculiar trait of Lady Anne's character was benevolence, a readiness to share with others her purse, her tears, or her joys—an absence of all selfishness. This, with her talents, created a power of pleasing which I have never seen equalled. She had in society a power of placing herself in sympathy with those whom she addressed, of

drawing forth their feelings, their talents, their requirements, pleasing them with themselves and consequently with their companions for the time being. I have often seen her change a dull party into an agreeable one ; she could make the dullest speak, the shyest feel happy, and the witty flash fire, without any apparent exertion. It were impossible to name the numbers who claimed her intimacy, even from the prince on the throne to the peasant at Balcarres."

H. J. A., 1924.



## THE ORIGINAL TEXT OF 'AULD ROBIN GRAY'

By LADY ANNE LINDSAY, by marriage BARNARD.

---

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,  
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,  
The wacs o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,  
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,  
But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside ;  
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,  
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown<sup>1</sup> away ;  
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna wark—my mither couldna spin—  
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win,—  
Aul Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,  
Said, ' Jeanie, O for *their* sakes will ye no marry me ? '

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack ;  
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee,  
Or why am I spared to cry wae is me ?

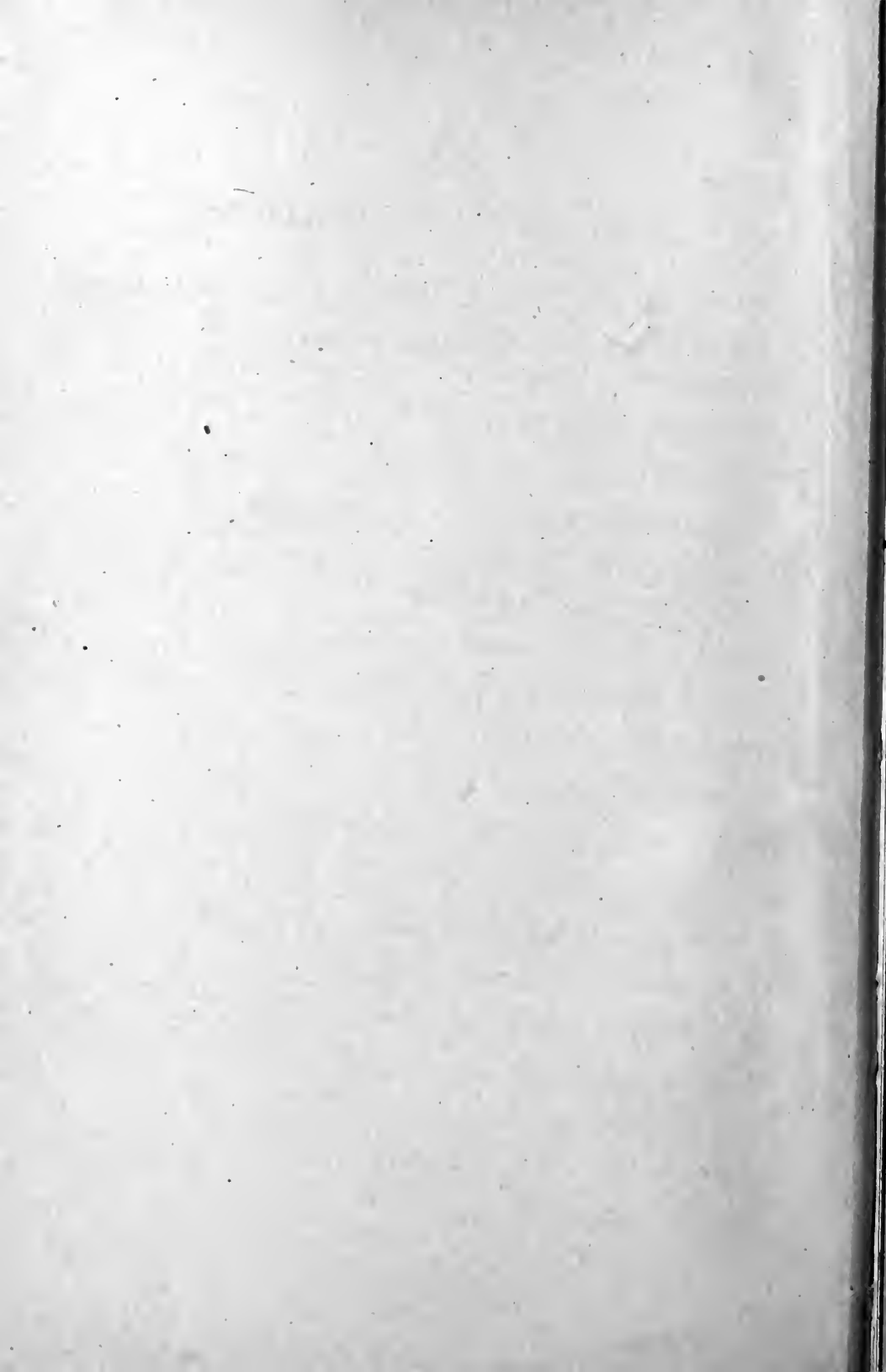
My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,  
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;  
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—  
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,  
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,  
Till he said, ' I'm come hame, love, to marry thee ! '

Oh sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',  
I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa',—  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,  
For though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For O, Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

<sup>1</sup>Stolen.



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PART I.

LETTERS WRITTEN  
FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE  
(1797-1801)



# I

The Castle, Cape Town :  
July 10th, 1797.

From the Castle of Good Hope, situated within the garrison, over which towers the Table Mountain at a considerable real distance (the close apparent vicinity being from the effect of its height), and from the window of my bed-chamber, which overlooks a colonnade built around a spacious pond of water supplied from the head and tail of a spouting dolphin, I begin this letter to my dearest Friend,<sup>1</sup> firmly assured that he will be as much interested in its contents from private affection to the writer, as from curiosity to know every point, however minute, which regards a public concern. I am perfectly convinced that you must also receive, along with this, such numberless letters from others much better qualified to give an account of everything worth your knowing, that it would seem almost conceited folly in me to describe things as they appear around me, or still more to give my miserable female notions on anything of importance, were it not that I know your friendship will contrive a general apology for everything silly or erroneous. You gave me leave to write freely whenever I would, and I promise that you shall find everything you wish to know—and some things you may not—from the honestest pen in the world (for I must not confine myself now to Europe). I never exaggerate—never ; sometimes I may extenuate, but I set down naught in malice.

But to land us here properly, let me first return to the ship and bring up matter with a little regularity.

Our voyage on the whole was a prosperous one. We sailed from Plymouth the 23rd of February, and landed at the Cape the 5th of May. We had but few calms, and no storm such as to endanger the ship, though ten days of weather was so very rough as to give sufficient apology to a coward for being afraid, particularly from the rolling of the ship.

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Secretary of State, to whom all these letters are addressed.

We had, as you know, 272 great guns for Bengal aboard her, which often brought our upper guns under water, and rendered the beauties in their various cabins black and blue from the rolling and pitching the guns produced. We met with but few occurrences of consequence. The heat between the Tropics was excessive, but not beyond or equal to what I expected, as the thermometer was never above 84 degrees. All on board were well, partly owing to the dry weather, partly to the attentions of the Captain, who you very justly told me was one of the civilest and most liberal of men. Our mess-mates numbered about twenty-four, and we all got on like lambs, except two, of whom I would say nothing, were it not that you must hear of them from others. I mean Captain Campbell and his Dutch wife. We were obliged to drop common conversation with them beyond the necessities of society. He contradicted all around him in a manner most unusual in civilised company, and as for Mrs. Campbell, after every fair attention on the part of the ladies on board, who were five beside herself, she seemed resolved to keep herself apart from all *Englishwomen*, apparently reserving herself to be head of the Dutch party instead of the English, and finding much fault with Government for sending to the Cape, as she says, a 'parcel of people who cannot please the Dutch, or be likely to adopt their manners.' I hope that her manners are not a specimen, and that her calculations will not prove good, as the Dutch are said to be eager to be well with the English. In any case Mr. Barnard and I mean to do all in our power to carry out your wishes, to conciliate them as much as we possibly can, and to meet their habits and the custom of the place half-way.

But to return to our voyage. The heat decreased as we passed the Tropic of Cancer, and, after having quitted our blankets and cloth habits, we all took to them again. Our course was pretty direct by the chart from the time we passed the Madeiras (where you made us go into a fine scollop to avoid certain French cruisers which we have since heard you had intelligence of) till we got into the latitude of the Cape,

where contrary winds vexed us much. However, five or six days produced a favourable change, and the joyful news of land being seen was announced, though in truth it was so enveloped in fog that we did not enjoy its appearance till we were exactly placed in the bay opposite to Cape Town. Then, as if by one consent, the Lion's rump whisked off the vapours with its tail; the Lion's head untied, and dropped the necklace of clouds which surrounded its erect throat, and Table Mountain, over which a white damask table-cloth had been spread half-way down, showed its broad face and smiled. At the same time guns from the garrison and from all the batteries welcomed His Majesty's Government, and the distant hills, who could not step forward to declare their allegiance, by the awful thunders of their acquiescing echoes, informed us that they were not ignorant of the arrival of the Governor,<sup>1</sup> who was at that moment putting his foot on land. Nothing could be finer than the *coup d'œil*<sup>2</sup> from the Bay; yet nothing can have so little affinity with each other as the bold perpendicular mountains, bare and rocky, and the low white card houses, which from the distance seem even smaller than they are, and scarce large enough to hold an ant. But this is only appearance; in reality they are excellent.<sup>3</sup>

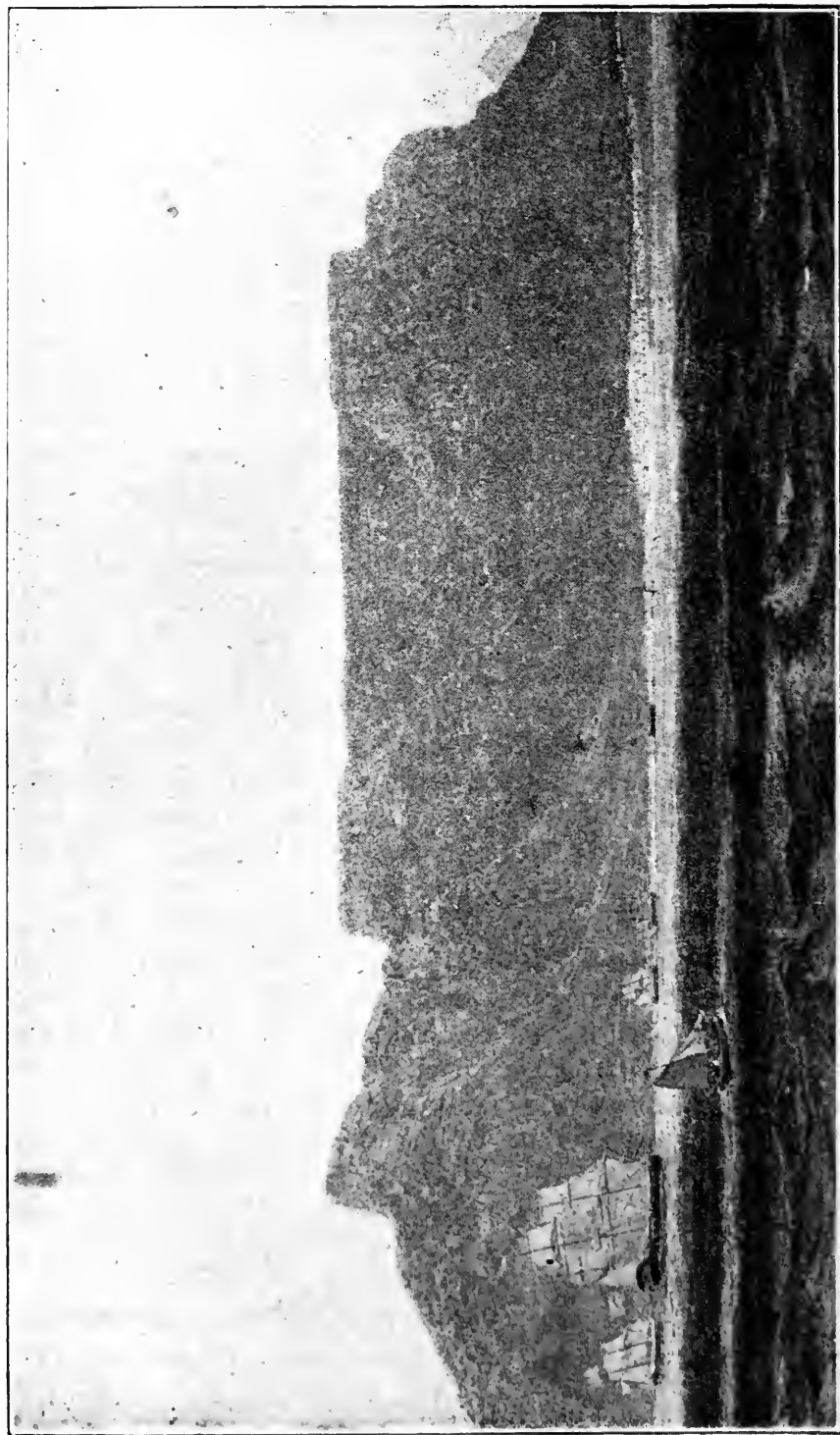
The Thornborns, having heard of our arrival, sent us an invitation to come to their house, which was a blessing of no moderate sort, every place being crowded. Lord Macartney preferred going to one of the lodging-houses (indeed all the private houses, half a dozen excepted, are such) to incommoding Sir James Craig<sup>4</sup> by going to his abode. We walked

<sup>1</sup> George, Earl Macartney, the first English Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, had enjoyed a distinguished career as a diplomatist and Colonial Governor. He had been Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of St. Petersburg, and concluded a most successful commercial treaty with Russia; he had been Governor of Madras, and had refused the Governor-Generalship of India. He had been on a special embassy to the Emperor of China at Pekin. He was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope on December 30, 1796, and arrived there on board the 'Trusty,' May 4, 1797.

<sup>2</sup> *Coup d'œil* (French) = general bird's-eye view.

<sup>3</sup> The population of Cape Town was then about 6,000 Europeans and nearly 11,000 persons of colour.

<sup>4</sup> General Sir James Henry Craig had assumed the civil government and military command at the Cape after the capitulation of the Dutch, and remained there as Deputy-Governor of the Colony until the arrival of Lord Macartney.



A FIRST VIEW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN AS IT APPEARED TO LADY ANNE BARNARD.

. From a contemporary *Aquatint* by Samuel Daniel.

from the Key to Mr. Thornborn's house, for, though his carriage was sent to meet us, we preferred the feeling of hard land under our feet to all artificial conveyances. The first thing that struck me, strongly and disagreeably, was a very offensive smell in the air, and I afterwards found it in some of the houses ; I was told it proceeded from the oil with which the slaves grease their hair. Waggons of wood next appeared, driven by one man, eight and ten horses moving with perfect docility to the crack of his whip. Next we saw more melancholy evidences of the far distant classes amongst human creatures—slaves returning from a seven or eight miles' distance, each man loaded with two bundles of sticks slung across his bare shoulders. It made one sigh at first to look at the weight of the bundles ; the only comfort was that one of them only was for the master ; the other was for the private benefit of the slave. We walked up the town, which I found much superior in appearance and area, and in the size and accommodation of the houses, to what I had expected. We were kindly welcomed by the Thornborns, who let us make their house our home during ten days.

Long looked-for as Lord Macartney had been, his arrival seemed to give new life to languid spirits. Even the Dutch, who had vainly flattered themselves, till a Governor came, that a Governor never would come, and that the Cape would somehow or another fall back into the old hands<sup>1</sup> or be ceded to the French, seemed to have got a cold bath first, but revived health and alacrity of mind through certainty of the worst and the necessity of beginning business again on an assured footing. This has not been the case during the procrastinated decisions of Sir James Craig, who has made it his policy to delay all unpleasant rules until the commencement of the new Governor's administration. I fancy that on the capture of the Cape, being too eager to obtain it, he made the terms of capitulation unnecessarily beneficial to the Dutch. He wishes to be the friend and protector of the Cape people, and so unwittingly made him-

<sup>1</sup> The Dutch East India Company.

self the protector of Dutch impositions put upon the troops—a dear price for popularity. He considered these indulgences were merely temporary ones, as a Governor would soon arrive.

Immediately on our arrival, Mr. Thornborn's house was filled with scarlet and blue coats, who came to visit us and to rejoice on our arrival. I should have felt sorry, when I listened to the dislike every individual expressed of the Cape, had I not hoped that many favourable changes would soon take place from Lord Macartney's wisdom, and from the acquisition society was gaining by a few good-humoured people being thrown into the leaven tub, which at that moment appeared to have too much acid in it. I plainly saw from General Craig's manner that he was disappointed at not remaining here himself, but, since he was not to do so, it was very agreeable to him to go to India. He appeared, however, to be much less sanguine in his expectations of the benefits arising to England from the Cape, or from the possibility of its being rendered flourishing, convenient, or any *real acquisition* to us, than I had imagined he would have been. He boldly said that the expectations formed from it, and of it, were too high. One could only pause and listen to this with a portion of regret, mixed with another little portion of distrust of a judgment which, though a very tolerable one in many respects, is not so extensive in its views or powers as some others I wot of. Admiral Pringle,<sup>1</sup> however, backed this gloomy view with six-and-thirty-pounder corroborations. He said that the Cape was the worst nautical situation it was possible for the devil himself to contrive, with fewer possibilities of harbourings or landing-places than could be conceived—no rivers, no water, torrents in plenty from the mountain tops, but nothing in the bosom of the earth. He imagined also that the Dutch policy was a sound one when they checked all population or improvement; for, as the Colony improved and its people increased, he thought it would to *us* only prove a second America, and

<sup>1</sup> The Admiral then commanding the squadron at the Cape.

would be more likely in time to rob us of India than to secure it for us. He held all establishment of manufactures to be dangerous and foolish, and said that no pains should be taken with the interior of the country, but merely with the skirting of it, which could produce comforts for our people after their long voyages to and fro. All this the Admiral laid down much more clearly, God knows, than I repeat it ; and he wound up by swearing that the Cape was the 'cussedest place' ever discovered, with nothing good in it, and that even the hens did not lay fresh eggs, so vile was every animal that inhabited the place !

There appeared to be no small mixture of prejudice, along with some reasonable causes of dislike, in all these explosions. I could only cry pause here also, and wait to hear the other side of the question ; but this I was not likely to have from the military, who all to a man have disliked their quarters—nor is that much to be wondered at, as everything since the first capture of the Cape has been so extravagantly dear that the poor subalterns are both starved and undone. The private soldiers live well, and cheap, as beef, mutton, and bread are still reasonable, the first being only  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per pound, raised to  $4d.$  per pound now ; and I suppose bread is not more than, or so much as, in London, as our house bills for it amount to nearly the same sum as it cost us there. At first there was much drinking amongst the private soldiers, from the cheapness of the Cape wine, which could then be procured for about  $3d.$  a bottle ; but now I have heard there are wine-taxes laid on it, or some way is contrived to render its attainment less easy and counteract its pernicious effects in the garrison, it being now  $6d.$  a bottle or more. Every other article of life (the three excepted—wine, bread, and butcher's meat) is extraordinarily dear. An officer, who comforts himself on going to this distant destination by the thought of living within his pay, is therefore disappointed in the extreme to find that he is obliged to spend more here than if he were in London. This is by no means owing to his purchasing English articles, as the products of the

country are equally expensive—garden-stuff, fruit, eggs, butter, washing, labour : all are above all reason ; an egg is 3*d.*, a pound of potatoes 6*d.*, a dish of cauliflower 1*s.* 6*d.*, milk above 1*s.* per quart, the washing of a shirt 6*d.*, oranges about the same price as in London, almonds, raisins, walnuts nearly the same, and every assistance of labour three times as much. All this, together with the high price of horses (an ordinary one being 30*l.* or 40*l.*), with fodder enormous and not to be obtained, besides the want of amusement of every kind, has made the military sick of this place, vexed as they have been with scarcity and poverty, and hipped with *ennui*.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps their distance from the fountain of *promotion* may add to this, and the very little notice taken of the subaltern officers (which has come to a point Mr. Barnard and I think very cruel, and wish to mend as far as we can) has rendered them still more dispirited ; no man here beneath a colonel (or major at least) being invited to anything.

I soon had an opportunity of judging of this. Sir James Craig gave a ball to the new Governor in honour of his arrival, to which we, of course, went. I must say it was a very pretty sight : the Government House in the gardens was beautifully lighted with every lamp in the Colony which could be brought together, and the walks, shadowed with oak trees, were bright as day, and had very pretty devices at the end of most of them. The ball-room was very long but somewhat narrow ; perhaps it seemed narrow because it was lined with rows of Dutch ladies, all tolerably well-dressed—much white muslin about, and a good deal of colour. There were not many Dutchmen there ; the Fiscal,<sup>2</sup> or head officer of Justice, the President of the Court, and one or two other men in public positions, appeared for a short time and then vanished, as if they were almost afraid of being seen there by each other. They cannot divest themselves of the opinion that the English will be obliged to cede

<sup>1</sup> (French) = weariness, boredom.

<sup>2</sup> Willem Stephanus van Ryneveld, who had held the same office under the Dutch East India Company.

the Cape to the Dutch, or to France, on a peace, and therefore do not want to get known as partisans of the English Government. As for the young Dutchmen, I saw hardly any ; or perhaps they are altogether Jacobin.<sup>1</sup> At any rate they were not there, and this brings me back to the point where I started.

I was surprised to see so small a portion of the military ; no ensigns, lieutenants, or their wives. I asked about this, and found out that it is the *ton*<sup>2</sup> of the general officers to discountenance the subordinate ranks from mixing in society. I think this is very bad for the young military, and I have heard that—for want of better society, we shall suppose—the garrison were much given to drinking and gaming. Every day this prevails less and less. General Dundas<sup>3</sup> does not encourage either—indeed, in my opinion, considerably the contrary. At review-dinners, and on such public festivities, he pushes about the bottle in a manly way ; but except on these occasions never, and gaming he never gives in to. You would be pleased to see how wisely, temperately, and agreeably he conducts himself in his situation, how well he and Lord Macartney are together, and on what comfortable terms he is with all around him. I dwell the more on this, as there was a time when I remember hearing him called hot and haughty ; if such things have been, or are, in his temper, they are at present checked and laid aside ; he is a most pleasant member of society, and well liked by man and woman. I see also great satisfaction in every one with the manners of our Lord, who was expected to be cold and dignified, and fond of his own opinion, and stiff in maintaining it. Such was the public notion of him : he certainly has wished to impress it differently, and has succeeded. He promotes society, and is markedly attentive to the individuals who compose it, respects those inferior to himself in their departments, lays down rules with wise firmness but

<sup>1</sup> Republicans.

<sup>2</sup> (French) = It is considered by them 'good form.'

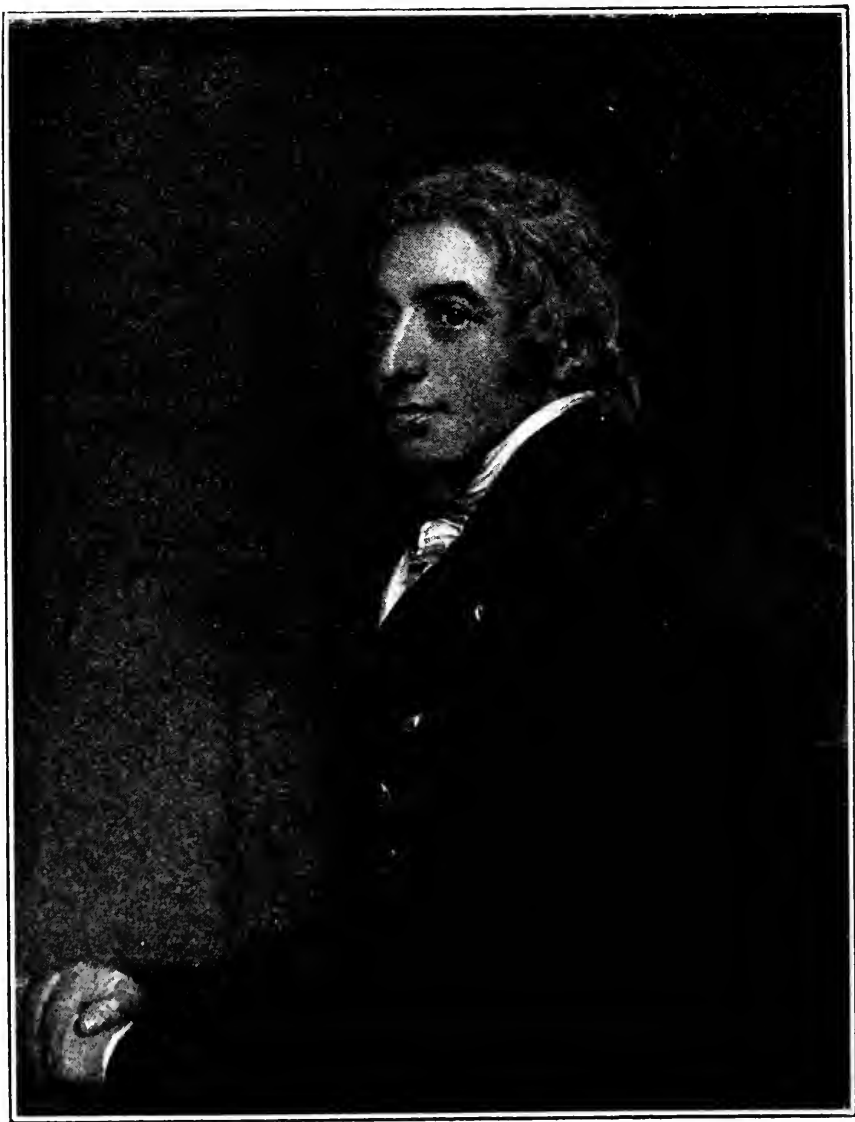
<sup>3</sup> General Francis Dundas, nephew of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, was appointed to command the troops at the Cape of Good Hope in August 1796.



SIR GEORGE MACARTNEY.

no mixture of pride, and is (I may say), as far as things have come, beloved. I shall only quote you the words of one smallish man, as it contains more than his own feelings. 'I am so glad,' said he, 'to find myself a gentleman now. I had begun to fancy myself a blackguard, but I look up to myself now from the manner Lord Macartney treats me.'

Lord Macartney, immediately on his arrival, declared his intention of living in the Government House in the garden, which he apprehended would not be too cold in winter, and which is certainly cooler than any other here in summer. General Dundas was the next to make his election; he preferred remaining in the second-sized house within the Castle—being fixed there with a proper bachelor establishment—to occupying the great Government House, which required more furniture and servants, and was fitter for a family. This he gave up to us, partly from good-humour and partly from the above reasons. It is a palace, containing such a suite of apartments as makes me fancy myself a princess when in it—but not an Indian or Hottentot princess, as I have fitted all up in the style of a comfortable, plain, English house—Scotch carpets, English linen, and rush-bottom chairs, with plenty of lolling sofas, which I have had made by regimental carpenters and stuffed by regimental tailors. In a week or two I shall invite all who wish to be merry without cards or dice, but who can talk, or 'hop' to half a dozen black fiddlers, to come and see me on my public day, which shall be once a fortnight, when the Dutch ladies (all of whom love dancing, and flirting still more) shall be kindly welcomed, and the poor ensigns and cornets shall have an opportunity of stretching their legs as well as the generals. I shall not be stinted for room, as I have a hall of sixty feet, a drawing-room of forty, a dining-room of twenty, a tea-room of thirty, and three supper-rooms—in one of which only I shall have supper, and that cold and desultory, with side-boards and no chairs, as I wish to make my guests happy without being ruined by their drinking half a hogs-head of claret every party. Ducks and chickens, etc., they



ANDREW BARNARD.

shall have, but as turkeys are one pound apiece, I shall not fly at any of their excellencies.

At Rondebosch is the pleasantest country house<sup>1</sup> belonging to Government, four miles' distance from the Cape ; it has been occupied by General Campbell—Lord Macartney begged him and his wife to remain in it, which they have done. I like our house in the garrison better, however, than any we could have had elsewhere, as it is close by the office, where Mr. Barnard is from ten in the morning to three or four, and sometimes part of the evening. I ought perhaps to leave it to Lord Macartney to say how he is pleased with the Secretary ; but to *You* I cannot resist expressing the great satisfaction I feel in seeing Mr. Barnard get through the business of his situation in a manner which I perceive is completely satisfactory to Lord Macartney, and so conciliatory to every one around him. I always knew that his abilities would be found equal to any demand that could be made on them, but I feel this conjecture established into a very pleasant certainty by having, on more occasions than one, seen Lord Macartney throwing on him very consequential<sup>2</sup> decisions, which have been invariably approved of, and even adopting from time to time alterations which Mr. Barnard has ventured to make in papers after Lord Macartney has approved of them. Lord Macartney, on the other hand, seems positively fond of, and most companionable with, Mr. Barnard, who appears, and is, as happy in his department as a man can be who thirsted after employment, had it bestowed on him by a friend he is glad to be obliged to, and feels himself equal to it.

With such reasons for being happy, if I tell you that I am happy, and that I like the Cape, and see much of the disgust with which it is talked of by others as arising out of their own acrid humours, but half-supported by the fact, you will not be surprised. You must, however, read my account of its merits, when I begin to expatiate on them, with some

<sup>1</sup> Rustenburg.

<sup>2</sup> Important.

grains of allowance, as well as those opinions against on the other side, as I know that I have a natural disposition to pick out flowers amongst weeds if I can, and to make the best of all 'existing circumstances.' But, independent of this being the turn of my mind, let us look at the facts. Here is a divine climate (at least I have found it so as yet), no fog, no damp, no variations to check the perspirations and fall on the lungs, but a clear, pure, yet not sharp air, full of health and exhilaration to the spirits. Here *is* scarcity, but here *will* be plenty, I am convinced, when the harvest comes round, which quickly follows the sowing here—at least a third quicker than in England. The farmers saw no certain market before for their grain, nor would they venture to sow what was in their granaries, for fear of its being reaped by they knew not whom. Now that there is a fixed government and a certain allowance for all, they can send down to the shore. Less will probably be raised this year than will be necessary to make things very cheap, but industry will be doubled next year, more slaves will be got, more cattle taken into the yoke, and plenty, I think, will ensue. The town is clean, one or two dirty circumstances attending the killing of animals excepted; the features upon Nature's face magnificently strong. The bay opens beautifully at the foot of the mountains, while the Hottentot hills at twenty miles' distance rise in forms so stupendously eccentric<sup>1</sup> that I look at them with admiration every time I see them. It is in the power of activity and taste to make this, by planting, the finest scene in the world. I have but little of either, but little as I have, if I was only sure of living a couple of hundred years, to see the effects of my labours, I would begin to plant to-morrow with alacrity those grounds round the town which, from their want of water, cannot be applied to any purpose save that of rearing wood, which I think they could do in plenty for the use of the town: the silver tree and Scotch fir particularly grow to perfection, 'and join the gentle to the rude.' The marriage of Miss Silver-tree with

<sup>1</sup> Strange

Donald Fir-tops is exactly what I quote, the lady being covered with leaves of grey satin, and the fir, stout, of a fresh bold green, and hardy as its countrymen. I hear you say, and you speak it like a great man, like a good man, like a man of a mind far more extensive than any country is, 'But why must you live to two hundred years to plant? Can't you plant though you should live only twenty years?—some one in future will have the benefit of it and thank you.' I can, to be sure—and I will, that is more. I will do as much as my private purse can fairly do for public spirit, but a great deal I can't, unless I can persuade others to do so too, as the ground so planted must be enclosed, else the little tender sticks would be torn up by the slaves for fire-wood in a twelve-month's time.

But I must have done, or you'll think I'll never stop. Adieu, my dearest friend. My love to dear Lady Jane.<sup>1</sup> Tell her to think of me sometimes in this land of ostriches, Kafirs, and Hottentots. God bless you all.

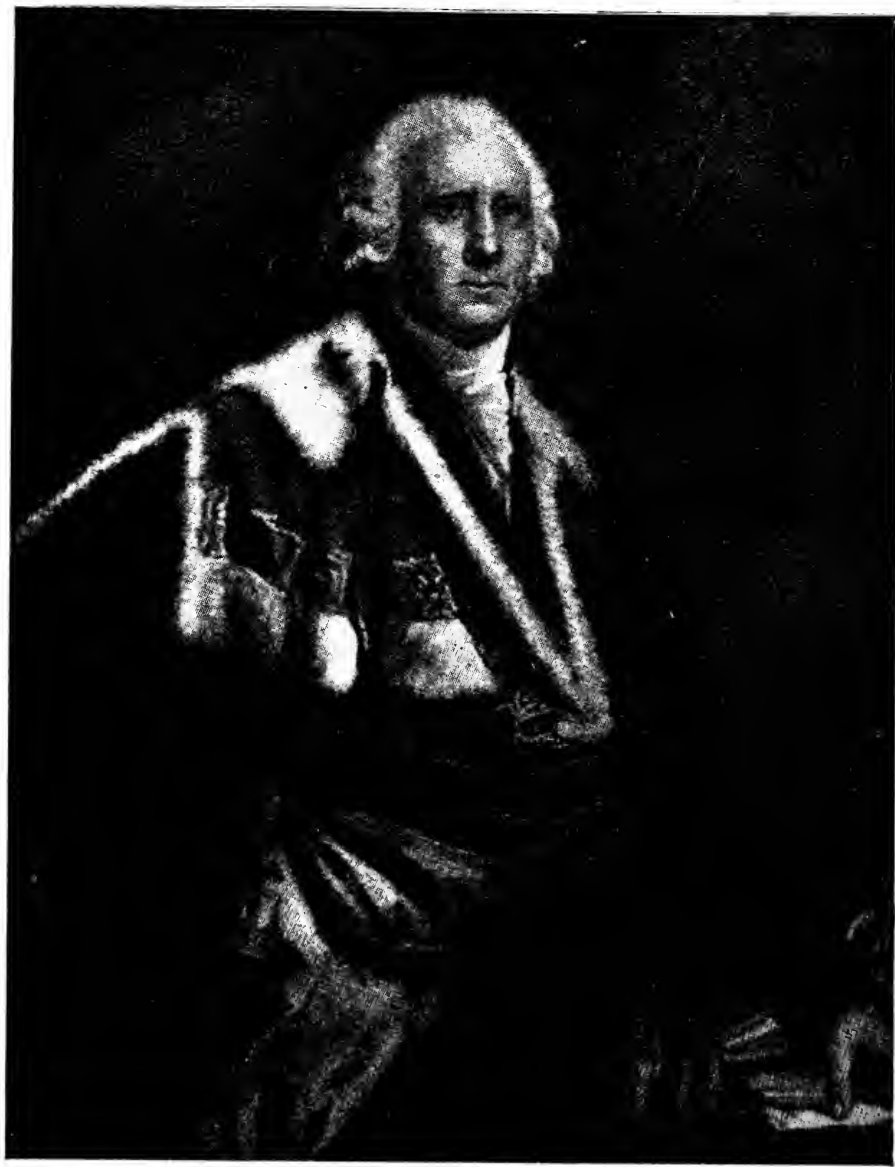
## II

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
August 10th, 1797.

I must begin my letter, my dear Friend, by telling you of the steps which have been taken to bring the people of the Cape into harmony with our English Government. There was a Proclamation<sup>2</sup> to the effect that during a certain time, which was an ample one, they might come from all quarters and take the oath of allegiance to His Majesty. The gates of the Castle were thrown open every morning, and I was surprised to see so many come after what I had heard. Firstly came a number of well-fed, rosy-cheeked men, with powdered hair, and dressed in black. They walked in in pairs with their hats off, a regulation on entering the Castle

<sup>1</sup> Lady Jane Hope, who was the second wife of Henry Dundas.

<sup>2</sup> May 28, 1797.



HENRY DUNDAS, FIRST VISCOUNT MELVILLE.

*From a Painting by Sir T. Lawrence.*

on public occasions which, in former days, Dutch pride imposed. They were followed by the Boers from the country—farmers and settlers who had come some very great distance. I think that many of them seemed very sulky and ill-affected; their manner seemed to say: 'There is no help for it. We must swear, for they are the strongest.' They are very fine men; their height is enormous; most of them are six feet high and upwards, and I do not know how many feet across; I hear that five or six hundred miles distant they even reach seven feet. They all came to the Cape in waggons, bringing a load of something to market at the same time. They were dressed in blue cloth jackets and trousers and very high flat hats. In fact, they struck me as overdressed, but the Hottentot servant who crept behind each, carrying his master's umbrella, on the other hand, was underdressed. He seemed to have little else to carry except a piece of leather round his waist and a sheepskin round his shoulders; one or two had a scarlet handkerchief tied round the head, sometimes an old hat ornamented with ostrich feathers, but very often they were bareheaded. I was told the Hottentots were uncommonly ugly and disgusting, but I do not think them so bad. Their features are small and their cheek-bones immense, but they have a kind expression of countenance; they are not so ugly as the slaves of Mozambique. I must try to sketch a face of every caste or nation here; the collection cannot be short of twenty.

I must now tell you a little about a Cape expedition<sup>1</sup> of mine. Having been told that no woman had ever been on the top of the Table Mountain (this was not literally true, one or two having been there), and being unable to get any account of it from the inhabitants of this town, all of whom wished it to be considered as next to an impossible matter to get to the top of it, as an excuse for their own want of curiosity, and having found the officers all willing to believe the Dutch for ditto reason, laziness to wit, there was some ambition as a motive for climbing, as well as curiosity. And

<sup>1</sup> A fuller account is given in the *Lives of the Lindsays* (see Part II.).

as Mr. Barrow<sup>1</sup> is just one of the pleasantest, best-informed, and most eager-minded young men in the world about everything curious or worth attention, I paid him my addresses and persuaded him to mount the mountain along with me. We were joined in the plan by two of my ship-mates, officers, and my maid chose to be of the party. I had a couple of servants, and a couple of boxes with cold meat and wine. Mr. Barrow and I slung round our shoulders tin cases for plants of which we were told we should get great variety on the top of the mountain. It is 3,500 feet in height, and it is reckoned about three miles to the top of it from the beginning of the great ascent, the road being (or rather the conjectured path, for there is no road) necessarily squinted in the zigzag way which much increases the measurement of the walk. At eight o'clock in the morning Mr. Barrow and I, with our followers, set off. We reached the foot of the mountain on horseback, and dismounted when we could ride no more—indeed, nothing but a human creature or an antelope could ascend such a path.

We first had to scramble up the side of a pretty perpendicular cascade of a hundred feet or two, the falls of which must be very fine after rains, and the side of which were shaded with myrtles, sugar trees, and geraniums. We continued our progress through a low foliage of all sorts of pretty heaths and evergreens, the sun at last beginning to beat with much force down on our heads ; but the heat was not, though great, oppressive. Wherever we saw questionable stone or ore, Mr. Barrow attacked it with a hammer, which I had luckily brought for the purpose, but he found the mountain through all its strata, which are innumerable, composed of iron stone, and that at least to the quantity of fifty per cent. It made me smile to see the signs of human footsteps, in the quantity of old soles and heels of shoes which I came across every here and there. I suppose these

<sup>1</sup> Mr., afterwards Sir Henry, Barrow was a naturalist and explorer, and one of Lord Macartney's private secretaries. He was employed by Lord Macartney to examine into the natural resources of the Colony, and to explore the almost unknown territory to the north of it.

relics have lain time immemorial, as leather, I believe, never decays, at least not for a great while. They proved that the Dutchmen told fibs when they said that few people had tried to get up this mountain. The sun and fatigue obliged me frequently to sit down ; and as I had an umbrella with me, a few minutes always recruited me. At last, about twelve o'clock, the sun began to be so very hot that I rejoiced at the turn of the mountain, which I saw would soon bring us into the shadow, before we reached the great gully by which we were to get out on the top. Redoubling my activity, at last we made the turn, but it was wonderful the sudden chill which instantaneously came over us ; we looked at our thermometers, and in a second they had fallen under the shadow fifteen degrees, being now 55 ; and before, on the brow of the hill, they were 70. We had now come to a fine spring of water, which fell from the top of the rock, or near it, over our heads ; we drank some of it with port-wine, but it was too cold to have been safe, if we had not more way to climb. I saved a bottle of it for you, *cher ami*.<sup>1</sup> Opposite there was a cave cut in the rock, which is occasionally inhabited by runaway negroes, of which there were traces.

Once more we set off, and in three hours from the bottom of the mountain reached the very tip-top of this great rock, looking down on the town (almost out of sight below) with much conscious superiority, and smiling at the formal meanness of its appearance, which would have led us to suppose it built by children out of half a dozen packs of cards. I was glad on this pinnacle to have a bird's-eye view of the country, the bays, and the distant and near mountains. The *coup d'œil* brought to my awed remembrance the Saviour of the World presented from the top of 'an exceeding high mountain' with all the kingdoms of the earth by the devil. Nothing short of such a view was this. But it was not the garden of the world that appeared all around ; on the contrary, there was no denying the circle bounded only by the heavens and sea to be a wide desert, bare,

<sup>1</sup> (French) = dear friend.

uncultivated, uninhabited, but noble in its bareness, and (as we had reason to know) possessing a soil capable of cultivation, a soil which submits easily to the spade, and gratefully repays attention. On the top of the mountain there was nothing of that luxuriance of verdure and foliage, flower or herbage, described by travellers; there were roots and some flowers, and a beautiful heath on the edge of the rocks, but the soil was cold, swampy, and mossy, covered in general with half an inch of water (rushes growing in it), and sprinkled all over with little white pebbles, some dozens of which I gathered to make Table Mountain earrings for my fair European friends. We now produced our cold meat, our port, Madeira, and Cape wine, and we made a splendid and happy dinner after our fatigues. When it was over I proposed a song to be sung in full chorus, not doubting that all the hills around would join us—‘God save the King.’<sup>1</sup>

My servants shot a few pretty birds, which you shall see by-and-by, and we found it time to return home, which we could not reach, we saw, before six o’clock at night. Nothing was more singular than to look down far, far below, on the flag raised on the top of the Lion’s head, a rock perpendicular, of some hundred feet, on the top of a great North Berwick Law.<sup>2</sup> It is round this rock that there is a constant necklace of clouds playing; but on this day all was clear. The person who keeps guard on this rock is drawn up by ropes fixed in a particular manner.

If it was difficult to ascend the hill, it was much more so to descend. The ladies were dressed for the occasion, else—I need not say more after the word ‘else.’ The only way to get down was to sit down and slip from rock to rock the best way one could. My shoes I had tied on with some yards of tape, which had been a good scheme. At last we reached home, not more tired than I expected we should have been, and more than ever convinced that there are few things impossible where there is, in man or woman, a decided and

<sup>1</sup> King George III.

<sup>2</sup> A hill near North Berwick, on the east coast of Scotland.

spirited wish of attainment. Doctor Pattison (a very amiable, sensible, and humane man sent out by the Admiralty as physician to the Navy Hospital) told me there was no sum he could not have won at the Cape against my ever reaching the top of Table Mountain. He said he would not take them in, for he knew I would do it if it was possible for anybody to do it, as I had said I would. I had found, however, no further gratification from having been there than the pleasure of being able to say, 'I have seen it'; for my fancy could have painted the same very prettily, without going up.

Since that time I have ridden round the Bay; the road is finer than any scene I ever saw in my life, or could have seen—that is to say, fine from mountains and sea. I must make some sketches of this road, but my time has been as yet wholly occupied with domestic cares. I am a Martha, with the full intention of being twenty better things by-and-by; meantime, as we have a great many people who eat and drink with us in a family way, and as it is extremely difficult to get many things, or servants to do them properly, I am obliged to be more useful than an accomplished female; but if I can in any way make things comfortable to my kind husband and his friends I am well employed. I see a great deal of your friends the Campbells—I mean the General and his wife. She is a good-humoured, pleasant, good-looking creature with a very good heart, and is much calculated to render society pleasant and easy. The General you know to be a respectable and gentleman-like man. Of the other Campbells I cannot say so much. In my former letter I mentioned how much they had endeavoured to make themselves disagreeable in their various ways on board ship; I had really been afraid from what General Hartley said (and from her own manners) that she would endeavour to set up a Dutch party against the Englishwomen going out; but I am glad to find that nothing is in her power. She is very much disliked here, even by her countrywomen, and he equally so. Captain Campbell was very haughty at first to everybody, but I believe he has been taken down some pegs



PRESENT DAY PHOTOGRAPH OF RUINS OF LADY ANNE BARNARD'S COTTAGE "PARADISE," NEWLANDS.

by Admiral Pringle. We had them to dine here lately—we wish to have *no* quarrels and no miffs. They had wished to miff with us, but we are so civil, without familiarity, that they cannot make it out; so now they eat our mutton, and gulp.

Amongst a few gentlemen who augur more good from the Cape than others is Mr. Thornborn—he thinks highly of its powers and fertility. Mr. Barrow also is of this party; both of these, however, think that *this* is not the best situation for the Capital, but that Simon's Bay would have been better, had it water, and water I dare say might be found if dug for skilfully. It is thought that hemp might be raised here with benefit to our mothercountry and with success. There is no barley here—that is a grain which should also be brought. Beef is certainly inferior to what it is in England, and so is mutton, which is not thought of on t'other side of the water. The fat of the first is too yellow, and of the last too white, but neither is at present well fed. The sheep's tails are very useful for anything lard would be used for, as they are much purer than lard, and far better than the butter here. At first one has a prejudice against them, but now I have them used and say nothing. Poultry is about as good as in England, but milk and butter inferior, and the Cape cows good for nothing; the half-breed along with the English ones are better, and sell very high. I had an English cow, but she is no more—she died of rheumatism and a liver complaint. I had no good fare for her, poor cow, and a long walk every day to pick up her grass did not agree with her.

I hope soon to have poultry and vegetables of our own, as there is a little Government cottage at the bottom of the, mountain, called 'Paradise,'<sup>1</sup> which Lord Macartney has given us to be rural in. It has not enough of ground uncleared to have a cow, but it will at least raise us chickens and potatoes. There is no road to it—or rather a road practicable only on horseback—but as it is only a place to hide our heads in the shade when the sun gets sultry, we don't

<sup>1</sup> 'Paradise,' was situated on a knoll behind Fernwood at Newlands.

much care about that. The roof is thatched and old, admitting the rain, which rots the timbers ; but a new roof of reeds, which the place will furnish, will not cost much. There is a little hasty stream of water, a clump of firs, a good many old orchard trees, a few orange trees, a perpendicular rock behind, and a far extended view of mountains and sea before, the intermediate space being uncultivated heath or short stubbed wood, good for little but the oven. Of a Saturday ' John ' and ' Joan ' and Jane the cousin will ' noddy ' <sup>1</sup> it down, leaving the carriage at the bottom of the hill to walk up it, and will there hide themselves till Monday, visited only by a few monkeys from the mountains, perhaps a wolf, possibly some runaway negroes ; but all these (the monkeys excepted, who are frequent in their visits) are rather bugbears than realities. A few scarlet-coated aides-de-camp, Messieurs Collier and Crawford, part of the number, are more likely to break up our retirement, and possibly my Lord himself in his morning's ride ; but he shakes his head when I talk of a bed. Alas ! it was at Paradise that I may almost say I last saw poor Anguish.<sup>2</sup> He was a good-humoured, easy-tempered young man, whom we were all disposed to love, and who promised fair to contribute to the pleasures of our society. I asked him to go with me to look at this cottage at the time that we saw it was attainable. I never saw him in better spirits. He and I used often to laugh with each other at the ' Malcontents,' as we called them—the English who grumbled about the Cape—he finding novelties and amusements everywhere, as I did, and as Barrow did. ' I think,' said he, ' if the Comptroller of the Customs was to be master of this little place, which some folks would call miserable, he would be contented to give up London and remain here quietly and lazily all his days.' In short, I thought him rather a happy man. He was not, however, altogether in good health, as I afterwards heard, and had

<sup>1</sup> A ' noddy ' was a light two-wheeled hackney-carriage, formerly used in Ireland and Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> Anguish was a young man who had come out with Lord Macartney to the Cape, and had been made Comptroller of the Customs.

been taking some medical prescriptions. I thought by a transient glance I had of him one day soon after that his countenance seemed heated and confused, but I never saw him again. He left universal regret behind him, and the full conviction that mental malady had been produced by bodily malady only ; for he had done nothing to reproach himself with. I never cease thinking of him when I drive past his grave, which must be passed on going to the Review ground.

Talking of Reviews—the troops here, I fancy, are esteemed to be in fine order. To me they appear well-dressed, well-matched men, and better-looking than any of the lately raised regiments I saw in England. I hear of no disturbances, and sleep secure every night in the garrison with 700 men. Desertion is over, and many of those that had deserted are returned since the proclamation ; amongst others, a man who has been absent above a year, and who bears an unlettered testimony to a matter which has been doubted—the existence of the unicorn<sup>1</sup> in the interior parts of Africa. Some years ago, some of the natives had expressed their surprise at seeing it in the King's arms, and when they were asked if they would procure such an animal for a sum of money they had shuddered, saying, ' Ay, to be sure,' but he was ' their god.' This soldier's evidence corroborates this ; he describes the unicorn to be much larger than a horse, though less than a small elephant ; about as high, he said, as the room. He had on shoes made of the hide of one ; they are of immoderate strength, and the skin more of the horse-hide sort than of any other.

Mr. Barrow, who has gone up the country to the bushmen's land, will, maybe, see something of this animal ; but he will be chiefly in quest of a still better thing—a good silver or gold mine. Of the first there is no doubt of there being several, and containing a much greater quantity of silver than is to be found in any of the mines we have in England. I hear there are also gold mines ; if we could pay off our *paper debt* with some of this, and hand you over

<sup>1</sup> This must be the rhinoceros.

some to pay off your National Debt, it would be pretty.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barrow is to bring me down a little girl from a particular country, far, far in the inner parts of this wide continent, where the people do not exceed four feet in stature and females have little pads or footboards behind, which serve for a seat for their children, instead of carrying them on their shoulders. They are clever and faithful, I hear.

The day before yesterday a sad accident happened, or rather a wicked act, the son of our butcher being killed by his slave in revenge for having been refused liberty to go out on Sunday, though it was *not* his turn to do so. After he had stabbed him he attempted to murder his mistress, and stabbed one of her slaves. I suppose the unfortunate wretch would have 'run muck' (as is the term in this country of frenzy from despair and the certainty of death), and would have killed every one he met (it is some years since an instance of this kind has happened); but the man had been wounded in his attempts, and must have died, had not his life been cut short by the gallows an hour after the affair happened, to deter others. Thank God, the days of torture<sup>2</sup> are over, and the sad evidences of what *was* practised by the Dutch Government only remain on a high ground hard by the entrance to the Castle; it froze my blood at first, but habit hardens the nerves, I hope without hardening the heart.

I have had a visit at the Castle from one of the Kafir chiefs, with his train of wives and dogs; he was as fine a morsel of bronze as I ever saw, and there ought to have been a pair of them with candlesticks in their hands. Nothing could exceed the savages' notes, which accompanied their uncouth gestures in their warlike dances. I gave them many trifles, and the chief a cap, which pleased him so much that with the gallantry of nature he came forward, and, on receiving it from the balcony in the courtyard, kissed my

<sup>1</sup> The paper currency of the Colony amounted to £258,255, and there was at first no metallic coin in circulation.

<sup>2</sup> Special instructions were issued to Lord Macartney to abolish the practices of "torture" and of "breaking upon the wheel and other barbarous modes of execution."

hand respectfully. I had prepared some dinner for them, but found they could eat nothing but beef or mutton ; pies, fowls, and still more particularly *fish*, they seemed to have no taste for—indeed, till they reached the Cape they had never seen a fish, hooks and lines being unknown to them, and the fish therefore in their rivers live unmolested by the wiles of Creation's lords. Wine they liked, but rum transported them. I have tried, but at present vainly, to get ostrich feathers. All have been bought up to send to Europe before they reached the Cape—at least since I arrived. *A propos*—should you have any friends coming here, I give you and them this general advice, to bring everything from London that is necessary for the consumption of one year—Indian goods as well as other things. Nothing here is likely to be soon as cheap as it may be bought in town ; nothing is of the best quality ; and most things are, by tacit or perhaps private agreement of the possessors, kept up to an immoderate price. There is a man at Simon's Town, one Trail, in one of the public departments (a great rogue), who buys up everything the moment the ships come in, and then puts his own price on the goods, according to the necessities of others. *N.B.*—By his office he is debarred from what he practises. Mr. Barnard wrote to beg that he would ask a little lump sugar from one of the captains of the ships lately arrived, and that Mr. Green would pay for it. Mr. Trail was 'fortunate enough,' he said, to have obtained some 'already,' at only 4s. 6d. per pound. Mr. Green wisely declined this precious sugar. Could coals be brought out, they would answer well ; also some grates and portable kitchens. Whoever means to settle here should bring everything, furniture in particular ; but it should come out packed in little compass. I brought all my chairs in pieces tied up closely—iron, Windsor, and rush-bottom chairs. Carpets and blankets are also necessary, for winter is winter here, and nothing but avarice prevents all from having fires this 11th day of July. But a fire is a serious matter.

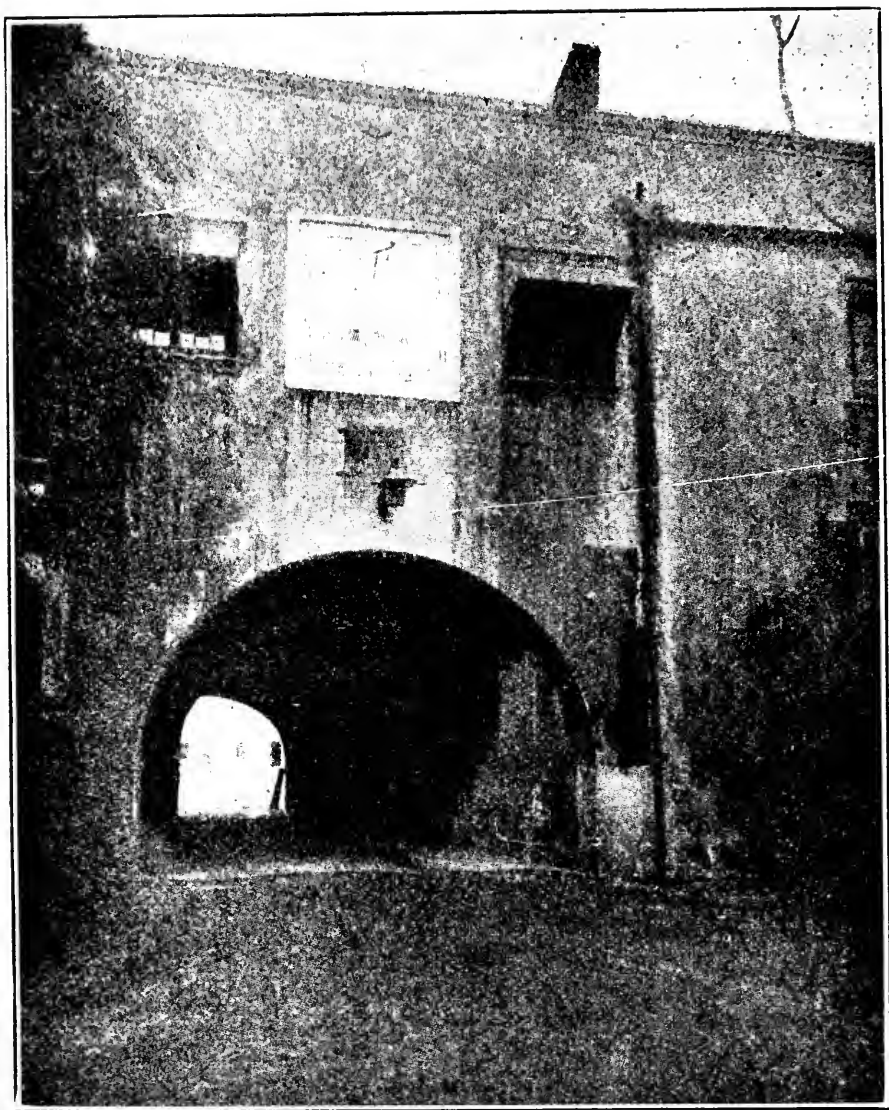
This day signals have appeared of the arrival of six more ships, and three Indiamen are at present at Simon's Town. I hope this new fleet contains my brother Hugh<sup>1</sup>—it will be a joyful meeting !

### III

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
September 12th, 1797.

We have now quite settled down at our residence in the Castle, my dear Friend, and like it very much. I have arranged it all as best I can, a few things we brought out with us from old England coming in most useful, and really the effect is very pleasing to the eye. Since I got our house in order I have been busy carrying out a desire which I know you have much at heart, that we should conciliate as far as we could the Dutch here, which cannot be accomplished by any other means than by mixing them as much as possible in our society. To fulfil my position here as the woman, in the absence of Lady Macartney, at the head of the Government, it is my duty to show civility and hospitality to all the women, Dutch or English, who live on good terms with their husbands, and to all the Dutchmen who have taken the oath of allegiance to his majesty, and are of sufficient respectability to visit at the Castle. Mr. Barnard has invited the heads of the Departments to dinner, and the dinner went off in excellent style, our Swiss cook doing very well, assisted by three or four female slaves, whom his Excellency gave us permission to have from the Slave Lodge as servants. The balls and parties were left for me to settle as I thought best. Mr. Barnard, however, wished me to consult the Fiscal as to the proper mode of inviting the Dutch ladies. I did so, but found that, though an honest man, he was prejudiced, and if I followed his advice I should keep the friends the Government had already, 'twas true ; but I should never make any new ones. When I went down the list with him

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Hugh Lindsay, who was in the sea-service of the English East India Company.



ENTRANCE TO THE CASTLE.

he threw in so many objections to persons whom he called 'disaffected' that I feared none would be left, and said so. 'Oh,' he said, 'leave it to me, and you shall have at your parties true friends of the Government.' 'But remember,' said I, 'we are come out here not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, if I may say so without being profane.' 'Well,' he said, 'if you are determined to bring the sheep and goats together in one fold you must take the chance of your party becoming a bear-garden.' 'But I am going to give a ball,' I said, '*mon ami*;<sup>1</sup> and music hath charms to soothe the savage breast.' He laughed and gave way, and so I had things as I wished.

The result is that I have given a most capital party on the 3rd of this month, and shall have one the first Thursday in every month. It is true, some of the Dutch fathers of families were sulky and stayed at home, being lukewarm, I suspect, to the English Government; but the mothers and daughters came, and to plough with heifers has always been reckoned a good means to improve reluctant soil. By-and-by I shall get the fathers, you will see. I had a fiddle or two and a bit of supper after; all went most friendly. The 'hop' gave me also the opportunity of obliging the juvenile part of the Army and Navy, who, as I have told you, have been kept much in the background by their commanding officers. The invitations were conveyed through the medium of the colonels of the Army and captains of the Navy to the subaltern officers, and thus all of them who were best behaved and most gentlemanlike were sent, and I think enjoyed themselves thoroughly, flirting a good deal with the Dutch ladies, who did not seem to share their fathers' dislike of English officers. I shall have a similar party on the first Thursday of every month, as I have already told you, but cannot have public days oftener, as everything is so very, very dear that I should be ruined. You will easily believe this, my dear friend, when I tell you that, amongst other things, my thirsty guests drank me up five dozen of porter,

<sup>1</sup> (French) = my friend.

a little stock of which I had brought with me, but not enough to stand many such attacks. As to supper, three or four hams, some dozens of fowls and ducks, venison, and other game vanished in the twinkling of an eye, along with pastry of all sorts ; for supper is a great meal here. I was able, however, to carry out the lighting on a more economical plan than at home. Our lamps, which were numerous, were lighted, and well lighted, with the tails of the sheep whose saddles we were eating. About these saddles of mutton, it occurred to me before leaving England that it might be useful to carry with me to Africa a map of a sheep and an ox, as I thought it likely that the Dutch butchers might cut their meat up awkwardly. I was not mistaken ; my maps have been of great assistance to me here. About the third part of the ladies at my party were Dutch—not more ; but I shall have more by-and-by.

General Dundas and some officers with him have been up the country for ten days. I have just seen one of them. He tells me that at a distance from Cape Town there is by no means the scarcity there is at the Cape, and they bought grain for three dollars a sack which here costs eleven dollars. This leads one to hope that time, and the confidence of the Boers in finding a market, may render everything cheaper this ensuing year. I'll let this remain open till the last day, *cher ami*. I mean to go to Simon's Bay with my brother Hugh, to see him on board, and I shall then be able to say something of it.

*Wednesday, September 16th.*—Since I concluded the last page we have had a gallant whaler here, who with twenty-four men (as I hear) has taken a Dutch ship from Batavia, laden with arms and ammunition.<sup>1</sup> It required *finesse*<sup>2</sup> as well as courage to effect this matter, but I heartily rejoice that we have got part of the powder and have destroyed the rest of it, as the people at Graaff Reinet (for which it was

<sup>1</sup> A capture made by the 'Hope' South Sea whaler in Delagoa Bay of a Dutch brig, 'Haasje,' that was coming with a supply of arms and ammunition for the Dutch malcontents at Graaff Reinet.

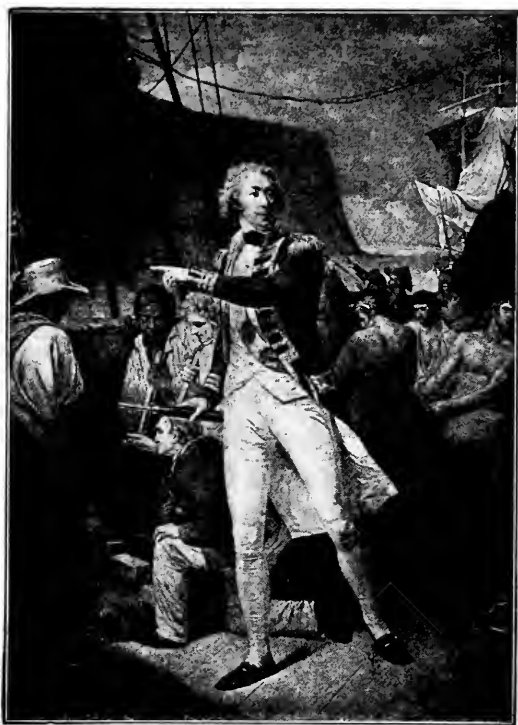
<sup>2</sup> (French) = skilful management.

bound) are very ill affected. Mr. Barrow, I believe, is there by this time ; I fancy he will be able to give many judicious accounts in various ways. We have had a southeaster these two days, and a pretty strong one, which has delayed the loading of the ships with victuals for the convoy in False Bay. I hope all will reach you safe when they do sail, for great must be the riches of this Fleet. I have got a jar of pineapples from Batavia for Lady Jane, and one for Lady Hardwicke,<sup>1</sup> but I fear much that I shall find it difficult to get them conveyed : the captains are so fearful of taking what they tell me will more than probably bring them to disgrace by being spoiled or lost at the India House. I'll make another trial ; it vexes me to see my charming pines here, when I wish them on your table, though you have probably more of these things than you care about—no, I retract ; if it is difficult now to get such things safely landed, it must have been more difficult before. I wish I knew the best mode of sending them—whether by an Indian ship, letting them take their chance, or by a man-o'-war. I'll try Mr. Brice, Mrs. Anstruther's brother, a modest, pleasing young man who has lately been with us ; *smuggled*, I find they must be.

*September 24th.*—We have been at False Bay since I concluded the above, seeing Hugh on board. I find the place rather better-looking than I expected, the houses on the outside being, as is the Dutch fashion, all well whitewashed, with their clean shirts on. But there is sadly little room for the poor sick fellows, the honest Tars, multitudes of whom have been lost for want of air and wholesome accommodation, they having been so closely packed in their hospital with scurvy, ulcers, etc., that it was certain death going into it. Of late, the physician to the Navy (Dr. Pattison) has got, with *much* difficulty, leave to have the use of a stable for horses belonging to some of the officers residing there ; and since then sixty men have been put into it, and many of them have recovered. What a pity that more places are not

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne's sister.

erected for them ! With the expenditure of a very little money hundreds, ay, thousands, of people would be saved in this hot climate. What fools, or what dirty, nasty calculators some of the contractors for the public must be ! Where is the hospital for the Navy *here* in Cape Town placed ?



ADMIRAL ELPHINSTONE (LORD KEITH)

DIRECTING THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTS AT MUIZENBERG.

above the public ovens, where all the bread used in the place is baked, and where the languishing creatures are baked into the next world along with it. But 'tis better to growl *here* than to you across the Bay of Biscay. I have been trying to persuade some of the wise people to give a great lump of the mountain behind the house at False Bay to some old honourable seaman to become gardener and raise vegetables

for the use of the Navy, selling them at a small price, yet getting a good livelihood too. Every potato and cabbage at an immoderate price comes from Cape Town twenty miles over the bad roads, and at a rate that Government can hardly afford to purchase for the sick. How much cheaper, then, the other way would be, and what a benefit !<sup>1</sup> There is a Company's garden—Mr. Trail asked it for the above purpose ; but since he has had it, the Navy people are the only ones to whom he will not sell a potato, for fear of its being remembered how he got it. (I am told he is now worth 60,000*l.*) He was a favourite of our friend Lord Keith, who certainly must have thought well of him *then* ; but he is sadly detested here now for his extraordinary practices. If he is turned out—which there is some talk of (I speak merely of common report)—I wish the garden could be turned to the purpose I mention ; I'll venture for once to launch a woman's opinion about it.

Certainly it would be very difficult for an enemy to land at Simon's Bay and get on to Cape Town, as the road may be so easily defended by a handful of men—the sea coming close up on the right, the road being bad and narrow and rocky and almost perpendicular, mountains being to the left, on which there are many little batteries raised and cannon pointed. There is a dangerous pass, too, to cross in one of the small bays, and a quicksand in another. The camp at Meusenbergh<sup>2</sup> is formed of huts at present, but the officers are building a better ; the situation must be healthy for the men, and easily defended for the reasons I mention. The officers were all out a-shooting, but a soldier gave us a bit of boiled beef, and made us an apology that they had no beer or wine to give us—nothing but Constantia ;<sup>3</sup> but when I tasted it, to be sure 'twas excellent. The person who boiled the beef had been steward to the Duke of Orleans ; I remarked the man in Paris. Such are the chances of this

<sup>1</sup> The wisdom of this is evident from the fact that at the mutiny of the squadron at the Cape, which took place shortly after, one of the chief grievances of the sailors was that they were given no vegetable food.

<sup>2</sup> Mulzenberg.

<sup>3</sup> A Cape wine.

mortal life ! You would have paused and fixed your eye with a smile on our carriage, had you seen us driving away in our Dutch vehicle, with one black coachman and eight horses ; but postillions are unnecessary here, the horses being blessed with a portion of good sense to pick their own steps. It would have surprised you had you seen us at the narrowest passes, bowling away, and passing other carriages and waggon-carts, with eight horses and one driver, yet no harm ensuing. Adieu, Adieu. I know you must think I shall never finish.

#### IV.

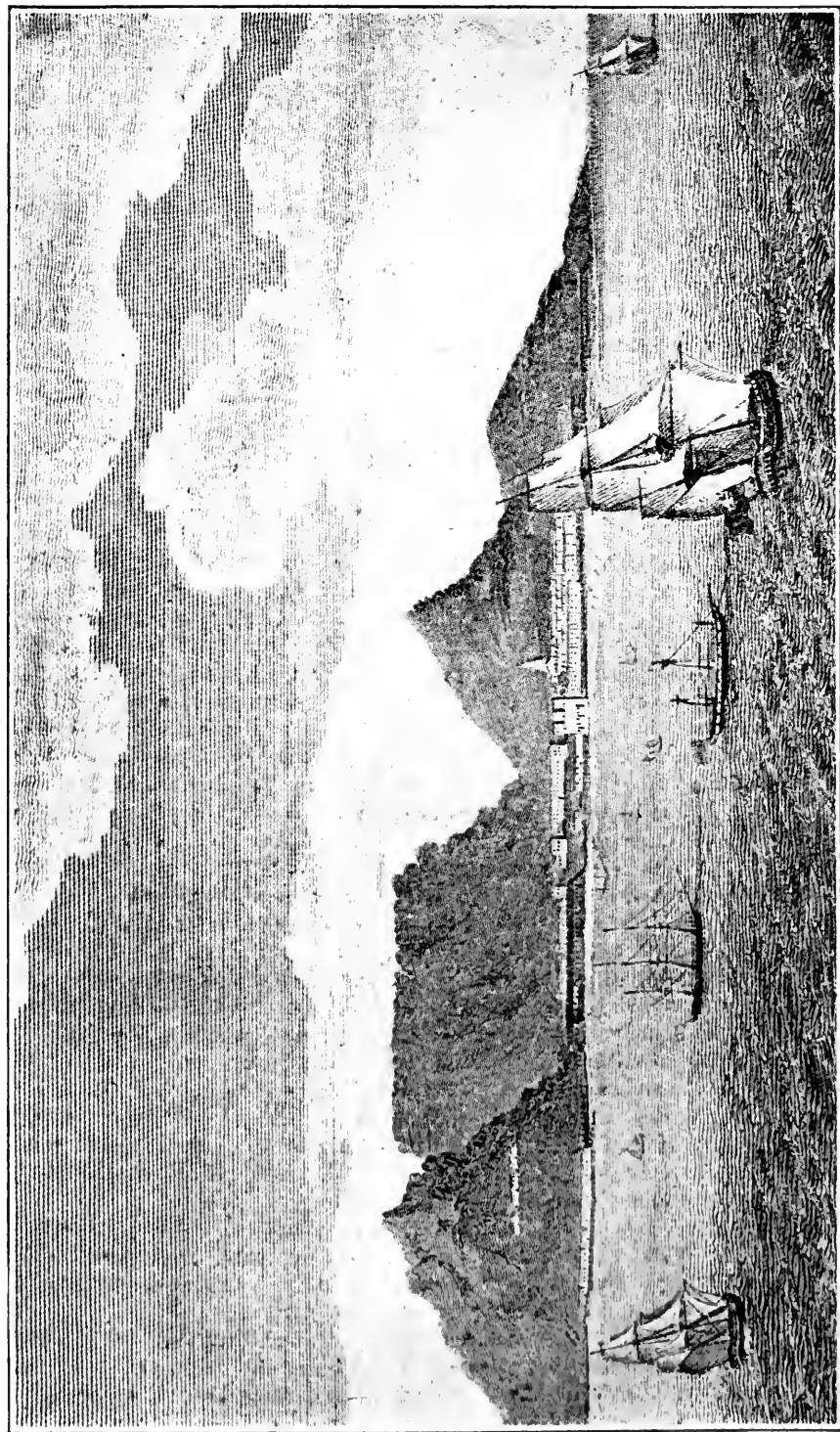
The Castle, Cape Town ;  
October 15th, 1797.

I hear there is a ship sails for England to-day, and I seize the opportunity to tell you, *cher ami*, that we are all well. We are anxious for news from England, as you will easily believe when you know that we first received the accounts of the Mutiny in the Navy by a foreign ship (as I think, Danish), which was corroborated first by one East Indiaman that put in on account of the health of the captain, and afterwards by the fleet bound for Bengal, who were ' short of water.'

Newspapers have reached us in plenty, though nothing else. A peace, talked of as daily likely to take place, meets here with universal belief. The Cape to be ceded,<sup>1</sup> as one article, is almost universally believed by the Dutch ; and terms little to the honour of England have been named as necessary to be complied with by us in order to effect a peace, which is supposed to be called aloud for by the country. A change of the Ministry<sup>2</sup> is stated, I see by the papers, and rather credited here, upon the supposition that the present Ministers will not agree to be the makers of what they do not approve of, and also that the French wish rather to negotiate with the *other party*.

<sup>1</sup> I was ceded to the Dutch five years later by the Peace of Amiens.

<sup>2</sup> Pitt's First Administration.



×

TABLE BAY IN THE DAYS OF LADY ANNE BARNARD.

The ship in full sail below which appears a × is the *Arnisdon*, which took part in the Battle of Muizenberg and is referred to in the text.

There is plainly a fashion in everything in this world. The English Mutiny,<sup>1</sup> of course, has set the fashion here, and we have had a swinging mutiny of our own at Simon's (False) Bay. Delegates from the malcontents at home came out, it appears, in the 'Arniston,' and, working on the minds of the seamen, who only knew the progress but not the event of the Mutiny at the Nore, a mutiny here broke out on board the Admiral's ship this day fortnight. The Admiral dined with us the day before, and we saw something after dinner made him uneasy ; but Lord Augustus Fitzroy,<sup>2</sup> who came from the Bay, knew of nothing amiss ; he was also of the party. They both left Cape Town next day, Captain Stephens having come thence on the business, who by the bye had been turned out of the 'Tremendous' by the crew, who have a particular dislike to both captains of that name, we know not with what justice. Admiral Pringle and Lord Augustus each went on board his particular ship, but found that the orders of the delegates *only* were to be attended to till such time as certain grievances were redressed. Meantime all the commanders but the Stephens's were treated with the usual respect, except in allowing them no command. This disgusted most of them, and from (probably natural) feelings of injured pride they quitted their ships and declared them severally in a state of rebellion. Not so Tod—lately appointed to the 'Trusty'—a man who has risen from a very low class of life by undisputed merit in his profession ; he saw the thing (as I can't help thinking) in a better point of view, and remained on board his ship, watching the moment when the lassitude which follows an intemperate exertion should render it possible to make a few of his men listen to reason. Meantime, the other captains were all on shore until a signal from the Admiral's ship to attend him there carried them on board. When there the crew kept all of them prisoners ! They fed them well, to be sure, and

<sup>1</sup> The Mutiny which broke out in the fleet on May 7th of this year (1797) commonly called the Mutiny at the Nore.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Augustus Fitzroy commanded the *Impérieuse*.

denied them no mark of attention. But the terms which they offered for reconciliation were, that the two Stephens's should be sent home to England to be tried for misconduct ; that their grievances, which chiefly consisted in their allowances being unfairly withheld by the pursers, from them, should be redressed ; and that a general pardon to delegates and seamen alike should be granted. On these terms and none other they offered to lay down their arms. And these terms the Admiral would not listen to. The delegates must, he said, be given up, and the Stephens's reinstated.

Meantime all was hurry here, but without much alarm for the event ; for at a critical moment a Danish ship arrived, and brought the very happy accounts of all being at last arranged in England, and of the punishment of the delegates and others of the party. Nothing could be more fortunate than this news. Some people feared that it might have a contrary effect, and render the crews desperate, already possessed of power to do almost what they chose ; but the event proved it to be different. The seamen really had some grievances to complain of, and, with hope to find them righted, they were willing to shake hands and be friends with their commanders, though the delegates had certainly intended the matter to go much farther.

I must here introduce, in jest, a little anecdote of General Dundas. He left Cape Town for Simon's Bay as quickly as the occasion demanded him, but no one could get him convinced that the crews could be so headstrong and intemperate as he was told they were, particularly on the ' Tremendous,' which he was determined to go on board of. ' They only want talking round calmly,' said he,—' not minding their nonsense, but arguing the matter coolly and reasonably with them.' Some of his military friends smiled at the idea of his supposing himself more particularly qualified than certain others to talk a mutiny over coolly, and they fortunately persuaded him against going on board, else both Admiral and Commander-in-Chief would have been prisoners.

Meantime all proper steps were taken by the Ordnance Engineers, etc., to entrench the troops, who marched on to Simon's Bay. It would have had but little effect, I suppose, considering what a mouthful the works there would have been to the guns of the 'Tremendous.' At last the ferment flattened, and the Admiral found it best, in order to finish the dangerous business, to compromise the matter—the Stephens's to have a court-martial on them here, the pursers to be tried, and all grievances to be redressed, a general pardon to be granted. This last we all were sorry for; even the best-natured people wished the delegates to be made examples of to the Navy. But Admiral Pringle is pretty firm, and I suppose he found that he could not work the point farther than he did.

Women may say anything without presumption. How well I remember saying to the Admiral that if I were he, I should be greatly tempted to tell the Navy that, though I had received no official intelligence from England, yet I was apt to believe that there were certain benefits to be bestowed on the seamen at home, and whatever they were I believed I might confidently assure them that they would share in all such.<sup>1</sup> A few exhilarating words such as these I foolishly thought might have been said by the Admiral without taking too much responsibility on himself or incurring disapprobation at home; but he seemed to think nothing should be taken for granted in public departments, and that he had no right officially to know or say anything. Of course he must be right, as he is a clever man and knows his business; but how often have I not seen (to use a vulgar proverb) 'a stitch in time save nine'!

What will you say when I tell you that I am writing to you in bed? I had very near met with the ugly accident of being killed a few days ago. The servant had somehow been put out of the way, and the coachman got off the box to open the carriage. I am always a coward about horses

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne was right. The mutiny at home was eventually quelled by judicious concessions and the personal influence of Lord Howe with the seamen.



NEGOTIATING A MOUNTAIN PASS.  
*From a contemporary Aquatint by Samuel Daniel.*

standing at their own discretion without a governor—Cape horses especially are not to be trusted. I called to him to go to their heads ; but they did not wait, and off they set round the circle, or parade, in the garrison. As I could not guess where they might land me, or whether they might not overturn me at a sharp angle in running to their stables, and as the door was open and the step down, I was tempted to jump out, and, thank God, I felt ground. But I felt no more for some time. The carriage came round safe to the door, galloping, but no Lady Anne ; I was found in the middle of the circle lying on my back, my head cut, and insensible. I recovered myself, however, in a quarter of an hour ; my shoulder and ankle were both bruised, and my head had a considerable contusion on it ; but the doctor, who by the bye is a right good man (Pattison), said there was no fracture ; so for anything else there's no great matter. I have lain in bed these two days, and am now going to rise, bones whole. Take this, however, as an apology for all the errors this letter may contain ; for what can be expected from a woman with a ' plaister '<sup>1</sup> on her pericranium ?

What a bold south-easter we have had these two days ! How the wind raged, and how a tail tree which is in the courtyard before my windows bent and tossed its great branches in at the casement, where the wind blew out a pane every half-hour ! I shall feel more of these winds, I hear. How I long, my dear friend, for letters now, to tell me how you all are !—if safe and prosperous, or invaded by a foreign foe. I long also to know what is to become of us little mortals at the extreme point of Africa.

The last month has sent in from the country quantities of waggons chiefly loaded with wine, butter, skins, feathers, and oranges—grain is sometimes added as the farmer happens to have it. The waggons are very narrow, about the size of a large pipe of wine, and long enough to hold three in length. They are drawn by sixteen oxen, and driven by one man, a Hottentot besides generally walking at the head of the first

<sup>1</sup> Plaster. Lady Anne humorously uses the Scots form of the word.

pair. To govern their bullocks they have whips of immense length, which they lay on and produce no small effect ; one lash is quite enough to set ail the team in motion. These animals are much larger than our general breed of bullocks in England. I made a tallish man try the height of one of them—he guessed the team at sixteen hands and a-half. The men who drive them are in proportion to their cattle, of a very large and robust stature, but their countenances gentle, and nothing rude or boisterous in their manners.

I long most ardently now to get up the country a little. I shall try hard for it when I am quite well, which I expect will be in a day or two. I have two offers—the offer of good living, lodging, carriages, and civil hospitality from the Landdrost of Stellenbosch,<sup>1</sup> and the offer of an empty house, two beds, and five chairs from the fiscal, who has a house in that village, inhabited only by mice, and of course by no means uninhabited by *fleas*—the empty houses here being always richly stocked with that sort of wild animal. I love liberty, and believe I shall prefer the mice and the fleas, a ‘ conjurer ’ for my cook, and the power of doing what I like, to the good things the Landdrost proffers me, with the hospitable attentions of his wife and daughters, which I shall gladly accept of now and then, but not all day long.

The brig which was sent round to Graaff Reinet to meet Barrow is returned. The first lieutenant sleeps here, and tells all he saw to my lord and master, but I haven’t been stout enough to see him myself yet. He describes that part of the country as extremely cheap and extremely pientiful. Some of the Dutch Boers, he mentions, drink wine. Pitchers of milk are put on table after dinner by way of beverage ; there ought to be beautiful shepherdesses and true shepherds at that board, as it surely portrays the Golden Age !

All your friends here are well ; one of the last times I was in company with Lord Macartney he danced a reel remarkably well to the Scots’ bagpipes with Lady Anne

<sup>1</sup> The magistrate of the district, who received the revenue and administered justice.

Dashwood, Mrs. Campbell, and a brigade-major. Perhaps you think this is cross reading, or a puzzle, or conundrum ; but no such thing—it is true. He was in excellent spirits, and paid a compliment to ‘ the Laddies’ ain piper ’ and the reel of Tulloch which neither the general nor the transported piper will soon forget. I dare not add, what I believe is true too, that I fear the little twinge in the toe next day whispered to his Excellency that he had been rash.

I now go on with my monthly ball, and have had all the respectable Dutch families round in turn to dinner. I believe I may tell you very honestly that in our different departments Mr. Barnard and I are very great favourites of the Dutch inhabitants. We are both very civil, and never despise anybody, which I can perceive has been one great error in some of the English. Adieu, *mon cher ami*, I must conclude. All your friends here are well. Sir James Craig is arrived safely at Bombay. It is thought he is not a likely man to live long in Indian climates—he is very fat, and lives very high. Perhaps you know that there are seven provinces in China in a state of mutiny. The China ships bring this news. Barrow writes in raptures of Kafir Land and of the king—a young man of twenty, who is pleased with his visit and glad to treat on terms of friendship with us. God bless you.

V.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
November 29th, 1797.

The last ships, my dear Friend, have sailed without any letter from me to you. I have made myself sure of finding them still here on my return from the country, where we have lately had the pleasure of spending a very interesting fortnight. It is the first time since we arrived, now seven months ago, that Mr. Barnard has taken the indulgence of a little country air. I should hardly mention this as an

indulgence granted to himself, he having been sent to Stellenbosch by Lord Macartney to enforce the Oath of Allegiance, which has been constantly evaded by certain *mauvais sujets*<sup>1</sup> who live there, in number about a dozen.

Friday the 10th of this month being the last day granted by the second Proclamation, it was necessary for Mr. Barnard to leave Cape Town on the 9th, the very morning when the Admiral gave his ultimatum to those in mutiny on board his and the other ships. Two hours was the time he allowed for them to give up their delegates and return to their duty, or by pulling down his flag to declare open rebellion, in which case the batteries were instantly to have fired on them. This circumstance had been concealed from the ladies till we were a couple of miles out of town, when Mr. Barnard told us of it, and also that the two hours were within ten minutes of being expired. I need not say how anxiously some of us stretched our throats out of the Dutch cabriolet we were in to look back on the Bay, where still—still as we looked—the Admiral's flag floated, and a few minutes before the time was finally over we heard a gun, which led us to send back one of our servants to bring us the news, well authenticated, in the evening. We hoped the best; nor were we disappointed in the end, each ship coming to the resolution of sacrificing its ringleader rather than being blown into the air by the artillery placed against it. Twenty-one mistaken fellows, blind agents of French miscreants, were brought on shore, all of them daring and fearless of the event, which is not as yet brought to its final issue.

As the little tour which this absence from the Cape permitted us to make is the first good opportunity I have as yet had of seeing the country and being able in any degree to form a judgment of the *Boers*, or real Dutch settlers—the people at Cape Town being scarcely to be named as such—I will give my dear friend a short account of things

<sup>1</sup> (French) = 'bad subjects'; troublesome people.

as they presented themselves to me, always trusting that you will forgive ten thousand inaccuracies and frivolities, while I repeat matters that, even at a distance, you have a more just idea of, I dare say, from your better information, than any I can give you.

Our road from Cape Town to Stellenbosch was not distinguished by much variety. We went by the Koyle,<sup>1</sup> a long sandy hill, having first passed the Salt *rivière*,<sup>2</sup> and that long tract of sandy common (if I may call it so) that bears many traces of having one or two hundred years ago been covered by the sea, but which is now only covered scantily by heaths, and such plants and brushwood as partake a little of both sea and land. But as every plant, bush, and tree in this country has its flower and fruit at some season of the year, even in the barrenest soils there are novelty and entertainment to the eye which has never seen the thing before. We passed a considerable number of waggons loaded with wine, as is the case at this time of the year; each of them had sixteen oxen to draw it, but were just then without any, as the cattle had been turned out to graze amidst the bushes, where it was lucky if they could pick up anything, as these poor animals never taste food or drink from the time they enter Cape Town till they leave it, which is often two days, if the wine they have brought happens not to be immediately disposed of. Certainly there must be something rich in the dry herbs of the soil here, for the oxen are now as fat as they can be, and yet I have nowhere seen the appearance of verdure, except the verdure of green barley or other corn, for there is no grass anywhere.

As we drove along, we saw our only English dog who has survived the ailment which attacks all who arrive here, and who is a stout vulgar pointer called 'Chops,' pointing at something, running back to the carriage, returning, and pointing again. Mr. Barnard said that the dog had not his usual manner, but a mixture of fear with his alacrity, so

<sup>1</sup> Kuil.

<sup>2</sup> Salt River.

he went with his gun, and found Chops pointing at a serpent of between five and six feet long. Mr. Barnard killed it with his whip, and I have kept its skin.

The Landdrost of Stellenbosch,<sup>1</sup> as I told you, had pressed us to come to his house. He has two pretty daughters and a good-humoured wife, but the ladies could *spreken* neither English nor French, and as we have never before found any necessity of speaking Dutch, we consequently are ignorant of it. I therefore preferred accepting of the Fiscal's empty house in the same village, where I thought we should be more at liberty, and give less trouble ; consenting, however, to dine with the Landdrost and his family every day, and to accept of their carriage and horses, together with the most illustrious coachman of old Governor Sluysken, now theirs, to drive us to all curious sights near or at a distance. We arrived in time for dinner, and had a plentiful one, really good, though in the Dutch style. The Landdrost's house we found more airy and spacious than any other I have been in here, having a sort of second row of rooms behind the first ; but the division of every Dutch house in the Colony is the same—namely, a hall, a square room on either hand, and another family eating-room behind, with two bedchambers. Before the Landdrost's door there are the only two fine oaks I have seen, except the others in the village. They each measure eighteen feet round. But the perfection of this place consists in its extreme coolness in the midst of the most sultry weather ; it is built in long streets, perfectly regular, each street having on each side a row of large oaks, which shadow the tops of the houses, keeping them cool, and forming a shady avenue between, through which the sun cannot pierce. Whatever way one walks one finds an avenue, right or left, and each house has a good garden. Stellenbosch, therefore, though there may not be above a hundred families in it, covers a good deal of ground, and is so perfectly clean and well built that it appears to be inhabited only by people of small fortune. But I am told

<sup>1</sup> Ryno Johannes van der Riet, who had been appointed by General Craig.

there are many very poor people in it, without the means of ever becoming richer, as during the Dutch Government no manufacture was permitted there, and any person endeavouring to gain a livelihood by such means would have been severely punished. From this cause the place has few young people. It seems rather an asylum for old age than anything else, and I am told people live longer in it than in any other part of the Colony.

At the Fiscal's we found a small clean house on the same little plan with the rest, kept by a black woman, wife to the Landdrost's coachman, she keeping in her turn a slave, who was mother of eight little naked mice that run about the gardens and offices just as they came into the world, without being ashamed. We had a very good bed, partaking, however, of the error of the country, that to be cool a bed should be made of the finest feathers, instead of which a mattress of hair, pretty hard, and covered with leather, is the real luxury.

Next morning, being Friday, I thought I would take a peep at the Landdrost and the ill-affected faces that were to come to take the Oath. As I walked through one of the avenues I was pleased with the singular appearance of innumerable quantities of birds' nests hanging suspended from every bough, built with a hole at the bottom for the birds to enter by. Instinct instructs them to form them so to avoid weasels, monkeys, and serpents, who would otherwise devour the young. The husband bird builds the nest; and if often happens, if he is awkward, that the wife is so much displeased with it that she tears it in pieces, and he has to begin again. Out of twelve Boers who meant to evade swearing allegiance, I found that eight had now taken the Oath and were gone; the others had made various excuses, and had not appeared at all. This being the case, it only remained for Mr. Barnard to give orders for them to be laid hold of. But he thought the more moderate way better, of giving them still two days more, and of going back to the Cape to receive Lord Macartney's further orders. He con-

cluded, however, that he should find it necessary to appoint a party of soldiers to be in the neighbourhood on Saturday evening, and to have very express orders sent to the parties to enforce their attendance on Sunday morning.

I amused myself this day by taking a view of the country and the village from one of the hills. The valley, though not extensive, is rich and fertile were it well cultivated, but the farmers are bad ones. I cannot help thinking that wherever a soil is stony, as it often is here, dibbling, as they do in Norfolk, would be a good plan. Wine is the chief produce of the land hereabouts, and a small piece of ground only being necessary to make a great deal of wine, the rest of Mother Earth lies barren and neglected. One thousand vines make a barrel of wine, and it contains eight times eighty gallons. The vines are planted in rows, and there seem to be about four feet between vine and vine. To what an extent the cultivation of the vine might be brought here, if the farmers were sure of a good market ! At present there is one thing greatly against the improvement of the vine by any better modes than what are used—namely, that wine from the country is bought by the merchant in town at the market price, without any reference to superiority or inferiority of quality. They don't give themselves the trouble to taste it, and sell it off in the same careless way as they buy it.

I never saw the force of prejudice more apparent than in the way Englishmen here turn up their foolish noses at the Cape wines *because* they are Cape wines. They will drink nothing but port, claret, or madeira, pretending that the wines of the country give them bowel-ache ! It may be so, if they drink two or three bottles at a time, and that very frequently, but Cape wine will not do so if used in moderation. Mr. Barnard drinks nothing else himself, though we have every other good wine at table, champagne and burgundy excepted. I must tell you, as an illustration, of what happened one day with us after dinner. We had a little hock on board ship, two bottles of which remained over, and

we keep them for Lord Macartney when he is ill and wishes for a *bonne bouche*,<sup>1</sup> as they happen to be very fine. After dinner I thought myself drinking up one of the bottles of this hock, and said to Mr. Barnard, 'O fie! why do you give us this to-day—it is some of our fine hock.' A certain lieutenant-colonel who shall be nameless, on this filled his glass. 'Lord bless me, what fine wine this is!' said he; 'I have not tasted a glass such as this since I came here.' I then found on asking, that it was Stein wine, a cheap Cape wine, which Mr. Barnard had not liked, and had ordered for common use in the household. In a moment the colonel found fifty faults in it.

On Saturday evening Mr. Barnard returned from Cape Town to Stellenbosch with powers from Lord Macartney to do as he saw best on the spot.<sup>2</sup>

On Monday Mr. Barnard returned to the Cape for a day, and Anne Barnard and I took the opportunity of going into Hottentot Holland to see a famous pass in the mountains called Hottentot Kloof, which one of our English magazines pencils as tremendous. The day was cold (indeed, as yet we have had no heat to complain of), but it was better so than if it had scorched us. Still the same want of cultivation appeared, with a soil which, as far as my poor share of farming knowledge goes, would be equal to any fair crop that could be required from it. But why raise grain unless there is a market for it? I was sorry to find the season of flowers over—the spring here is a short one, and the flowers are soon dried up and withered by the summer sun. I dug up a few bulbs, which I send to Lady Jane. I know not if they are curious, but the colour was bright and handsome, and I have accompanied them with a few seeds which I cannot vouch for, except that the seed is good, for though the flowers do not change their shapes, they change their colours, and what was scarlet last year may be yellow, blue, or white this. The green flower struck me as being singularly

<sup>1</sup> (French) = a pleasant mouthful, i.e., a 'treat.'

<sup>2</sup> Five men were arrested and removed to the Castle; but at the eleventh hour they decided to take the Oath of Allegiance, and were set at liberty.

genteel. I shall endeavour to get the finest plants of the sort for her, but meantime she shall have part of what I have procured, with my love, and must be godmother to the flower, which I have called the 'Lady Jane.'

But to return to my little tour. Hottentot Holland we found totally uninhabited by Hottentots, they, poor things, having been driven up the country by their avaricious masters. There seemed to be a house and farm every mile, or mile and a-half, but no hamlet or village.

The second largest house in Hottentot Holland was purchased lately by a Mr. Thibaud, a Frenchman, and I believe he is supposed to have a hankering after the doctrines of that nation ; it is situated near a lake, and that lake is within a mile of Moddergat Bay. I mention it particularly as the lake is famous for a fish called the springer, the very best fish I ever tasted in all my life, the most delicate and the fattest. We are in negotiation to procure its breed, and its spawn. I should be delighted were the great events of his Majesty's reign to have added to the list of occurrences the acquisition of 'that charming fish the springer, introduced into this country by the wife of Secretary Barnard.' It weighs about three or four pounds, but fancy cannot paint you how good it is—it is the fish only that could convince you. I found the horrors of the kloof, like most other things repeated by those who love to astonish others, very much exaggerated. It is, to be sure, a very narrow steep road cut from the side of a mountain, but I do not think it more terrible than Penmaenmawr in Wales ; this last is rather the more frightful of the two in my opinion, as the sea rolls below the rock, but the other may be the more dangerous on account of the badness of the road in ascending, and there is no wall or guard to prevent one from tumbling down the precipice should an accident happen. On the other side of the mountain there grew a profusion of what are called everlasting flowers, some of which I shall send to Lady Jane. The white remain for ever the same ; the red ones are the most curious, being as bright as if made of red foils ; but

the foolish flowers after being plucked, instead of remaining as they were, or withering, spread from bud to flower, shed bad seed, and fall to pieces. I must kill them by some preparation after they are plucked.

Next day Mr. Barnard returned to Stellenbosch again from the Cape. We now arranged another party which promised to be still pleasanter—namely, to Paarl, a village at the bottom of mountains so called from two enormous stones being at the top of them, of a size so immense that it took a friend of mine half an hour to walk round one of them. They are, however; each entire stones, shaped somewhat like imperfect pearls, and awful from gigantic and unique singularity; they are of granite, and one of them is hollow. It is supposed it could contain 20,000 men, but this must be nonsense—let us call it 1,000, and then I shall have a better chance of being believed. The valley beneath is rich, fertile, and pretty, being tolerably wooded, watered by the Bergh river, and could produce anything and everything, were it tried. Almonds, walnuts, and oranges grow in plenty, but wine is also the chief article here. The ‘paint stone’ is found in this neighbourhood in quantities—namely, an impalpable powder which, mixed with oil, serves the country people with colour to paint their waggons, houses, etc. This powder is contained within stones of different sizes, and on breaking them the powder comes forth, ground as fine as if it had been done in Bond Street. It is found of all colours but green. We dined at Paarl with a civil, hospitable Dutchman of the name of Alling,<sup>1</sup> the clergyman of the place, and the largest man in height and breadth I ever saw in my life.

We then went on to Waggonmakers’ Valley,<sup>2</sup> which is reckoned one of the finest districts in the Colony; but here, or rather on the road here, I still found the same want of trees. Still noble mountains and fine soil, but the human face wanting. We crossed a river by means of a rope and

<sup>1</sup> Robert Nicolaas Aling.

<sup>2</sup> Now Wellington.

kind of ferry-boat ; two men contrived to tow us all over by degrees, the contents of the Landdrost's waggon going first—namely, himself, his wife, three daughters, a slave, Anne, and me ; the coachman, waggon, and eight horses followed, which eight horses he drove in hand with as much facility as he would have driven two.

We had arranged to sleep at the house of Mynheer Wege, which is here pronounced *Veh*. We were received at the door of a very respectable-looking English farm-house by the good people themselves. He was an old soldier with the great King of Prussia,<sup>1</sup> and has therefore a little more of the world about him than most of the other farmers have ; his wife is a hale, oldish woman, full of hospitable frankness. But as to size and appearance, suppose John Byng, my friend, near six feet high and married to Sir Horace Mann, seven feet high and rather more masculine, and then you have both husband and wife. We found at Waggonmakers' Valley, what is universal in this country, a constant drinking of coffee going forwards. It is to be found boiling on the table over charcoal all day long. Wine handed about half a dozen times in the course of the evening, pipes filled and smoked by the gentlemen, and the room filled with slaves—a dozen at least. Here they were particularly clean and neat. The *vrouw* sat like Charity tormented by a legion of devils, with a black baby in her arms, one on each knee, and three or four larger ones round her, smiling benignly on the little mortals, who seemed very sweet creatures, and devilish only in their hue. She and her husband have (for a wonder) no children of their own ; so they mean to leave their slaves free, and to give amongst them all their fortune. Of course, these people are likely to be well served for life.

We walked in an orange grove Mynheer had planted himself about eighteen years ago, and which is now extremely beneficial, being loaded with fruit ; the trees are above thirty feet high, and some of them are nearly as thick of oranges as of leaves. He had sent twenty-seven waggons to

<sup>1</sup> Frederick the Great.

the Cape loaded with oranges, in each waggon six thousand, and he had as many more to send. We had for supper a Cape ham, fat enough—but it was fat hurried on a lean pig ; a buck's hind-quarters—it was well larded and good ; two fat ducks, a fowl done with curry, rice well boiled, fine peas, stewed beans, cabbage, potatoes, salad with two dozen of hard eggs for garnish, and a dish of egg-pudding which seemed rather too greasy for me to attack it. We had pastry and fruit after, as is the custom here, and plenty of strawberries of the wood sort, but I do not think a strawberry is a strawberry without sugar and cream.

We here found the misfortune of the very scanty accommodation the Cape people have for friends at their houses, as with every possible exertion there was only one room for the Landdrost, his wife, and three daughters, and another for Mr. Barnard and me and Anne.

Next morning we were up betimes, and the first thing we were offered was coffee again. For a second time I feared that there was to be no other breakfast, but I soon saw a plentiful one of more coffee, tea, butter, hard eggs, and meat. This over, we went to pay a visit to the *vrouw's* brother, Mynheer Lategan, at his house some few miles distant. This was by much the best planted and romantic situation I had seen. I only regretted that I could not ask the Landdrost to stop his waggon for me to take some views of it ; but we had much to do that day without the stop I should have produced. I never saw so fine or so thick an oak hedge as here. I am told that an oak is almost at its growth in this country in twenty-five or thirty years, and that its wood is inferior to the European oak in consequence. I don't believe it is. Many things are taken for granted ; few give themselves the trouble to make experiments. The fir was reckoned unfit to repair the wharf till necessity forced its use, and it has proved superior and good in its quality. As for an orange grove, that at Mynheer Lategan's exceeded, or at least came up to, anything my imagination had formed

as luxuriant. Mr. Barnard and I measured some of the trées, and found them nine feet round, and were told they were between fifty and sixty feet high ; some of the branches were loaded with fruit in clusters, as our plum trees sometimes are, with forty or fifty great oranges, that were as sweet and good as they looked handsome. Little Van der Riet, and Landdrost's youngest daughter, seemed rather too busy amongst them—I feared she would do herself harm. ‘ Oh no ! ’ she said ; ‘ I have only eaten eleven ! ’ You will easily believe there were a few gripes the day after. We went through Mynheer's wine-house, and bespoke some excellent wine, some of which I hope we shall drink together in London. If we can make them leave out their sulphur this year, we will ; to me it is not a great fault, as it gives a clean sharpness to the taste which I don't dislike, but it makes traitors of the wines—it makes them *betray* their country, by prejudicing people against them, as I have before mentioned. We found Mynheer Lategan still taller than his sister ‘ Sir Horace,’ but lean, and his wife broad enough to have made half a dozen wives. He was making an experiment from which I have good hopes of getting a liqueur nice and new for you, extracting brandy from the sweetest ripe oranges. I think it will answer—*nous verrons*.<sup>1</sup>

After strolling about for an hour we returned to the Vehs,<sup>2</sup> where we dined, and proceeded back to Paarl, where Mr. Barnard and I remained all night with the Allings, that I might early next morning go up the mountain and take a view from it, and another of the great stones, which as yet I had only seen at a distance. The rest of the party returned to Stellenbosch. We appointed the Landdrost's lightest equipage for next morning (a second-hand carriage from England) to Klappnutch,<sup>3</sup> a military post half-way back; to meet us, intending to ride there. The evening would have been a long one had not a Dutch conversation with Mynheer Alling been worth many lessons to Mr. Barnard, who, I was

<sup>1</sup> (French) = we shall see.

<sup>2</sup> Wege's.

<sup>3</sup> Klappnuts.

charmed to find, could make himself so well understood by the honest clergyman that it was twelve o'clock before they separated—about three hours later than their family hour.

Unfortunately for us, next morning was so very, very bad a day, raining so heavily, that it was impossible to stir out, which was a sad disappointment to me. The only good this rain produced—for everything has its fair as well as foul side—was the self-congratulation of the farmers, who now ventured to calculate on the richest harvest, this alone being necessary to ensure one. It had another good effect—it swelled a cascade of one hundred feet high, which we had meant to have gone to see, with such a volume of water, that at the distance of some miles it was so evident as to render nearer inspection unnecessary. The rain did not clear up till the middle of the day, and then I durst not spend two or three hours in drawing, as the carriage and horses were waiting for us. I deferred taking these views, therefore, till we could pay another visit to Pastor Alling, who, we were informed, would accept of no money for his hospitality, which we therefore could only repay by six dozen of English porter, since gone to him.

Mr. Barnard was off again to the Cape next day, and returned the day after to accompany us to the Valley of Drakenstein, which is reckoned one of the richest in the whole country. We went by that mountain called Simon's Berg, with its high-forked top, where an adventurer some years ago pretended he had found a mine. He melted down a quantity of Spanish dollars into a mass, mixed with a certain quantity of rubbish, to take in the Dutch East India Company, who paid him down a large sum of money to furnish him with the means of returning them a larger. In the meantime they converted the mass of silver into a chain to suspend the keys of the Castle gates, as a proof of their riches, where it still remains, though now a proof of their folly, as the man never found a mine, nor they the money they had lent him to search for more.

We found the road through the Valley of Drakenstein in many places so very bad that we trembled for the Fiscal's cabriole, in which we were on that occasion with the Landdrost; but we got through it safe. The finest mountain that fancy can form is to the left of this road. This valley is without doubt the richest land and the best in the Colony. Some bulbs that I had pulled up came with a fat soil round them which could have raised better things had it been put to good account. The land is plentifully watered by streams that are never dry. It was extraordinary to us, however, that in all our progress we had not seen buck, hare, nor partridge. There is plenty of game, I am told, a hundred miles or more up the country, but as far as *we* have seen of it, nothing to be compared to England. Game, however, there must be, from the quantity we receive from our friends.

We dined at Herold's farm; the owner was a plain Boer with a large family of children, as they all have. I liked to see the ducks and chickens walk about in the room, as if part of the company, and with pleasure observed two or three swallows' nests in the corners of the room, which I imagine it would be deemed unlucky to pull down, else their love of propriety would make them do so.

I was pleased with the reception of the Herolds; indeed, in all the people I have seen on this little tour, I have met with an open frankness that gave one a share of what they had, apart as I believe from any views beyond the pleasure of bestowing. I think the Boers, or farmers, of the country, as far as I have seen or heard of them, a better charactered race than the people of Cape Town. The first are plain unlettered folks, without emulation and without ambition; the others are greedy and jealous of each other, but along with this they are equally void of emulation, or of any ambition beyond that of gaining a livelihood out of the chances that arise. No man has any fixed calling, but lives by his wits, and by the purchase of such articles as can be kept, and sold out or bartered to advantage at some future time. Their plans, therefore, and turn of mind are on a very con-

tracted scale. They remind me of the second or third class of mercantile life in England. The Fiscal is the pleasantest, and I fancy the best informed and laborious man in Cape Town. His size is immense for his age, which is only thirty-two, but he is not lazy, and has a more gentlemanlike turn of mind and a better fund of conversation than the others.

I like the Landdrost of Stellenbosch and his brother-in-law very well too, because they have been kind to us ; but the Landdrost is dull—he does not, to quote some lines on Wolfe, ‘ put so much of his heart into his acts that all must follow that which all approve.’ I believe we have been of some use to him in showing him more of his district than he ever saw before. Civility to us has carried him further than curiosity ever did before ; but as he has been Landdrost only two years, he has probably had, as yet, but little time to go about. It is a situation of considerable business, one day with another bringing him on an average not fewer than fifty people, or fifty differences of some sort to settle. But when the Landdrost is a sensible, honest man, how much better this is than to have a breed of lawyers in the country ! Though the parties should come at the most inconvenient times, as they often have to come far, he does not keep anyone a moment waiting, but leaves his dinner scarce touched to discuss the affair.

After having made a very pleasant expedition we returned to Cape Town. I should gladly have gone farther up the country, but Mr. Barnard could no longer remain absent. Lord Macartney himself means to make a tour of the same sort, but waits the arrival of the next despatches from England very anxiously. Indeed we all long for them from various motives. We have seen old England (well governed) rub through so many hazardous moments, that we hope, alone as she now stands almost, to hear of her doing the same again. But certainly the last accounts of the French success,<sup>1</sup> and the plans against England, which were supposed

<sup>1</sup> Probably an allusion to Bonaparte's successful campaign in Italy and the attempted invasion of England in conjunction with Spain, which Nelson and Jervis defeated off Cape St. Vincent.

to be ripe for carrying into execution some months ago, must make us very eager to hear of a satisfactory result. Invasion somewhere I suppose we must expect to hear of. Well! let the worst come! I suppose the worst that can happen will be a bad peace.

Commissary Pringle told me just now that he had been advertising for a contractor to build chaff-houses, or some sort of public store for such matters as fall within his department. This has thrown the Dutch into great astonishment! '*Mon Dieu*,<sup>1</sup> the English then believe they still are to keep the Cape.' Not one of the Dutch believes it, and even amongst those of the English, who treat everything serious lightly, bets are laid of five to one that the place is ceded on a peace. All the world believe in the peace before Christmas but I, and I hear I am a fool for not believing in one. *Nous verrons*. I can't think that we will consent to all the French require to make a peace. If there is one, and there is still longer use for us here, well, we shall pass our time the more softly that we are on terms of the very best sort with the native Dutch. If there is no more for us to do, we shall see you all again the sooner. Come what will, I shall never regret having visited South Africa. I have seen new scenes, and the able Master Barnard has been initiated in a life of business which has given him that method which will probably on many future occasions render him useful. Certainly it has been of use to him already, by developing powers which had never before been called into action.

I long to send you—indeed it is now on board—a great curiosity—a rump of Cape beef, salted by the Fiscal. '*Oui, mi' ledi, par mes propres mains*.' '*Monsieur, les grands hommes sont égaux à tout*.'<sup>2</sup> This, with a mutton ham by Madame the Landdrost, will give you a proper idea of our fare. If they are not good when they arrive it is no fault of mine—I am *sure* they were good when they set off. I also

<sup>1</sup> *Mon Dieu* (French) = 'My God,' a common expression in French.

<sup>2</sup> French = 'Yes, my lady, (all done) by my own hands'; to which Lady Anne replied, 'Sir, great men are equal to (i.e. can do) anything.'

send you a box of ostrich eggs, the freshest I could obtain. I am told, by oiling them well and packing them with bran they often keep to reach Holland good ; if so, they may reach Wimbledon. There are six eggs, one of them being emptied by me to make some cakes and to try if it was good. Nothing could be more capital than my cakes ; make your cook open one in the same manner, and if what it contains is sweet (which I hope it will be) then boil another quite hard, which is the way they are here reckoned most delicious, taken *whole* out of the shell and eaten with oil and vinegar ; but be sure to have it served up entire, and not cut into pieces. If you will give one of the eggs to my sisters, and one to the Douglas's or a share of one of them, I shall be much obliged to you. In the same box you will find a candle of my own making, of the vegetable wax (I have not burnt any yet, but I believe it burns dim, as its colour gives one a right to expect), and a small specimen of the syrup of the sugar tree ; I could not make the box contain a quart, which I was sorry for. I forgot to put in a specimen of lead ore rough from one of the mountains ; I'll enclose a scrap of it only to show you how pure it is found, in large pieces as great as your hand. I am sure there must be many wonderful things hidden in these stupendous hills.

I have not told you, by the bye, that on our return home from Stellenbosch we dined with General Vandeleur at Stickland, and saw for the first time this very barren and cheerless station for the cavalry. There is but a scanty portion of water, and that not good—no pasture or shade for the horses ; so there is not any sensible motive for having fixed them there in preference to other and better situations. However, this was before our time.

I think, my dear friend, I ought here to make you common-sense apology for the many vague things I say and repeat. I never mean to be unjust or erroneous, but ignorance may often make me so, for which reason I confine myself more to the subject of things than of people, as the first cannot be equally injured by any misapprehension of mine. Wise

and worldly people are always afraid of committing to paper opinions respecting anything beyond the merest trifles, unless they foresee events. I, for instance, were I to treat you like a Minister instead of a man and a friend, would not send you off my details of the Cape, nor say what I think of it, till I knew whether it was to be kept by us or not. In the last case it would be flattering to speak highly in its praise, in the first to hold it light; but this is not a fit way of dealing between you and me. I must therefore conclude by saying that I hope it will be found possible to keep the Cape; that, barren and ill cultivated as it now is, it strikes both Mr. Barnard and me to have great powers in itself to become one of the finest countries in the world. How far it will be the wisdom of England to encourage it to become so is for England's Sovereign and his Ministers to determine. Whether it will be more for England's advantage, and that of our possessions in India, to keep it subordinate, so that it may never interfere, while it aids and assists the to-and-fro constantly going on between England and India, is for you to determine, and you only. If the world was at peace, and were I a monarch, I should like to portion a younger son with the Cape, supposing him little, for a ten years' minority would produce a vast difference in this country, if it were as much encouraged as it has been repressed. Yet it is possible (if we keep it) that you may be obliged from policy to adhere to the same selfish considerations as governed the Dutch. The most enlightened of the inhabitants complain of the late *régime*. Their hands were tied up from being possessed of the riches they might so easily have enjoyed from their industry. They tell me there is nothing this place is not equal to, particularly if we can suppose the intercourse between the inner parts of the country and Cape Town rendered more easy. It is certainly a healthy climate.

VI.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
February 3rd, 1798.

I cannot let the ' *Buccleugh* ' sail, my dearest Friend, without a cordial line expressive of the happiness I feel on this great and gallant victory of Admiral Duncan's.<sup>1</sup> Added to many other powerful motives for rejoicing, the exultation which *you* would feel at the manner in which your favourite has distinguished himself, and the transport of his wife and family, come in for their share. She is my old acquaintance, though it is a thousand years since we saw each other. Tell the Admiral that the ballad written on his victory and conduct on that day, and repeated to me by Lord Mornington, had the same effect on me as Lord Lansdowne had on the present Lady Campden, ' it made me all over goose-skin.' But it went farther : it made me greet the triumph with a few salt, yet sweet, tears, such as the geese called women sometimes shed on such occasions. I wish we had oftener cause.

I do not mean to encroach much on your time at present, as you will hear everything worth knowing from a quarter so much superior, Lord Mornington.<sup>2</sup> He and his brother<sup>3</sup>, with Sir Hugh Christian,<sup>4</sup> arrived here on the 28th of January, both well, and greatly enjoying dry land after their voyage. We had got ready a comfortable suite of apartments

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Camperdown—Admiral Duncan's victory over the French fleet under Admiral de Winter (October 11, 1797). For this victory Admiral Duncan was made Viscount Duncan of Camperdown.

<sup>2</sup> The Earl of Mornington, afterwards Marquess Wellesley, who had been appointed Governor-General of India. He stopped at the Cape for some time on his way out to India to see Lord Macartney, who had at one time been Governor of Madras, and to meet Lord Hobart, who was returning home from India, after having been Governor of Madras. The result of their consultation at the Cape was that Lord Mornington resolved to restore British power in India to the same footing as it had stood on at the peace of Seringapatam. In this he was acting also on the wishes of the President of the Board of Control, Henry Dundas.

<sup>3</sup> The Hon. Henry Wellesley, afterwards Lord Cowley. Colonel Arthur Wellesley was another brother, afterwards Duke of Wellington.

<sup>4</sup> Rear-Admiral Sir Hugh Christian was sent out to the Cape as second in command of the fleet there ; he succeeded Admiral Pringle as Commander-in-Chief in April 1798, but died suddenly a few months later, in November 1798.

for Lord Mornington, and pressed him to accept of it, till we perceived that our *own Lord* rather wished him to reside in one of the houses that admit of lodgers here, from an unwillingness, I think, to see him accommodated in any other house connected with the Government than his own. Yet in his own Lord Mornington could not have been, as Lord Macartney has only furnished what is necessary for his household. Fortunately for us, and for Lord Mornington too I think, he was attacked by *bugs* in the abode he went to, which settled the matter and put it fully in his power to say to us : ‘ Pray, pray, as you offered to take me, do.’ Here he came, and is the pleasantest companion and easiest guest, as is his brother too, who, though sick at sea, is now perfectly well. As to Lord Mornington, he is as well, or better than I ever saw him—eats heartily of anything and everything, and says he takes many liberties with the ‘ Governor-General ’ he never before dared to take with Lord Mornington, and finds no bad effects from them. He is much charmed with Lord Macartney’s manners. He finds them more pleasing in some respects than he looked for ; ability and knowledge he expected, but there is a mildness and consideration of everybody, with a sort of parental affection to those immediately attached to him, which he did not expect in the degree he finds it. Wines of strong body and high flavour are sometimes ameliorated by time, and become more gracious to the taste than when new ! We have dined twice with Lord Macartney, and to-day he dines with us, and also generals, colonels, admirals, and twenty-two of the great men of the Cape ; so I, being a little in the Martha way, thinking of many things, though not troubled about any, will bid you adieu for the present. In a few days we shall give a ball, when everybody will have the opportunity of paying their respects to the Governor-General of India.

Lord Mornington expects to be able to proceed on his voyage in a week, and while necessary repairs are putting the ship in order, he is having some accommodations put up for himself, which, however, he swears he will sail without

if the other business of the ship can be finished sooner than this can. He little knows how unlikely it is for any ship that touches here to get off in ten days, if there is but a nail to put in, or a cask of water to be shipped. If he is off in three weeks, I shall say his captain has made more haste than any other my twelve months' experience of them has shown me. However, as his ship will in many respects be improved and lightened, she will sail the faster for the present delay, and certainly the more securely, as she was dangerously overmasted before the masts were cut lower. By the time of his departure we expect the Anstruthers will arrive.

When they leave us we shall endeavour to get to our cottage in the country for a couple of months, February and March being hot months in town. As yet we have felt no inconvenience in the Castle from the heat of the weather, flies, or mosquitoes ; indeed, all has been comfortable to us, and we have been as happy as people can be at a distance from some of those they love best. The object of our being here is fully answered, and that to me is the great point. I trust that Mr. Barnard has filled the situation well that you placed him in, and acquired under his skilful and kind master that method in the transaction of business which will render him on future occasions useful. My kind love to Lady Jane ; tell her that Lord Mornington expresses himself often of her in terms so high, and at the same time so affectionate, that I have wished her more than once behind the curtain.

*February 16th.*—My letter was too late for the 'Buccleugh,' and so I am adding to it. My prophecies have been right. We have still our friends with us, and I declare that we shall see them depart with great sorrow. They expect, however, to go on board the day after to-morrow, and I believe them when they tell me that they shall be equally sorry to bid adieu to us, as they have both amused themselves in a quiet way extremely, picking up a little fun out of everything, yet laughing at none of our grandees. As to

Lord Mornington, if ever I saw a man the purity of whose conduct under any temptation (I mean of the Oriental sort) I could count on, I think it is he. His whole soul seems turned to do his duty well—his pride, his pleasure, the anticipation of approbation from you all at home and of his own conscience. Added to this there is a certainty that, from the savings of his large income, he must make a handsome provision for his younger children.

Having talked over such views lately in the confidence of mutual good opinion, you may judge how I was entertained last night when I saw offered to him what I called his 'first bribe.' His Excellency the Governor of Mozambique, a stately well-stuffed Portuguese, full of dignity and grave folly, supped here last night with our two Excellencies. He had to attend him a black dwarf, of about thirty-four inches high, dressed in uniform. He was a fool, but the Governor said he had *beaucoup d'esprit*,<sup>1</sup> which gave us no high idea of *his*. While at cards he was in a great fuss, when supper was announced, lest all the first places should be taken before his rubber was over—not having at all supposed it possible that the other two Governors and the mistress of the house should wander about *sans façon*<sup>2</sup> while the company seated themselves. Fortunately a place at the very upper end remained vacant, in which he placed himself, and did great honour to the provisions before him. When the company, all but a few, rose, Lord Mornington and I sat down next him. Lord Mornington, for conversation, praised a cane which he carried, of very fine workmanship in gold—gold ribbon, head, tassels, etc.—quite a presentation thing. It was immediately offered to him by the gallant Portuguese, and declined with a very disconcerted air by Lord Mornington, who had not been aware what his compliment was to produce. Again it was offered, pressed, insisted on. He had *plusieurs des autres*;<sup>3</sup> 'mi lor Signor'<sup>4</sup> must do him the

<sup>1</sup> (French) = much wit.

<sup>2</sup> (French) = without ceremony, freely.

<sup>3</sup> (French) = many or plenty, more.

<sup>4</sup> (Portuguese—supposed) = my honourable lord.

honour to accept of the *bagatelle*. At last Lord Mornington, vexed and almost angry, assured him that *les Anglais* were *si gauches*<sup>1</sup> that they did not know the use of a cane, and never carried one. We laughed a good deal at Lord Mornington for having been so publicly attacked by a golden fee.

Within these two or three days, various ships are come in; in particular one from Bengal loaded with Generals—Duff, Jones, and Morgan. The last named is plainly made of teak-wood, which is so hard and firm, you know, as to endure time and be insensible to decay. Many other Indian officials of some ability are residing here, so we have a Bengal *levée* every morning at breakfast, the individuals of which are closeted and pour the riches of their knowledge and experience on Lord Mornington, who seems anxious to gain all he can from them. Sir Hugh Christian I like much; he appears to be a mild, firm, intelligent man, and a pleasing companion. I expect satisfaction from his society.

Admiral Pringle is certainly very clever and entertaining; Lord Mornington is delighted with him in the midst of all his singularity. But he is too great a growler. ‘Well, and how do *you* like the Cape, my Lord?’ said he to Lord Mornington. ‘Upon my word, sir, I like it very much.’ ‘Ay, ay, you would say that after such a voyage as yours, if you had landed in hell.’ He says Lord Macartney understands a table no more than a whale, which is a good seafaring simile for a great man. Yet, with all this, I do *not* think that he likes to go, and shrewdly suspect he would not have been displeased had a little *douce*<sup>2</sup> violence been used to make him stay *malgré lui*.<sup>3</sup> At present ’tis an awkward situation for sweet Sir Hugh to be in, but he says nothing, though I can see he feels himself out of place. I hear, about a fortnight hence Admiral Pringle will be going home. He and Sir Hugh dined here yesterday, Lord Mornington and his brother, the Anstruthers, and a couple of Navy captains—a snug, small party. It quite delights me to hear a little

<sup>1</sup> (French) = so clumsy, or wanting in taste.

<sup>2</sup> (French) = gentle.

<sup>3</sup> (French) = in spite of himself.

pleasant talk. Things ran rather more than was quite agreeable in the flirting line at one time here, but the minority—namely, Anne Barnard and I—have received great additions by the arrival of Mrs. Holland, the Morningtons, Sir Hugh Christian, etc., and hope to be able to make time amble very agreeably without drinking, gaming, or making love.

## VII.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
June 6th, 1798.

The enclosed journal, my dear Friend, will give you, I hope, some idea of the tour which I have made into the interior of the country since you last heard from me. I have put it in this form, as you will then be able to go over the ground with me, at least, in your imagination. The month of May is not the month of flowers here, as it is at home ; on the contrary, it is at the Cape our November, and the beginning of the rainy season. After having sent off the Governor-General to India in good health, resolved like Sancho Panza to be an upright Governor, we went to Paradise, where we meant to have remained for a month or two without a break, and had requested the Anstruthers to come to us ; but the gout prevented him, and a considerable taste for the pleasures of the Cape seemed to prevent her. Then Lord Macartney told Mr. Barnard that if he wished to see a little of the country, and did not think it too late, he might go for a month, as there was then no business which could not be transacted in his absence. But, he added, it was possible that at the end of that time he (Lord Macartney) might be receiving despatches from England which would give him leave to depart in two or three months, and then he could not do without Mr. Barnard, still less could any successor spare him who might be new to the business of the Colony. On these considerations, and the possibility of a peace, and of the Cape being given up—unlikely enough, but within the

chapter of chances—we thought it best, as it were, to catch Time by the forelock and set off. The prospect of a holiday to a poor Secretary who had been screwed down to his desk for a twelvemonth was an offer too welcome not to be accepted.

Our young cousin Jane preferred accompanying us to remaining at the Castle, and as a young lady, like a great general, is nothing without a proper staff, Mr. Barnard invited my cousin John Dalrymple to be her *aide-de-camp*. Johnnie is somewhere from five to seven feet high; as he grows an inch or two every fortnight, there is no knowing where to fix him. As a cornet, he is fond of his gun, but fonder of his horse, and the prospect of being jolted in a waggon some hundreds of miles with the beauty of the garrison, to the exclusion of all the generals, colonels, and field officers, filled him with rapture. We had with us also Mr. Barnard's servant, Pawell, the Brabanter, master of French, English, and Dutch, who is active, young, and fond of excursions.

So much for the company, now for the conveyance. Of course, it was a Cape waggon; any other sort of carriage in this country it is impossible to think of for such an excursion. An ox waggon would have suited our pockets best, being exactly half the price of a horse one; but it goes very slowly, and as a month was all we could possibly afford, we could not cover half as much ground in the time. So we determined on horses, though we knew we should have to hire oxen also occasionally to take us over the *kloofs*, or steep passes in the mountains. The hire of our waggon, coachman, and eight horses, came to about three guineas a day. The waggon was long and narrow, after the fashion of those here, and had over it a stout sailcloth cover, very necessary in this climate. We then set to to add what was necessary to make our month as comfortable as might be. This, as a careful *haus vrow*,<sup>1</sup> devolved on me. To begin with, I had a couple of sailcloth bags made to hold a pair of mattresses,

<sup>1</sup> Huisvrouw, manager of the house.

two pairs of blankets, sheets, pillows, etc., in case we should find no beds at some of our nightly quarters, or perhaps very dirty ones at that. I also packed up some dozens of handkerchiefs to give to slaves and Boer servants, some ribbands, gold lace, needles, thread, scissors, tea, coffee, sugar, for the Boers themselves, etc., where people would not take money; a lot of pretty coloured beads for Hottentots, and some white pearl beads, some dozens of common knives, a large bale of tobacco, a bundle of candles, different things to eat, and a little bag of *schellings*, or bank notes of sixpence each, in my pocket. To these stores Mr. Barnard added two good hams, a large piece of beef, and two tongues, also a small cask of good madeira, a box of gin, rum, and liquors, and plenty of powder and shot. We also each packed a box containing our special things, over which the seats were hung. By the time this was done we were all ready to start.<sup>1</sup>

### VIII.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope;  
August 13th, 1798.

‘A soft word,’ said the Proverbs, ‘turneth aside wrath.’ And the repetition of a kind expression from the mouth of a friend who, I began to fear, was forgetting me entirely, is so conciliatory, and so satisfactory, that it is impossible to do anything else than to fly to pen and ink to hold a little mental communication. Why—why do you express yourself kindly of me and of my husband, and say you have pleasure in my letters, and even honour me so unexpectedly far as to quote information from them, yet never tell me so yourself by one line? Remember that one cannot be quite sure, at the far end of the globe, without the intervention of a little pen and ink, what one’s well-beloved *antipode* is feeling for one. But you have, to more than one, said obliging things of me, for which I thank you, less because they were flattering than because they sweep away a set of little, vile, painful suggestions which began to haunt me, and which have rendered me

<sup>1</sup> The details of the tour are given in Part II., in the fuller form provided by the ‘Journal.’

silent for the last three or four weeks when I had plenty to say to you,—and when ‘old love and kindness’ would have been glad, if pride had not laid its heavy embargo on all scribbling till you should say ‘Go on and prosper, and tell me all, without fancying yourself tiresome or being ashamed.’ All you shall have, and that directly—for there is a signal for three ships from the north-west; and, if any more arrive from England without my hearing from you, I will not answer that I mayn’t relapse.

We remained for some weeks at Paradise after our return from our tour into the interior, rising with the sun and inhaling the fresh morning air at the back of the Table Mountain. The greatest fault of the situation is, that we have about two hours less of his Majesty Sol than if we were on the other side of the hill, as he is set to us when he shines on the rest of the world. The only experience this short residence in the country gave us was, that whoever means to build anything in Africa (Mr. Barnard was building a kitchen) must do it in the height of summer, when the heat may dry the clay and lime quickly. It approached the rainy season when ours was roofing in with rushes. The consequence was, that a heavy shower swelled the raw mortar and ‘down dropped Dido,’ which involved the loss of the conveniency it would have been, and the discomfiture of Mr. Barnard’s project and the expense of the materials. As to the labour, the walls had been run up by a couple of dragoons from a military quarter at the bottom of the mountain—and a very great advantage it is to have a few days of one or two of his Majesty’s scarlet coats occasionally, in a country where artificers are not to be had, or, if obtained with difficulty, are to be paid with still greater difficulty. A soldier to whom we give 1s. 6d. per day, his fare, and wine will do more in one day than a Dutchman or slave in three, for a dollar a day.

The largest chestnuts I ever saw by many, many degrees were here. I collected a bag for you, but on cracking one,

two months after, I found it quite withered and gone, unworthy therefore to be sent. I must plant a few to convey them safe. At Paradise I had hoped to have had all sorts of good things—poultry, pigs, garden stuff, and fruit—but the first I could not keep, as they wandered and were lost amongst the heaths, sugar trees, and silver trees with which the hill is covered half-way up. Pigs had the same reason against them; they would have certainly preferred a state of freedom and acorns to my chains. Garden stuff can hardly be raised—the soil is so cold on that side of the mountain, and, except pears, the fruit trees are all gone. Troops of monkeys from the hills considerably annoyed the gardener. He shot, and shot, but no lives were lost, and as the pears are of a kind to ripen and decay all at once, I mean this year to stipulate that the monkeys may have their fill—they are the old proprietors. We cut two or three beautiful walks on a sort of terrace which looks to the sea and the Hottentot Mountains; the bushes on each side gave it shade. I must make a sketch of this, and the noble rock as it rises above, for you; but how many things I propose to do!—how few execute from want of time!

I was sorry that we saw so little of Lord Hobart<sup>1</sup> in consequence of our tour into the interior. He is a pleasant man, but seemed to me to feel rather mortified at having his face turned to England instead of Bengal. I could not get him to enter on the subject of Lord Mornington at all, which corroborated this. On the contrary, Lord Mornington was constantly talking of Lord Hobart, and presupposing the pleasure of their meeting.

We were scarcely returned from our month's absence up the country when the Stranges and the Clives arrived. We certainly should have asked Lord and Lady Clive<sup>2</sup> to take part of our 'pot luck' at the Castle as old friends, which

<sup>1</sup> Robert Hobart, Lord Hobart (later fourth Earl of Buckinghamshire) had been Governor of Madras, and was returning to England. He stopped at the Cape on his way home to meet Lord Mornington. He was disappointed at not being made Governor-General of India, as he had been given to expect.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Clive was the new Governor of Bengal.

both were—she of mine, Lord Clive of Mr. Barnard at Naples. But the near connection with Lady Strange, she being also Lady Hardwicke's particular friend, and their having less money to spare for Cape expenses, which are not light, determined us to invite them and their ward, Miss Roberts, to reside with us, rather than ask the greater personages. The Stranges did so during their stay here, which was two or three weeks. He bears a high character amongst all who know him, and I am convinced a deserved one. She is a happy creature at getting away from the East Nook at Fife to be the Lady Recorder at Madras. She and Lady Clive will get on like lambs. What a sensible, pleasant, and happy woman Lady Clive is! She has a mind open to receive pleasure from everything, to please as far as she can, is incapable of offending, and will not tire, I am sure, of any situation she is placed in. But how comes it that they are going at all? People so wealthy—a man apparently so little ambitious! By implication, though not by direct words, I had reason to think the matter was offered to him, and I did not think Administration—any Administration I mean—was so rich in great appointments as to give without the boon being solicited. Perhaps his *name* is held to be a lucky one to go to India. He seems in good spirits, but says little, and when he visits, wise man, has Mr. Petrie always with him. To me he used to come alone, and we talked of everything *but* Madras or Governments. To them succeeded Lord and Lady Teignmouth, who have reached you ere now. Never saw I such a succession of Governors—the sea has been quite covered with them for the last six months.

Happy shall I be if it sees nothing of the departure of our *own* dear Governor, Lord Macartney, for some time yet. I have ever thought he would stay till the beginning of the year 1799, and I believe I shall be proved a witch. I wish I could give him a right fit of the gout and lodge it in his toe—it jumps about his stomach and head, and sometimes a little affects his spirits, but never the force and firmness of his mind, which, when called upon, can rally and rise

above pain. It is wonderful to hear how he can jest and talk away with memory and fancy at a time when (his company gone) he can hardly support himself.

By the way, I know not how it comes into my head *now*, what is an old story by this time—a very silly and ill-natured accounts of the races here, written and sent home by some dull wits with whom the Cape was a good deal infested at one time. There certainly *were* races here, but Lord Macartney, whose servant is stated to have broken his leg in riding one, not only had no horse, but privately disapproved of there being races at all, and did not subscribe. Mr. Barnard did the same. He declined being a member of what they call the ‘Turf Club,’ and out of a little pique they call him in the papers the ‘life and soul of the turf.’ This was untrue, for he went into the country to avoid them. I gave my ten pagodas to the ladies’ purse, as two other ladies of my own rank in society had subscribed their names to it without consulting me, and I did not like to throw a tacit stricture on them by refusing mine, or run the risk of being called shabby, though privately I liked no part of the business, thinking the Colony too much in its infancy for a sort of amusement which would be likely to introduce with it many other foolish things. But where there is a great body of idle young men, with a few ladies not ill-disposed to co-operate in any plan of amusement, one cannot be too cautious of appearing to set up as a reformer, if one wishes, as I do, to possess universal goodwill. With respect to the faro tables, to my great sorrow I found that the great good-nature of Colonel Hope (who is, sure, one of the best-conditioned good creatures in the world) had been over-persuaded by a Mr. Bird, Deputy-Quartermaster under General Fraser, a young man who seems to love play; to hold a bank with him during these races. Mr. Barnard, I have reason to think, hinted this privately to the Governor, who sent a message to desire it might be the first and last time he heard of such a thing in this Colony.

In Lord Macartney’s house there are no cards, and at my

assemblies and balls only half-crown whist or casino, but no game of chance is allowed. If people don't like the rules of our house they will not come to it. As to the 'ostentatious splendour' of my appearance on the race ground, though possessed of the neatest chariot and four in the Colony, the only day I appeared there I was in the carriage of a Dutchman, with his wife and family, not in my own—very much quizzed indeed by my countrymen and women for being with the Dutch, but very well pleased to give this public testimony that the Secretary's wife wished to connect herself as much with the people of the country as they chose.

*September 22nd.*—So far had I got, my dear friend, when I was seized with a sore-throat which confined me for a fortnight to bed, and a week more in my own room. Nothing did me any good till a charming packet of letters arrived from England, and one from you amongst the rest. '*My Dear Lady Anne*' at the top, in your great colossal hand, delighted my eyes, but the hand of another succeeded to it. Alas! it was not Lady Jane's, as I thought, and I am sadly afraid that your eyes must have been very weak to have forced you to employ an amanuensis. You say many very kind, very flattering things to me, *too* flattering, were it not that I know where you feel kindness you are a most partial judge. You cannot be too much so to please me; may I never be judged impartially by those I love. Nothing alloyed the pleasure these very agreeable compliments gave me except their being written in another man's hand; but as I found '*Adieu, my dear friend*' in your own, with '*Henry Dundas*' to the bottom in pledge of your sincerity, I was perfectly contented, and now I shall go on as before, scribbling away from such funds as this place gives me, without a fear of your being tired or annoyed.

Was it not that here is Mr. Maxwell come to tell me that he must have my letters in ten minutes, as the Government box is to be sealed up, I would give you a couple of pages of Gazette—I mean a set of such Cape anecdotes as have taken place since I wrote to you last, some of them curious enough

—but I will reserve that for my next letter ; it is possible I may still have two or three days more to write in.

*September 24th.*—This is very charming—I find I am likely to have still another day or two before the little, hasty vessel is permitted to sail which carries this to St. Helena. The Government box is made up, I believe, and why the ship does not sail immediately I know not ; but I am glad of it, as it gives me a few hours to add another letter to the stupid one already put up for you, which contains little, except growling at yourself, and forgiving.

This shall be the Gazette I promised of all the Cape occurrences since I last wrote to you. Small as the place is, there is a wonderful number of little *bizarre* incidents, half-European, half-African, which make as good gossip for those who like it as if the actors were dukes and ladyships. What happens to be talked of before me I hear, because I have a pair of ears, but no one brings me a secret or a wonder, because it is known that I am fond not of tittle-tattle. At the same time observe that I am going to write a perfect tittle-tattle letter to you in the midst of all my discretion and rigidity. 'Tis the way with all prudes to frown publicly at what they privately smile.' I shall not confine myself, however, to anything, but bring out everything as it comes into my mind, having no time for arrangement.

A fair lady eloped with the purser of an Indiaman. Mr. Barnard was sent to prevail on her to return to her colours; but she would not, and is with the purser still. We had next the elopement of the Dutch Miss Vandenberg with Captain Hamilton Ross,<sup>1</sup> a young man of very good character, who had made fair and honourable proposals which the father objected to, having a right to keep her fortune till she was eighteen if she married without his consent. Meantime his own wife died, and he informed his daughter that he meant to give her for a mother-in-law a person who had been in the habit of whipping her, and who had a son who was

<sup>1</sup> 1774—1853. He retired on half-pay from the 81st Regiment and became a successful merchant. He was later one of the first members of the Legislative Council.



SIR GEORGE YONGE.

intended for her husband. She told him if he did that she would marry Captain Ross. The father married. The young lady chucked the Dutch lover under the chin for a few days to lull suspicion, and then went off. The father has been roaring like a madman to catch her, but she is where no one can get at her. His rage is so loud that it has even reached the tars on board of their ships. One of the Jacks lately came to him and told him, if he would swear to keep the secret and give him the reward of 100 dollars, he would show him the house where the Beauty was secreted. The father agreed, and paid him the money, forgetting his caution in his eagerness for revenge. John Bull led him in the dark through street after street ; at last, breaking suddenly from him, he bid him good-night and, turning down a by-corner, was out of sight in a moment. Captain Hamilton Ross is an officer in the Scots Brigade, and his fair lady sails with him to India, and will be married there when she is eighteen, but she has a year to wait. It makes no difference ; her lover is a man of perfect integrity, and she may depend on him. He has offered so fair, and behaved so well as to conciliate everybody's esteem, and whenever she is married the English ladies of the Cape, and I for one, will support her through. Her father only is to blame, and avarice is at the bottom.

There is a Miss Du Wat<sup>1</sup> who sails for England with the first ships, after a Captain Manning. He proposed to her, but she could not make up her mind about leaving her friends, and, what was of still more consequence, she could not make up her wedding clothes in time to sail on a certain day. I should not have thought *that* was of much importance, but I have heard they esteem it so here. Well, the lover embarked, and the lady began to repent that she had not accompanied him. She now means to follow him to England, against the advice of all the Englishmen here, who think she had better remain where she is. It is a bold undertaking,

<sup>1</sup> (?) De Wet.

and justifies the old proverb, 'A stitch in time saves nine.' A stitch in her wedding clothes, more hastily put in, would have certainly saved her a most precarious sailing match.

We are glad to have the Navy back again in the Bay. The Bluecoats make the place cheerful. I like Sir Hugh Christian much, as an agreeable man in society. I liked the last Admiral too—Pringle; he was a growler with his tongue, as I have often told you, but I believe as honest and liberal a man in his conduct as possible. With many opportunities here of tempting his fortune, I fancy no conduct could be purer. I say the more on this, poor fellow, as I dare say he is not on good terms with anybody at home, because he cannot be prudent with that unruly little member of his, the tongue. I think Sir Hugh has rather better hopes of the nautical possibility of navigating round the coast than Admiral Pringle or others before him have had. Whether this is founded on sound sense, or the pride of superior genius, time will show. One thing I can see, who am no witch, that as vessels this year have been cruising about, at a season and round points which they formerly durst not have looked at, there is certainly less fear now of the shore round us than there was, or danger has become more familiar.

A ship was lately driven in distress to a bay—I think they call it Algoa Bay—where some of the passengers left it and came by land. The captain and others have dined often with us, and the gentlemen who came by land arrived, and dined with us, yesterday. They describe the country (as it has also appeared to us in our time) as bare, but the soil good and people hospitable and hearty. There is another ship, the 'Ganges,' which contains some English captains on their way home—one of the name of Lambert, another Broughton, the last a thin little fellow whom I believe you sent on a voyage of discovery. His vessel has been lost. He mentions an island near Japan, where he was kindly treated by a gentle race of people entirely covered with hair, and their manners mild and humane<sup>1</sup>—no tails—so I fancy

<sup>1</sup> The hairy Ainu.

they will class in finely at a point in Hunter's gradations, from Mr. Pitt down to the least little monkey of the forest—there being a link or two wanting, I have heard say, between negro and ourang-outang which this sweet island will afford a means of supplying.

Our bay is full of ships at present, and Cape Town, I am told by a skilful merchant here, is stocked with European goods enough to last for three years ; but all are locked up out of sight, and the prices remain as high as ever. In spite of this we make our ends meet—and to say the truth they encompass a good deal ; but it all goes in giving good fare to others—no drinking or parade, God knows, but the solid enjoyment of making others as happy as we can.

Mr. Barnard is greatly flattered by your kindness, for he thinks he derives from you the increase of his salary by 500*l.* a year. Though the money is convenient, the testimony of your and Lord Macartney's being pleased with him goes nearer his heart. Sorry we are that Lord Macartney talks of leaving us in two or three months, but perhaps he may still lengthen it out a little more. Mr. Barnard has fully determined to do everything he can to give satisfaction to General Dundas,<sup>1</sup> friendly as well as official assistance. But I tell you, in the perfect confidence of friendship, that he is a little afraid, from the General's manner, that he is not disposed to like him. It is, I am convinced, *but* manner. How can it be otherwise where unremitting attention is paid ? The General is hasty, and he has not learnt that charming page in Lord Macartney's book, to respect and mark respect to others in their departments, in order to have it from them ; but hurriedly and hastily does as he feels at the moment, and, I suppose, privately repents at leisure. But Mr. Barnard, though a high-minded man, is so uncommonly mild in temper that I have no fears, as I believe what he suspects is mere manner, and have not a doubt that they will get on perfectly well, with caution on

<sup>1</sup> General Francis Dundas was to be appointed Acting-Governor in the absence of Lord Macartney.

the one part to counteract any little impetuosity on the other. Is not this talking with the relying confidence of friendship, when I am venturing to speak of your nephew and my husband? But you know the one party, and will not think it unnatural for me to have let my private thoughts escape to you on a subject so intimately connected with all that is interesting to me. Mr. Barnard would not be pleased with me if he knew I had said thus much, therefore I shall not tell him I have. But I do not think I am wrong.

On looking over the former sheet I see I have expressed myself about this new island near Japan as if it was a jest; but it is not so, and I fancy will be found rather a curious matter. I asked the Captain to show me the drawings he had had taken of the people and their costume, but I perceived from the distress of his countenance that he wishes to evade letting anyone see them, and have since heard he means, with the approbation of his superiors, to publish the account with plates.

We have had most wonderful bad weather this winter; four months have elapsed, or nearly that, with very few days escaping without rain—sometimes it falls in deluges. The winds have been also extremely high, hailstones of considerable size, lightning and thunder three or four times, and on the seas I believe very severe tempests. Last winter, one week excepted, was as mild as this has been the contrary. I am really tired of the rain and of the cold, which has forced us to have fires very often, in spite of our having, what is very uncommon here, our rooms well carpeted over. By the bye, I have not mentioned yet in my Gazette what you no doubt already know—that we have found coal here. I fancy it is not of a very good quality, else I should see people more elated about it. We have tried it, but it lights with difficulty, and we have generally mixed it with English coals, some chaldrons of which we got out before the coal was found. They stood us between nine and ten pounds a chaldron at the Castle; but at that price whatever we could spare was gladly taken from us. However, whether good or

bad, *any* coal, or anything to burn, so near the Cape as fifteen miles is a great *pis aller*,<sup>1</sup> as wood must become more and more scarce, the more inhabited the Cape is, all being cut down for fuel, and no one replacing a bush with an acorn.

Are you tired of me yet ? I think I see you shake your head, and say, ' Upon my word I have some reason.' Indeed you have, but always look at meanings and motives to find apology for frivolity, dulness, or prolixity. I'll add no more, except kindest love to your ladies,—and to renew my promise of writing to Lady Jane by the next ship. There is a little something I want her to do for me, but I know not whether it will be worthy of passing through her hands. God bless you, my dear friend ; keep your health well for the sake of all at home and all abroad.

## IX.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
November 10th, 1798.

Sorry am I, my dear Friend, at the departure of our own dear Governor, who this day leaves the Garden House and takes up his residence with us during the short time which will be necessary to get all arranged for his leaving the Colony. If he felt he could have stayed longer with safety to himself I am convinced he would ; but the gout hangs constantly over him, never fixing itself properly, and often making him feel himself hardly more than the tenant of the hour. I wish I had not to add that the poor Admiral, Sir Hugh Christian, seems to be still worse than Lord Macartney ; he has never enjoyed his health since his arrival, and lately, when at Saldanha Bay, had an attack so violent as to lie for dead for a short time. I have my fears that he will not find it possible to remain here long ; and I shall be sorry for it, as I take him to be an excellent officer, and zealously

<sup>1</sup> (French) = better than nothing.

eager to fill his part in his profession to his own honour and the good of his country. But his mind is too ardent and anxious for the strength of his poor constitution.

I have put up a specimen to you and to Mr. Pitt of what my friends the Hottentots do. I believe I mentioned this in my last letter. A couple of knives made at the Moravian Settlement, and a couple of walking-sticks made of wood, I own, with some little notion of drawing. I believe they will be the first that ever crossed the Line. Pray present these humble offerings to Mr. Pitt, with the *vrouw* Barnard's very best wishes that God Almighty may long continue him and you to take care of us at home and abroad.

I will not trouble you by adding more at present. You have greater things to mind, and I have to-day to make some preparations for a bunch of wedding people in the evening, whom I have invited to introduce to our Governor before his departure. Our officers have of late been marrying these Dutch *vrouws* at a great rate, and it is right to show them every civility possible, when so married. The evening is the time when they like best to visit me. Not so the Boers from the country, who generally come to pay their respects at the Castle at seven o'clock in the morning, and always have their *topi* of gin with me while I am at breakfast. I am glad to see the country people, who were civil to us when amongst them, coming to see us in return here ; it marks a confidence in the assurances I made them of their being welcome. In the Dutch time none of the Boers durst presume to enter the gates of the Castle with their hats on. Now they come in freely, and some of the *vrouws* bestow their kisses both on me and my better half very liberally ; however, their heartiness pleases and flatters us. But I am running on. God bless you.

## X.

Paradise, Cape of Good Hope :  
April 4th, 1799.

First, my dear Friend, let me in three cheers express my joy on the late glorious event, which I daresay will form as bright a moment in history as England ever saw.<sup>1</sup> Light gains double by shadow, and dark indeed was the shadow which preluded these victories. I see the new peer is to be Lord Nile, or Lord Something of the Nile. (I hope his eldest son won't be Baron Crocodile.) I should like to see a dozen more such creations.<sup>2</sup>

I find a considerable difference in the climate this last season, to what it was the first I arrived. This summer has been much warmer, the southeasters more violent, and the weather more various. In spite of that, I still think the climate a very pleasant one, and prodigious as the vicissitudes of heat, hot, calm, and storm in one day are, it is surprising to observe how few colds are caught. One singular effect of atmosphere I observe in myself. When in the Castle, close by the sea shore, at Cape Town, I am constantly hoarse and cannot sing a note, but when at Paradise, which is reckoned the dampest situation, and the most dangerous for that reason in the Colony, my voice is as clear as it was when I was sixteen. I do not look quite so *young*; however, there is no help for that—'One cannot eat one's cake and have it too.' If my friends will pardon a few wrinkles on my face, I will pardon as many as they please on theirs, and reckon them only reasons for loving them the more, as it proves I have known them long.

While all goes fair and well with you in England, we have got our little bit of insurrection here, at a distant part of the country, Graaff Reinet. The old bad news, I suppose (and none of the modern good yet), has travelled there, and

<sup>1</sup> The Battle of the Nile.

<sup>2</sup> Nelson was created Baron Nelson of the Nile and of Burnham Thorpe in Norfolk.

inspired the Boers with the desire of kicking up a dust, and trying if they can't be masters still. It is nonsense for me to pretend to give you any account of matters, which the General, of course, must convey to you at length. Yet there is a possibility that this ship may sail without his dispatches, as I hear he is at Stellenbosch. So I will say what I can. These Graaff Reinets Boers have always been turbulent and unwilling to bend to any laws, or to the Landdrost.<sup>1</sup> They particularly dislike their Landdrost, a very good sort of man, I hear, and affect to think themselves ill-used, now that they are British subjects, in not having an English Landdrost. But I believe this is a mere pretext to get rid of the present one. The ground of the present quarrel is their having forced him (and the soldiers who had the charge of a prisoner<sup>2</sup>) to give up to them the said prisoner, who is one of the most seditious amongst them, and was for wrong practices of some kind sent to the Cape by the Landdrost. They threatened the Landdrost's life, and from that time have kept him in constant fear by a sort of guard being placed on him that he may not run away. General Dundas sent General Vandeleur there with a party of horse, also Major Abercrombie, and one or two small vessels with troops. It was the general idea that the seditious people would instantly be reduced to order by the sight of the scarlet coats, and would surrender their arms, but I hear that they have retreated, it is thought into the Kafir country; and more men have been requested by General Vandeleur. I cannot say, however, that I feel at all alarmed at this; it will cost a few lives, and that is a pity, but I fancy some examples must be made to preserve peace in the Colony. One of the party having remained behind, and being desirous of joining the others by a short cut,

<sup>1</sup> They had made an attempt to escape from the rule of the Dutch East India Company, and under its *régime* were in a state of chronic rebellion.

<sup>2</sup> This prisoner was an old commandant, Adrian van Jaarsveld, who was arrested on a charge of forgery, and of setting a summons of the High Court of Justice at the Cape at defiance.

almost lost his life, being pursued by a troop of buffaloes, who fairly hunted him like a hare, and only the speed of his horse saved him.

What a blessing, now that our white troops are called away to the above purpose, and others sent on to India, that the people of the Cape have that spirited old Corps, the Cape Association, to trust to ! A corps almost two months old, and commanded by Colonel Barnard, who of course is commanded by Lady Anne, that old and experienced officer ! Her Ladyship, I hear, is soon to present the regiment with their colours, in which the Whitletomb<sup>1</sup> (native of this country) is happily blended and united with the Royal Oak of Old England, a compliment her Ladyship means for Mynheer (if he has *nous*<sup>2</sup> to understand it). The gentlemen volunteers who compose the corps had in the original plan professed themselves in readiness, should occasion require, to stand forward with any aid in their power ; but General Dundas, very naturally thinking that *that* aid could not be properly administered, unless they were drilled into the knowledge of what was to be done on emergency, mentioned the Associations in England, and their conduct, as the model for this, which hint was of course adopted. The officers were chosen by ballot, and Mr. Barnard chosen Colonel, and, as he is an old soldier, the business went on so much better. All were eager in the cause, a very few gentlemen excepted, who, shy of being smiled at by the military, and disliking the sacrifice of time necessary to the field days, are no longer of the corps, much to Mr. Barnard's regret, as they are good men, though bad officers.

*May 14th, 1799.*—I am adding to the above, my dear friend, my latest budget, for the ship did not sail after all. I am quite ashamed to write on such bad paper to you ; but I am a farmer's wife in the country, and forgot to tell the farmer, who goes into town to market (namely, the business of the office) every day at nine o'clock, that mine was done.

<sup>1</sup> Probably the Witteboom or silver-tree.

<sup>2</sup> (Greek) = discrimination, sense.

You will pardon it, however, not being a man of much *minutiæ*<sup>1</sup> of ceremony, when a friend's, a woman's, letter is in the case. I go on cheerfully writing to you since you sent me my little dose of kindness and flattery mixed, which has done me a world of good, and, at this immense distance from you all, is necessary to invigorate and enliven one, who must, like the spider, spin chiefly from her own materials. By the bye (for you know it is my way to bring out things as they pass across my mind), are Cape spiders reckoned curiosities in England? Doctor Roxburgh tells me that they are; but I hate spiders of all sorts, handsome or ugly, so much that I should not thank anybody for giving me a bushel. Think, then, what I suffered lately, when, after having found in the bushes, as I supposed, a very large mausoleum of a silkworm like a goose's egg, I put it into my writing drawer, and some days after, on opening it, a whole legion of young spiders broke forth on me. It was a spider's nest, and I had inoculated every room in the house at once, for off they ran to every hole they could find. I assure you it is needless in this country to propagate gentry of this unpleasant kind, for there is one breed of little animals of a dark complexion which are in summer the plague of society. The only comfort is, that the more a house is inhabited, the fewer there are of them.

Since I wrote last the disturbances at Graaff Reinet are happily terminated.

I went with Mr. Barnard to Cape Town yesterday to see the chief of one of the tribes of what is called here the *right* Bushmen. What a courageous fine fellow that young man must be, who, after having gone on plundering a neighbouring nation (the Hottentots) for such a length of time, trusts himself with a band of them to come down (the first time a Bushman ever came voluntarily so far) to see the English Governor at the Cape! His brother only accompanied him. The chief, whose name was 'Philan'—I am willing to hope, a contraction of *philander*—was covered with old military

<sup>1</sup> (Latin) = details.

ornaments of different regiments, some of which we had brought with us from England, having stored ourselves—from an old shop for such things—with all the ornamental brass we could pick up. Different people had given him some *very* old clothes before he came to pay me a visit at the Castle, so I did not see him quite in his unadorned state of loveliness. But over these clothes he wore his own, the skin cloak and all his decorations—gorgets, belts, and pouches. His countenance was good-humoured to the greatest degree, with more character in it than the Hottentot face, which has rarely more than gentleness to boast of. His hair was perfectly different from the hair of any other human creature I have seen, as it was like fringes of fine knotted black worsted—such knotting as old ladies do for beds. In the front of his forehead he wore a little button, hanging down, somewhat like a pagoda, and behind he had a *queu* (I don't think I have spelled this word aright), that is a pigtail, which hung down an inch, with two shells to it. I was quite delighted with the dress of the tail—it showed he was no democrat; but it is not exactly such as is worn by our captains in St. James's Street. As they speak no Dutch, and as the interpreter (a Hottentot) was obliged to leave them to fetch the rest, I could not get so much of their minds as of their faces. But they seemed much pleased with the English, and are to bring their *vrouws* to visit me this winter. The Gonagua took great pains to tell Mynheer Barnard what pretty girls there are in that country; theirs is the country described by Valliante,<sup>1</sup> so perhaps there may have been some truth in his representation of 'Narina.' They have some ideas of marriage—the chief and his brother had two wives each, but one or two of the Hottentots who accompanied them only one apiece. We gave to all coarse handkerchiefs, knives, scissors, needles, thread, and beads. To the chief I gave a very fine button, which he instantly tied round his neck, and Mr. Barnard gave him a coat and waistcoat, which he also put on, throwing off his clothes to do so.

<sup>1</sup> Le Vaillant.

Fortunately, Mr. Barnard at that time gave these two articles *only*, else I know not to what lengths the chief would have carried his toilette in my presence. There is something singularly delicate in the make of the Bushman—his arms are so finely turned and hands so small (one of the fingers of this one was withered off by the bite of a serpent). His wrist was as delicate as a lady's; yet when he bent his bow it seemed to be strong, and the wildness of his figure was striking—but their tones! Oh, how strangely savage! They have all the clucking noise of the Hottentots, each word being so divided, but accompanied by sounds, or rather groans, quite uncouth.

We gave them some brandy, which they greedily took; and, previous to their departure, some gimlets, and an old sword, and to each some tobacco and a new pipe. They were quite happy, and, bidding us farewell, made each a sort of bow with his hat or handkerchief in hand. The chief, rapid in his motions, made a low one; a table was near, and the tobacco-pipe (stuck in his hat), knocking against it, was shivered to pieces. Never, no never, did painting convey such an attitude, or the feelings of nature speak so plain. He did not gaze at it, or pick it up. He covered his face at once with his hand, desolation was in his heart, and he stood there till, ready to burst into tears, he could just turn aside to prevent them from dropping. Meantime we had sent for another pipe. The Hottentots *clucked* to him that here was another; he took his hand from his face—saw the pipe—received it—but the remedy to his sorrow was too sudden for the transition of joy to follow it—the pain of the broken pipe stuck, though the new pipe was in his hand. He then picked up the fragments and placed all once more in the hat, of which he seemed very proud, and with a deep sigh and a consoled '*Tanke*,' went off. By the bye, I asked him if he had any objection to giving me a little of his queer hair and his queue—giving him a fine large shell to tie in its place, which enchanted him. He was greatly flattered by my request, and held down his head to have it

cut off, which the brother seeing, came forwards with his fringed top also. I had meant this modern relic for Lady Jane, and had written her a note, but it looks so odd and uncouth that I think it would rather frighten than please her. Perhaps, as you are a bold man, and not easily scared, I may send it to you, or a little of his hair.

We have had two ships come into Simon's Bay within the last week in great distress—the one an old shattered vessel, containing, besides the crew, six hundred French prisoners—those who have been for some years in the prisons at Madras, and those who were lately seized at Pondicherry on suspicion, fully founded, of their carrying on machinations against our interests with their countrymen and with Tippoo. Of these there are some opulent and creditable men of good manners. They, in number about fifty, have the half of the Captain's cabin, the other 550 are stowed below. I suppose the ship came off in a hurry, but it appears as if the agent employed to provide for them had not done his employer justice, as they were more than half famished, and in want of everything. Disease had begun to sweep them off, and it was daily gaining ground ; so the General has permitted the sick to be put on shore, and they are now at Muizenberg. I wish there were the means here of affording some vessel to take away the half of them, but I hear there is at present not one *carriage* of that sort on this coast, all being cruising out. Thank Heaven, however, for the success of the British Navy over our enemies ; we have little now to fear from invasion. The other ship contained convicts ; it was in still greater distress for food, and in great want of medical aid. The ship surgeon is a humane man who exerts himself night and day to do his duty, but is so ignorant of his profession that he did not know there was a putrid fever on board, though eight and ten died of it a day. I have no more news, so goodbye.

## XI.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
September 12th. 1799.

I am told, my dear Friend, that the embargo laid on anything sailing from our coast is to be taken off now that we are strengthened by the return of our squadron, and that a vessel for England will sail in two days. The time is short for me to write to you as I could wish ; but after a pause so very long, during which time we have heard nothing from England, and sent nothing to it, I cannot permit any opportunity to escape without giving you a letter, hurried though it may be. I have had the mortification of hearing that several of mine to you have been lost and some destroyed ; you have therefore missed a good deal of my chit-chat. Glad I am that before you receive any news from the Cape, to give you uneasiness (temporary uneasiness only, I hope), such a fund of triumphant joy will be laid from your brilliant Indian successes as to render our Kafir and Hottentot war a less important feature. The fall of Tippoo<sup>1</sup> and the victorious six weeks' campaign of the gallant Mornington, I fancy, has about this time set your great guns a-singing.

The last very long letter you have probably received from me was followed shortly by others<sup>2</sup> containing accounts of more fires at different parts of Cape Town, fortunately prevented from doing material harm, which, if all accidental, at least were liable to a different interpretation. To those succeeded a new species of calamity which lasted but for a short time, but threatened us all in the Castle with a watery grave. You will not suppose me to be painting only through a woman's fears, when I tell you that we were obliged to fire guns of distress. A couple of days' rain, almost amounting to the deluge of old, began the ill. Towards night (the second day) water rose so many feet suddenly in the Castle

<sup>1</sup> Seringapatam was taken by assault after a siege, in which Tippoo was killed, April 4, 1799.

<sup>2</sup> These letters are missing.

as to fill up all the ditches, go near to drown the officers of artillery in their mess-room and all the bandits in the lower courtyard, four of which only did suffer ; but as it rose a foot or two every minute, the increasing danger appeared considerable, and while we paused the moment for flight was over. The uncertainty of the cause of this doubled the alarm. By some the sea was supposed to have broken in ; others imagined it to be like the earthquake at Lisbon which was so fatal to thousands. This phenomenon, however, proved only to have been some waterspouts, or clouds loaded with rain, which broke over the Table Mountain, falling down the gullies there, where, joined by other waters from the adjacent hills, they had become a torrent impetuous enough to break down all before it, but not such as to have been dangerous had it not taken the direction of the Castle, the outer gate of which it entered in a volume of ten or twelve feet high, and the natural consequences followed from the general dismay in the dark.

Having had fire, water, and already somewhat of an insurrection in the Graaff Reinet district, we needed only mutiny in the Army to render the measure of our vexations complete. This we had a taste of the 6th day of last month, when a plot was revealed by a soldier of the 91st Regiment, who had been solicited to join it by one M'Gie, a soldier of the 61st, who had told the other that the 81st and 61st regiments were ready at a minute's warning to assist each other to murder, or otherwise secure, their commanding officers, who slept in the Castle ; to seize the powder-magazine, take possession of the Castle, and become the new masters of the Cape. The rogue M'Gie, who was at the head of this scheme, finding it defeated by discovery, turned King's evidence under promise of pardon from the General, and, by accusing a couple of innocent men, whose excellent characters bore them through, screened his real associates, and it remains still in the dark who they were.

This circumstance took place the day before General Dundas left Cape Town to co-operate with and effect a junction with General Vandeleur against the Kafirs and Hottentots.<sup>1</sup>

I presume Mr. Barnard will transmit to you the General's own accounts of what has passed since his departure, collected from his letters to Mr. Ross.<sup>2</sup> The only letter Mr. Barnard has had was to desire him to communicate to you the situation of things—a painful enough task, and one that Mr. Barnard regrets he must perform in a manner so very inadequate to what you must naturally expect from the situation he fills here. But he cannot help it. The General, I am grieved to say, neither consults him, nor permits any of his opinions to be advanced, without that silencing manner which renders a man fearful of subjecting himself to what it would be difficult to bear.

In one of my letters I gladly mentioned to you that I trusted and hoped that things would go on well, as Mr. Barnard had on occasion (I might have said occasions), where his respectability in the Colony was much compromised, remonstrated with the General in a manner so dispassionate and judicious, as to hit the General's temperate key. From what then passed, Mr. Barnard had good hopes that the General would rectify the unlucky habit of making him a cipher. Indeed, to such a point was this carried, that the Landdrost of Stellenbosch, etc., asked Mr. Barnard if he was any longer, except nominally, the Secretary to the Colony. Unfortunately his hopes soon vanished, despatches were received, annexed—all sorts of business done, without the General's even mentioning the facts to Mr. Barnard. You will therefore judge how little he had to do with measures which are so generally reckoned here to have been incautious. I should grieve if you could suppose Mr. Barnard's counsels

<sup>1</sup> This was what is known in South African history as the Third Kafir War. A large section relating to this 'war' is here omitted.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hercules Ross had acted as Secretary under General Craig. On Mr. Barnard's arrival he was appointed Deputy-Secretary with a salary of £1,500 a year.

had any share in them, which you might be led to suppose from knowing the earnest manner in which Lord Macartney recommended him to the General, and even left it in his instructions that he was to take no steps without consulting over them with him.

I do assure you, my best friend, that nothing but the solid gratitude Mr. Barnard feels for your kindness and patronage could have made him bear, as a man, the degraded situation in which the General's thoughtless want of all reference to him places him. But he looked upon his situation as Acting-Governor<sup>1</sup> to be one which would not last long ; and he thought he could best mark his gratitude to you by avoiding the smallest dispute or quarrel with so near a relation of yours.

With all this, to feel any further resentment at the General than that of the moment is impossible. He is as God made him, an honest man, with many disinterested, manly, good points. I had once hoped that he was improved, from what he was originally made, by having lived longer in the world, but I see he is better calculated to do well under a good master than as the head.

I suspect you think as we do here, by your sending out a new Governor at once. Your nephew, great as the employment is, might doubtless have filled it till the peace, if you had seen it proper, unless that is likely to be a very distant period.

Sir George Yonge's appointment<sup>2</sup> was one that at first surprised people here. A successor to Lord Macartney was looked for in a more brilliant class of ability than that in which the world is apt to rank Sir George ; but, this apart, I am sure he will be received in such a manner as to please

<sup>1</sup> General Dundas was Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-Chief, but he was now Acting-Governor until Lord Macartney's successor should arrive at the Cape.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Yonge was the only son of Sir William Yonge, Walpole's Secretary of State for War. He had experience of political and official life, and held important posts. His appointment was probably due to the King's influence, with whom he was a favourite. He was nearly seventy when he was appointed.

him. With joy I shall welcome Lady Yonge, too, if she comes, and offer her every civility in my power till she becomes the patroness of the place to show civility to me. All the little aid my experience can give she shall have.

It is with not a little satisfaction I can say at the end of the General's administration, that it will close without Mr. Barnard having had open rupture with him, and it is with satisfaction that we mean to invite a young lady<sup>1</sup> who, we are told, comes out to become Mrs. 'General' Dundas. She shall remain with us if she will accept of the invitation till he returns to Cape Town, which is not expected to be by any means a near prospect. I know not how you approve of this invited wife, who braves the dangers of the seas to join him; but if she is a sensible, reasonable woman, whether possessed of a penny or not, I shall think the General will be the better for her.

With respect to Sir George and Lady Yonge, if they do me the honour of consulting me at all on their modes of life, as applicable to the Colony, I shall give them such hints as I think will conduce most to their good, and the general happiness, as well as to the respectability of his station as Governor. This place is not wholly to be governed by wisdom, ability, or elevation of mind. There is a set of ways of thinking and prejudices amongst the residents, which it is worth the while of a man and his wife who are placed at the head of affairs, and likely to remain here some time, to study. The Dutch, in particular, respect parade, and all sorts of high etiquette. So far from lowering the person who expects it in their eyes, it is only reckoned a proof of his being a great man. Sir George Yonge must wear a double row of gold lace on his coat to what Lord Macartney did, to sweep away the impressions given of his poverty; and as to Lady Yonge, I shall endeavour to set her up a gracious queen in every way, and shall be the first to bow down to her. There is no call for any extravagant expense

<sup>1</sup> Miss Cuming, a daughter of Sir John Cuming, Bart., of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

to sustain the representation ; they may easily save 5,000*l.* a year of their income, but representation will be well. If I do not forget the sort of woman I recollect to have heard Lady Yonge is, she will not dislike my advice. I have not taken my own advice, as I never gave way to parade. But my line was different from hers ; the wife of the Secretary of the Colony has no call on her—what she does is her own free choice—no *devoir*<sup>1</sup> ; and I do not like nonsensical constraints or formalities, though I pay every attention to the duties of hospitality.<sup>2</sup>

That Sir George Yonge may be a Governor of peace, treading in all Lord Macartney's old footsteps, is the wish and hope of all here. This sounds like the ending of a sermon. I fear you will think it a very tiresome bit of reading, equally presumptuous and foolish ; but all my aim is to give you what I know you like—Truth as far as I hear or know ; although it may be at my own risk. We expect Sir George every day ; our accounts are divided as to Lady Yonge's coming. When they arrive you shall have a short account of how they find us and how they like us. I will hope that the ladies will have a rather bad passage in order to make them prize the pleasures of dry land the more. All marriages, and the Cape follies of the day, in my next. God bless you. ✓

## XII.

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope  
December 14th, 1799.

A Ship sails to-morrow for St. Helena, by which I may have the opportunity of writing again to my dearest Friend.

Our wish has then been fully expressed by Lord Macartney of our obtaining leave of absence to return home for a time, but you did not then choose to comply with it because you did not think you ought, as the face of affairs stood, and

<sup>1</sup> (French) = duty, or obligation.

<sup>2</sup> A further section on the Kafir war is here omitted.

considering the period of our stay to have been then only two years. You say nothing on the subject yourself—I believe you grieve to hurt me by a denial; but you need not have feared it at this moment, my best friend, for had you given us the permission we should not at the present time have made use of it. The arrival of the new Governor gives Mr. Barnard a hope that his stay may really be of some use to the Colony. During General Dundas's administration his place has been a sinecure, owing to his neither having been trusted nor employed, but this I hope will soon cease. Be well assured, my best friend, that your approbation of his conduct hitherto, and the dependence you place on him for assisting in future councils, are such motives as would keep him here (and me along with him) cheerfully for any length of time almost, while his assistance appeared necessary.

Yet from time to time you must give me liberty (in the hope of being forgiven) to reiterate my wishes for discretionary liberty to Mr. Barnard to go home on leave for a time, which would carry us home by-and-by to pay a visit to our old parents, all of them past seventy, who fear they are never to see us again. Without Mr. Barnard I cannot go. Give us therefore, this leave, I pray, to come together, and trust to our limited circumstances, and to our being much liked in this Colony, for our returning. You said to my sister, as advice for her to transmit to us, that she should counsel us not to think of returning to England till we had made enough to render us a little more at ease in point of finance. But, my dear friend, recollect that though whatever we can save out of our salary, or lay up from our friends at home, is money to be counted on, beyond this there is not the possibility with either honesty or propriety of accumulating more. And this from the wise rules that you yourself made, abolishing all perquisites to those in office, which I rejoice in every day of my life. A little matter I think may be saved at home and here, in the course of our stay, after paying the expenses of living, and a few small old scores of

Mr. Barnard's to no great amount ; but it cannot be much. I shall add no more on this subject except one word. You said to my sister that you would have been *ashamed* to have asked his Majesty so soon for leave for Mr. Barnard to go home. A twelvemonth from the time you said this I think you will blush the less. To his Majesty's goodness I am ready to trust, with such a friend as you to back the cause. He, the King, has as good heart as any man in his dominions, and as much consideration for others ; show him some of the arguments I have used, and I am persuaded that, after an absence of four years from England, he will indulge us in a short visit home.

Our new Governor, Sir George Yonge, arrived here about a week ago. I mentioned to you in my last that we had prepared excellent accommodation for him and all his suite, and for the ladies. We put up beds and procured every requisite necessary for their comfort, which it is well here to provide before they are wanted. Mr. Barnard had told Major Erskine (General Dundas's late *aide-de-camp* and friend) that we meant to request the company of Miss Cuming till his return. You may, therefore, suppose that we were both surprised and mortified when, on Mr. Barnard's accompanying the Commodore on board to pay an early visit to the new Governor, he found that Major Erskine had taken a boat, boarded the ship before she came to anchor, and had in General Dundas's name, made a point of the Governor's going to a Dutchman's house in the first place (the future father-in-law of Major Erskine, as report says), and to Rondebosch next day, four miles out of Cape Town. Moreover, General Dundas requested that Miss Cuming might remain under his Excellency's care till the Government House, occupied by Lord Macartney and by himself afterwards, was ready for the Governor's reception. This arrangement did not seem to have been preferred by Sir George Yonge or by the ladies, but the Governor had given a hasty assent, and did not think he could retract. I was particularly sorry at it, as I had hoped to have begun a little friendship

with Mrs. Blake<sup>1</sup> and Miss Cuming by the kindness I meant to show them, and I was surprised at my intention having been frustrated by Major Erskine, and in a manner that appeared too eager to have been accidental.

Next morning I waited on all at their lodging-house. Sir George received me like an old friend; he had told Mr. Barnard that I was one of his most esteemed friends and of longest standing. I was glad to hear it—who would not be even *Eve's contemporary* to be the friend of the First Man in the world—in Africa at least? But I own that I recollected his face at Court better than our friendship in private. I found that he had kept his health charmingly during the voyage; his *aides-de-camp*, secretary, his niece, and Miss Cuming, all were well. Mrs. Blake seemed rather a showy, pretty woman, desirous of pleasing, and of being civil, which will be well.

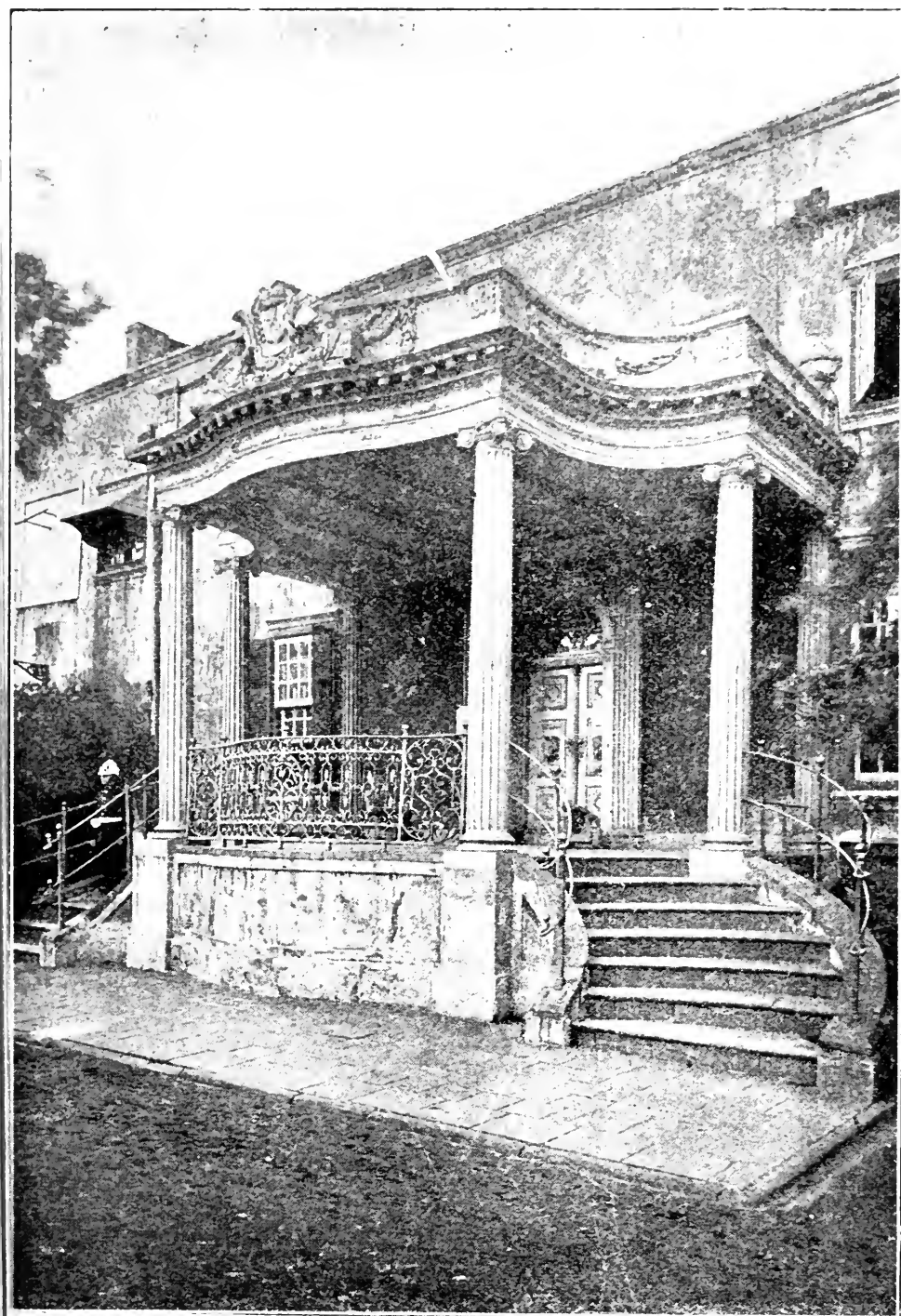
Miss Cuming I did not see. She had been so much disappointed on her first arrival by finding General Dundas at so great a distance and engaged in war, that it had unfitted her for seeing anybody, and she declared she would not appear in public till his return. I thought her right. The less a woman in delicate situations exposes herself to animadversion the better. I had an amiable character of her from the captain of the ship she came in; I hope sincerely to find her deserving of it, as it will be of some importance to us all that she should be of the cementing quality which sweetness and sense can always be if they please. The paragraph in your letter regarding her I shall keep to myself. As to the paragraph which conveys your satisfaction of the General's conduct as far as you could judge of it to the end of August, and Lord Macartney's favourable report of, and interest in, him, I shall in justice to you and Lord Macartney transcribe it for the General. It is saying something for the liberality of my mind, and more for the interest I take in any 'favourite child' of yours (the Cape I know is one), when I assure you

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Blake was the niece of Sir George Yonge, and her husband (who came out with the suite) was the new Governor's private secretary.

that I shall be better contented to be found wrong by you, and even scolded a little for having supposed some of the General's measures to have been rather injudicious, than that you should think they have essentially injured the tranquillity of the Colony. How soon he will be able to join his love we know not ; peace and war are alternately talked of. Peace I am now convinced he wishes to make, but I doubt much if there will be a lasting one, unless the Kafirs and Hottentots are kept true by the hope of further benefits.

Sir George and the ladies went to Rondebosch the day after their arrival, and have resided there ever since. A table is covered for eighteen every day, and a company of particular friends of the General and of Erskine are invited by Erskine to dine with the Governor. Mr. Barnard has never been invited there. He sees that, but he takes no notice of anything ; he feels himself the natural friend of Sir George, the lawful wife of the Colony, and any little attempts made to injure him by the ' Dollys ' he will undo, he hopes, at leisure, when Sir George fixes in town. Meantime Sir George is taken possession of by the Staff, and by their anxiety to keep Mr. Barnard at a distance I suppose they have some view in it which time will develop.

General Dundas continues to correspond with Mr. Ross and with General Fraser. A paragraph in a letter to the last named, which was shown to Mr. Barnard, determined him to offer to the Governor now what he at first meant to have offered the General on his return. ' To be sure,' says General Dundas, ' the Government House in the Castle which Mr. Barnard occupies is the fit one for me as Commander-in-Chief. I gave it up to him only at Lord Macartney's request ; but when Sir George Yonge arrives he will make what arrangements he pleases.' Mr. Barnard before this, as I mentioned, had determined to offer our house to the General on his marriage ; it is the best house in the place next to that the Governor occupies, and the Lieutenant-Governor's giving it up to us when he had no wife is a reason why Mr. Barnard was glad to put it again in his hands, when he



GOVERNMENT HOUSE. THE CASTLE

was beginning *un état* where a little additional representation might not perhaps be either disagreeable to him or to her. Mr. Barnard therefore took an early opportunity to tell Sir George that the house was at his service to offer to General Dundas, if he preferred it to his own house in the Castle. He told me that Sir George appeared as if a millstone had been untied from his neck. 'I am much obliged to you, sir,' he replied, 'very much indeed; I never could have asked you to give up your house, but I believe the General wishes for it, and since you are so good as to offer it to me, I beg you may rather have the merit of offering it to himself.' This Mr. Barnard declined. The General has behaved too unkindly to us to render it now natural for Mr. Barnard to pay him a compliment, though our attachment to his uncle would lead us to give him up cheerfully every point of public pre-eminence which he is entitled to. Sir George went on to tell Mr. Barnard that he should not be a loser by this conduct, as he should certainly make him a handsome allowance for a house in town. This Mr. Barnard utterly declined. He did not think Government ought to be put to any new expense on his account. Sir George said he could easily manage that. But I am certain Mr. Barnard never will accept of any compensation which puts Government to a new expense, particularly as he sees a tendency to spending money rashly, which he could not be authorised by respectful hints to restrain, if the first act of Sir George's administration was to confer an apparent obligation on himself. While Government has any other house to bestow, little or large, situated so that he may fulfil the duties of his office, he will have no allowance for one, nor even then, unless authorised by you. So much for the little politics of our Lilliput court.

How our new folks will like the Cape I know not. I dare say the *aides-de-camp* won't, at least one of them, Colonel Cockburn,<sup>1</sup> as I hear he is a little of a fine gentleman, and they, you know, are despisers by trade. Sir George, I think,

<sup>1</sup> Principal *aide-de-camp* to the Governor who was greatly under his influence.

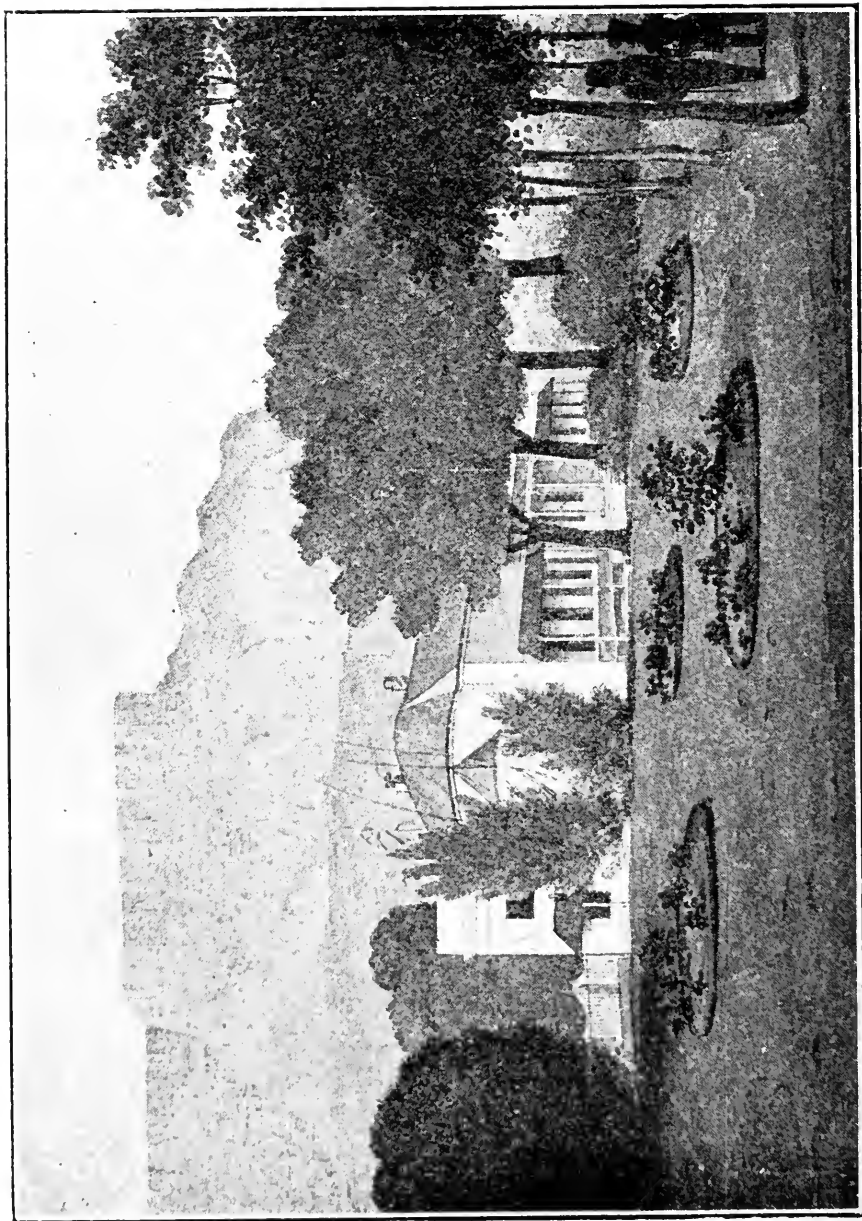
must be happy. He will like the sort of life a Governor has it in his power to lead. For my share, I think the transition from debt and Holyrood House to being his Excellency here, and looked up to by everything but the Table Mountain, is such a one as requires the snow of sixty-three years at least to stand. As to the ladies, I hope they will have their share of happiness, from being made goddesses of in their different ways. I at first regretted that Lady Yonge had not come. I am a good subject, and apt to think that one supreme Queen Bee is better than any chance of a divided hive.

### XIII

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
January 5th, 1800.

*Imprimis*.<sup>1</sup> My dearest 'Friend'—Dare I say it?—our new Governor, I fear, is a very, very weak old soul. He is full of good intentions and great intentions, but how his acts will turn out I am not sure. He is disposed to conceive that he is the man who is to make this a fine and flourishing Colony; that no one else at home was thought equal to the task; that nothing as yet has been done. He does not perceive the wisdom of our late Governor (I mean Lord Macartney) in pausing over all measures which were likely to disburse the public money, till he was sure the Cape was to remain with us. On the contrary, Sir George Yonge is for having every supposed improvement done at once, and I fear does not begin with the things most necessary, but with those most connected with his own domestic conveniency. To Mr. Barnard he is hearty, apparently open, and very flattering in his expressions. He wishes to take credit with him (for what I trace to you through the good opinion of Lord Macartney) of connecting Mr. Barnard, by some document in writing, with himself and the Lieutenant-Governor in the Councils to be held in the future on public

<sup>1</sup> (Latin) = first of all.

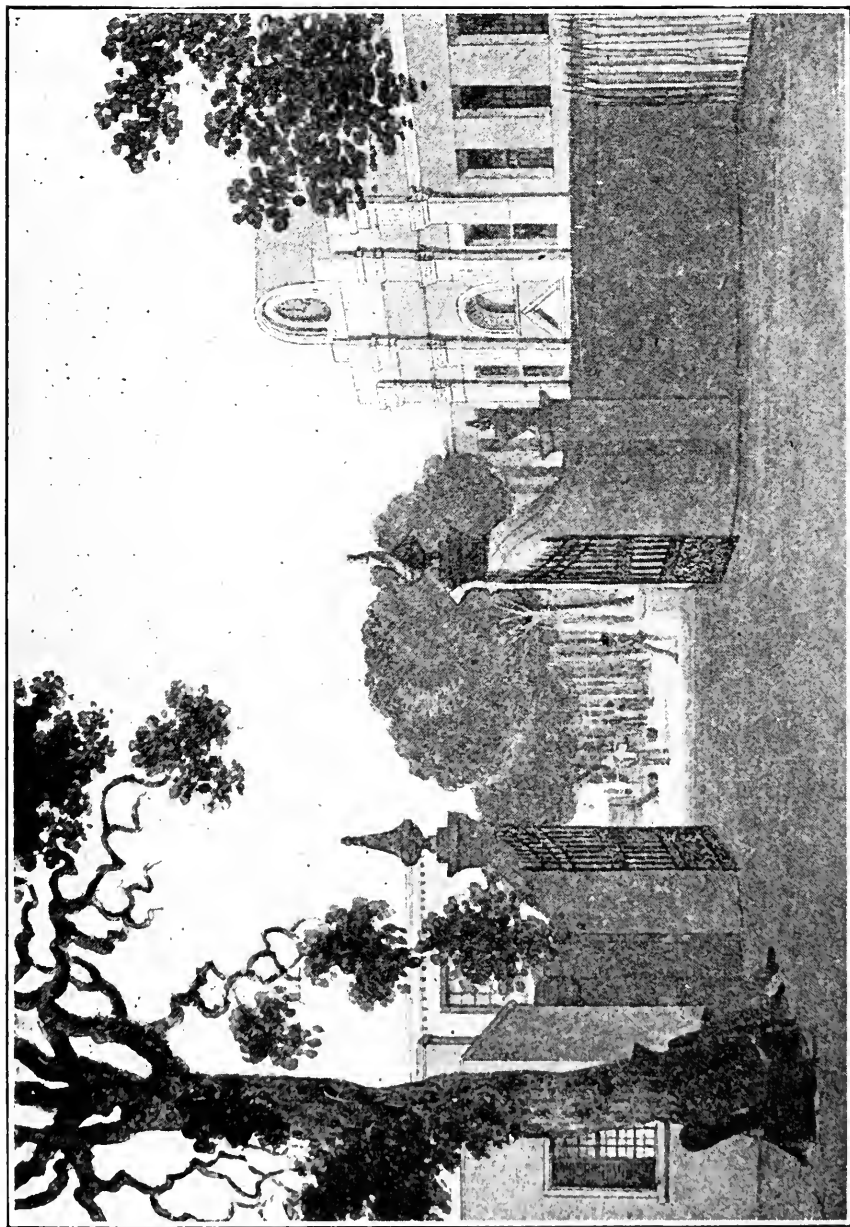


GOVERNMENT HOUSE. THE GARDENS.  
*From a contemporary Water Colour.*

measures. This is a testimony of *your* opinion of him which I own myself very particularly glad of, for various reasons, some of which I trace every day more clearly to their source. Sir George says that *he* requested you to put Mr. Barnard in that document. Mr. Barnard has not seen what he alludes to, but he has an idea of its nature. It will give him the right of speaking out his mind, and of remonstrating with respectful firmness where he thinks it necessary, and ultimately of expressing his opinion in writing when he cannot influence, which he has reason to think may be the best way both with the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor, for different reasons. But before we come to grave matters let us have a little chat on slight things. ✕

After a week's residence at Rondebosch, the Governor and his family returned to town and to the house of Mynheer du Val,<sup>1</sup> where they slept, while the daytime was spent at the Government House in overseeing reparations, improvements, and unpacking of furniture. The Governor has a great love of pretty things of that sort. I could have told him that less carving, and black morocco leather instead of scarlet, would have suited the Cape better ; but it is needless to put people out of conceit with what they have got. If Sir George Yonge will superintend the reparation of the public buildings falling to decay (as they do here in a twelve-month's time almost, if not attended to, so rapidly do the rains pierce and burst the clay walls), as well as he superintends the reparation of his own kitchen, he will be a treasure. But as a Governor is not quite in his place doing so, I don't expect that. To build a new staircase in the Government House was his first plan, to repair the Government gardens and build a high wall all round them the second. Other plans came forth which I shall mention in their place. Mr. Barnard trembled for the wall—it would not have cost less than 2,000 rix dollars (needlessly laid out)—so he got it undermined—at least he procured a delay, and that he looks on as nearly the same thing. The staircase he tried

<sup>1</sup> (?) De Waal.



VIEW FROM GOVERNMENT AVENUE.

(Observe the building erected by Sir George Yonge, in the left-hand corner, in which the citizens had to sign a register when entering the Gardens.)

to influence into an alteration only. It really is necessary, being so narrow and perpendicular in the steps that nothing short of Lord Macartney's resolution to do nothing, and the beautiful thing called *habit* which accustomed him to hop up like a parrot to his perch, would have made it practicable for a person with a gouty tendency to mount it. The reparation of the Government gardens Sir George began directly, and, planting guards at the gates, refused entrance to the inhabitants till the Governor's gardens should be put in order. Had he torn the Magna Charta of the Cape into a thousand tatters, he could not have put the Dutch into such an alarm. For 150 years they had enjoyed the privilege of walking under the shade of those oaks—'tis the only public walk at the Cape—and all ranks of people, the women particularly, were furious. Mr. Barnard heard of the manœuvre, and knowing the sort of effect this would have (which the civility of ten revolving years would not have the power to wipe away), he hurried off with a proclamation in his pocket, undoing the restriction by leaving the main walk free while the others were repairing. Sir George kept the paper; but when he sent it back, though he adopted much, he had introduced a foolish rule to make all persons write down their names every time they enter the gardens (which they do sometimes a dozen of times in a day) in a book at the guard-house. They think it a great trouble. This is a way of making private property of a public benefit.

After we had waited, as in duty bound, till General Fraser, our Commander-in-Chief in General Dundas's absence, had given the first dinner to the Governor, we invited him here, also Sir Roger Curtis,<sup>1</sup> the Staff, and the heads of departments, etc.—a dinner of thirty people. In the evening I had my Thursday party, and, being desirous to influence the future invitations of Sir George by showing him a company composed of many of those who are attached to Government,

<sup>1</sup> Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet at the Cape of Good Hope (on the death of Sir Hugh Christian) from 1799 to 1801.

I wrote notes to many of the most democratic of my Beauties and their families, saying that, as the new Governor and his family were to be with us in the evening, I wished to present my old friends to the new. The effect was all I could desire—everyone came, and I had a splendid assembly. Sir George fell directly in love with the daughter of one of the greatest Jacobins in the place, as it was once supposed, though it was otherwise proved, and flirted as if he had been twenty-five. On the other hand, having observed, as I told you before, that there was a strong tendency amongst the higher military powers to exclude the subordinate officers from all share in pleasant dances or parties, I hinted to the colonels to bring all their ensigns and lieutenants, that they might appear in one civil house by way of a precedent, if that was anything. They thanked me and came. Of course, there was a handsome company, and as many supped as could find chairs. I presented my Dutch ladies to the Governor, and to his niece, Mrs. Blake. They were surprised at their number and smart appearance.

The Thursday after, Mr. Barnard invited fifty-six of the principal Dutchmen to meet the Governor and the Admiral. The Staff also, of course, all came. I again secured my ladies, and, having foreseen that there would be a great deal of company, I had a sly provision of fiddlers ready to give Mrs. Blake an impromptu ball. Miss Cuming, I was sorry, was not of the party; she does not go out yet. The ball, being unexpected, went off charmingly. Mr. Barnard set Mrs. Blake a-going, and Sir George had his little lassie again to flirt with.

I believe this is the last party we shall ever have in this house. There has been much shabby manœuvring going forward which has now explained itself, but I trust that temperance, silence, and proper dignity, never asserted till the moment is ripe, will put all things to rights in a little time. Without orders from the Governor, General Fraser

has moved into General Dundas's house in the Castle. Without orders, Major Erskine has taken possession of General Fraser's. They have circulated it everywhere, that Mr. Barnard has received the Governor's commands 'to move off and to make way for General Dundas'; and as they conceive this to be a pretty broad hint, they wonder he does not take it, the more so as they have flitted their furniture before our windows into their new houses.

Sir George at last is displeased; they have fortunately trodden on his toes, while they were meditating only a triumph over Mr. Barnard. Major Erskine invited him into 'his house' yesterday, when Sir George was in the Castle yard. 'I did not know this was *your* house, sir.' 'Oh yes; General Fraser has gone to live in General Dundas's late house, and that makes room for me.' 'Humph. I beg, sir, to have the pleasure of seeing you at two o'clock to-day, and General Fraser at the same hour.' He passed on. 'Don't stir,' said his Excellency to Mr. Barnard; 'make no move—this is a little *too* much.' Mr. Barnard said he did not mean to move till he had the Governor's orders. The truth is, it had been settled by the gentlemen who at present try, as Sir George says, 'to have all their own way,' that *we* were to leave the Castle and to have no Government house at all, but an allowance for a house, which was to be that of Mr. du Val, father to Major Erskine's intended.

I do not think my old friend Henry Dundas would turn me out of doors without giving me another door to enter, if he were here; money we won't take. One of Sir George's family, who came to like Mr. Barnard particularly, at a dinner lately, where there was a small company and a little of the *in vino veritas*<sup>1</sup> which very good claret produces, said in Mr. Barnard's ear, 'Do you see anything going forwards at our house?' 'A little,' said Mr. Barnard. 'The truth is,' replied the other, 'that certain gentlemen who have taken possession of us, have moved heaven and earth to prejudice Sir George both against you and Lady Anne, but they have

<sup>1</sup> (Latin) = 'in wine is truth.'

shot their bolt in vain. Have patience—though they influence at present, things will come round by-and-by. Keep my secret and profit by it with discretion.’ What may be drawn from all this ? Exactly this. Madame Human Nature is the same all the world over, whether she is man or woman, whether dressed in scarlet or blue. I might have seen from the first that *one* description of men—the Staff men in this garrison—have been envious of Mr. Barnard. Living in the very centre of the Castle, in the best house, with the best salary, with a sort of little *éclat*<sup>1</sup> from the accident of having a wife to whose train a ‘Ladyship’ is pinned,<sup>2</sup> they have been jealous of him. Not the thousand civilities and kindnesses we have done them, nor the good dinners they have been constantly receiving from us, have been of any other use than to make them the more angry at his powers of giving them better dinners than they could return. General Dundas of himself would not have behaved to us quite as he has done, had it not been for a set of men inferior to himself, who have disliked Mr. Barnard for no other cause than what I am mentioning. They have considerable sway over the General, but, so long as Lord Macartney remained, the consideration in which *he* held Mr. Barnard awed their attempts. He gone, the day was theirs. All this has had no effect beyond their own circle. There is not, I will venture to say, an officer in this garrison or a civilian in the Colony (those connected with the Staff excepted) who has not the most perfect respect as well as affection for Mr. Barnard. He is literally the ‘honest man’s friend’; the Staff only make a foe of him, though a foe he will not condescend to suppose he is made.

I have seen Miss Cuming frequently since I began this letter. She is not handsome; but if her qualities are real, her temper good, and her sense equal to the undertaking, I see nothing in her manner to prevent her being liked. I try to cultivate her; she is not cold to me, nor the contrary,

<sup>1</sup> (French) = distinction.

<sup>2</sup> Having been Lady Anne Lindsay before her marriage.

which is just what I would have her to be to so new an acquaintance. I do not like over-eagerness in people to please—it generally falls off, and produces disappointment.

A new Hottentot chief is arrived in Cape Town with a face of a different character from any I have seen before—finely made. Mr. Barnard is taking him to the Governor, who said he wishes to receive him with ‘some state,’ and asked me what sort of cold collation he would like. I told him a good lump of boiled beef or mutton, and a little brandy, but begged his French cook might not put any of his *savoir faire*<sup>1</sup> into the mess; those people don’t like anything high—they don’t even eat salt if they can avoid it. One of the chief’s train has a curious instrument, which I am convinced might make a man’s fortune in England, so I have bought it of him for 2s.—a stick with a peg and a bit of sheep’s gut, which he applies to his lips with a strong exertion from the lungs, and produces a sound as loud as any trumpet. He played the dragoons’ music, and told me he could learn anything I could teach him by singing. I think when I return I’ll bring him in my suite! I have not heard anything more of peace or war. I hope we shall have the first, and that no extraordinary calls of any kind may demand further cash from our poor Treasury, which I fancy must be nearly penniless.

Our Governor sent to beg a consultation with me on a ball he meditates giving two days after the Queen’s Birthday. He wished me to draw the line of invitation. I recommended all the garrison and every Dutch person who had been in the habit of attending the *levees* or balls in the Dutch time, which is making them draw their own line. I know the folk here are critical respecting rank, and proud to a great degree. Some objections being made to my plan by a Dutch friend I highly respect, I closed with him on the point of making out the invitations to the wives and families of all who had been at the Governor’s *levees* the first day of the year. I thought this was a way of keeping the door open to all

<sup>1</sup> (French) = (here) skill.

future repentant sinners who might pay their compliments on future *levee* days, and afterwards be invited. Sir George is disposed to conciliate all ; but I perceive some of the Dutch are eager to keep off others of their countrymen by calling them Jacobins. Now, among the whole of the people here, I look upon the best friends of Government to be only a set of men who have by accident fallen sooner than the others on what was for their interest ; for as to foreseeing anything in this strange change of events, not even Mr. Pitt and you together, I dare say, could have pronounced finally on what the event of anything was to be. Now that all is going well with England and with the Dutch, some of them are anxious (as they prize attentions to themselves in proportion as they are denied to others) to keep other people at a distance, who might put in for a share of the loaves and fishes. These very people Mr. Barnard and I wish to have some civility paid to. Sir George is newly arrived, and need not enter into past or old politics.

I hear that at the *levee*, which was crowded, the Governor endeavoured as much as he could to talk, stand, think, look like his Majesty, in some of which points he succeeded to a certain degree. He wishes to make his ball like ' a certain one,' he told me, and hinted at St. James's. I fear the two rows of chairs round the room will constitute the only likeness. I said in my last that we would recommend representation<sup>1</sup> to Sir George as agreeable to the Dutch. Perhaps you fear this advice may agree too much with his natural taste, and influence him to expense and folly. There is no call for either. Representation on public days is well here ; if attention is also paid on private days to the business of the individual, and easiness of access is joined, a Governor will then be both feared and loved. Lord Macartney was respected and loved without parade ; Sir George needs more, for he is not Lord Macartney. Oh no—no ! He was repeating a conversation to me he had held with a Dutchman of consequence. ' I told him,' said he, ' that to good people this

<sup>1</sup> Doing things in grand style.

should be found a mild government.' 'Your Excellency is right,' said I. 'But to bad people it shall be a firm one,' he added. 'Your *Royal Highness* says justly' (I was very near replying). 'Firm,' cried he, darting out his arm and cocking his eyebrow. 'Firm—firm.' 'Oh, your *Majesty* is certainly right!!!'

*January 12th, 1800.*—I am sorry that I shall not be able to send you the sequel of what is now pending about our abode, as General Dundas cannot return, I find, for some days yet, and the ships sail to-morrow. I should have been glad to have been able to say whether I am 'a man or a mouse,' for his decision governs our motions, and makes me the lady of the Castle, or of Rondebosch, as he pleases, unless, when he makes his choice of the houses, he says, like a certain bishop—I forget whom, 'Baith's best.' In which case I shall live in a wee wee cottage Mr. Barnard is building, 'Paradise' being too old and crazy to be safe any longer; and Mr. Barnard will have to ride in every day at eight to his office, which I dare say the Staff will contrive to get shoved out of the Castle somehow.

Oh never, never have I felt the delay of leave of absence in the manner I do now. Never, I am sure, while I had the idea that our stay at the Cape might do good. But now I have only too much reason to fear that there is a party too strong establishing itself against us at the Government House, and I tremble for the ensuing twelvemonth. If Mr. Barnard is improperly treated by the Governor, in league with the General, I really fear he will throw up the game, and, along with me, prefer a turnip-top where we are loved and respected, to a life of oppression and spite shown us by the one side and endured in silence by the other. We are not people who can gossip and tittle-tattle—all must be on broad ground, or—sea and resignation. But be assured, my best friend, nothing shall be rashly or testily done. Better prospects may open, and gladly shall we embrace them. Still, still, if we can benefit a cat, do good to a human creature, or follow up your wishes particularly to your satis-

faction, we will endure, even with the leave of absence in our pockets. Support us, however ; we need it, and look to you for it. Forgive me. ‘ Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’

## XIV

The Castle, Cape of Good Hope :  
February 7th, 1800.

If you did not combine a great many other things to me with that of being a great man, I should make you a thousand apologies for my last letter, before I go on with this. It was full of female detail, full of those (only supposed) motives for conduct in others which vexed me, and it finished, I remember, agitated, oppressed, and imploring you to stand by us, else we were likely to be overpowered and trampled on by a strong party who were taking advantage of the weakness of our old Governor. How all this will *end*, I cannot yet say ; perhaps I may see daylight in it before the next ship sails. At any rate, I will go on bringing up my account of things, so that a few words may finish my letter when a fair opportunity of sending it off occurs. If you tire of me, or blame me for troubling you with the *minutiae* of things, recollect that it is to you alone that I open my heart ; that your approbation is to us all in all in our present situation, and that in order to do ourselves justice I must let you behind the curtain.

I wrote to you that our Governor was to give a great dinner on the Queen’s Birthday, and a large ball the Monday following. To give fair play to his cooks, we proposed that he should dine with us the day before his dinner, to which he agreed. I hardly expected Miss Cuming would be of the party, as she had not dined out, and was the more surprised and pleased when she came. I hoped it was a desire of living in friendship with me, but as I thought perhaps a little curiosity to see this same house which had been so much talked of might mix, I showed her the whole after dinner—

the fine pond in the back court, the view from the roof, and the number of bed-chambers, that she might judge of the conveniency of her premises-to-be. As it quite satisfies me, I was surprised to hear afterwards, and not sorry, that she did not like it at all. The bed-chambers, to be sure, are all paved with tiles, no wooden floors above stairs, but then they are spacious.

Meantime General Dundas wrote that he would arrive on Tuesday morning and marry the lady directly a peace was made with the Kafirs and others. Of course we expected that Monday night she would spend in her own room, saying her prayers ; a little anxious on a thousand points which four years' absence from her lover might justify, and too much agitated to be fit for company. I leave *you* to settle from what cause she appeared at the ball, however, and danced away all night, when she was to be married next morning ; and you shall also settle why, when the clergyman and the General arrived (the wedding taking place on the Wednesday), she would not come to be married, but ran off, wept, and made great difficulty. The weeping I thought not unnatural ; one may cry from *attendrissement*<sup>1</sup> as well as sorrow. There is also something imposing in a ceremony which agitates the nerves ; but the running away I did not comprehend. Sir Roger Curtis, however, said it was ' All very right.' She was prevailed on at last ; the marriage took place, and they went off to Rondebosch immediately. . . .

While General Dundas remained in the country with his new wife, General Fraser, Major Erskine, and the rest of that set, continued to press the Governor to order us out of the Castle, stating that the General wished very much he would, to save him the awkwardness of doing it when he came to town for the winter (this is February, the middle of summer). This hint Sir George totally resisted. He declared his intention of waiting the General's reply to his offer ; and as the General seemed in no hurry to give it, the suspense became in some respects inconvenient, and in others unpleasant to

<sup>1</sup> (French) = affection, tender feeling.

us. Mrs. Dundas, I heard, much preferred Rondebosch to the Castle ; and the General did so too—for the *summer*. It is cool, convenient as to offices, and has a most beneficial farm round it, at the moderate distance of four miles of good road from Cape Town. For us to have *no* Government house at all, after a three years' residence in one, would be very mortifying. The pecuniary loss I do not either name or think of when compared to the appearance it would have to the Dutch, who look at such things in men of public situations. It would tally too much with various malicious reports of our Staff friends, who have endeavoured to convince the Dutch, and all others who would listen, that no gratitude is due to Mr. Barnard or me for the pains we are at to entertain and to please them, as we are paid by Government for every ball and dinner we give, and have been allowed, while General Dundas was a single man, to occupy the Governor's house for that purpose. This would be a little provoking, if I cared much about what was said by those I do not esteem ; but it is a shabby way of apologising for the want of those civilities in themselves, to say we have been paid for those we show.

Meantime, we perceived from some little words that dropped first from one, then from another of the Government House people, that the old clique had been pressing their powers too far, and had begun already to jar with the new.

Already it popped out that the Government House people were half sorry that general invitations had been given to two or three gentlemen, who made their table an every-other-day conveniency, and whose company they began to find dull and censorious. All this we saw, and smiled at, pleased to find they were cutting their own throats, and pleased to draw no weapons whatsoever against them but those of good humour, cold chickens, music, and what little agreements this house could afford. The Governor, of course, was asked to our little evening parties with his household, etc. ' How cheerful and gay you are ! ' said he, ' and yet I never hear *you* abusing anybody ! Pray let me see you as often

as you can at my house ; every night there a Scotch tray walks in at nine ; it is an invention of the Advocate's, and holds twelve friends—all friends, mind me ; we must sit too close for foes.' To this Scotch tray we have since often adjourned, and when we enter, off move the other party, who appear to be vanishing away one by one.

With respect to more important matters, Mr. Barnard and I begin to hope (nothing further having been done or proposed *en grand*<sup>1</sup> by the Governor) that his little follies will not grow up to be greater ones. He has provided for his suite perhaps rather too liberally, and the department under the barrack-master is perhaps needlessly swelled by clerks and secretaries ; but as this is a matter which regards his household and cannot occur again, it goes to no more than to so many unnecessary hundreds per annum. Mr. Barnard has frightened him a good deal about the revenue of the Colony being possibly unequal to the demands on it unless he is careful, and hinted that should it fail, the where to apply next is not pointed out. He thinks this had effect—in particular there is no longer any talk of a new set of public offices got, or more barracks built. Let them repair the old ones first, which need it much ; old they are not, being scarcely finished when the Cape was taken.

We had a Botany Bay<sup>2</sup> captain dining with us t'other day. I beg its pardon, by the bye, for I find Botany Bay takes it ill to be so called ; New South Wales is its name. He is carrying a freight of bullocks from Cape Town—about 200. Mr. Hogan, a merchant here, tells me they cost Government 150*l.* each before they land them there, and that he has lately had a contract with it for a few which he put on shore at 36*l.* each, and that a merchant here can afford to do it much cheaper than Government can for itself. This I repeat, because you like to hear everything out of which any useful hint can be picked. There was no idea that I should repeat it, as it occurred only in common conversation. The captain

<sup>1</sup> (French) = on a grand scale.

<sup>2</sup> The Convict Station.

of the ship, whose name is Kent, gave me a very pleasing account of Botany Bay (I beg its pardon again), and the reformation it works on individuals, most of whom become honest members of the community. He talks of Barrington<sup>1</sup> with enthusiasm; of his good conduct, his modesty; his ability and public virtue are now, he says, as conspicuous as he was before conspicuously eminent in roguery. Though his time has been long up, he does not mean to return to Europe, but has a humble pride in being the First Magistrate where he is respected, instead of being pointed at at home, where he can never be forgotten in his first character. He was lately taken ill. All ranks of rogues, rogues of two years, three years, six years, and those made honest again by the sweeping clause of seven, bewailed him. He left all he had (about 1,500*l.*) to the orphans of the place. But he recovered, much to the satisfaction of the Governor.

I often say I should have much pleasure, if I were not a terrible coward, in going to Botany Bay and America before I return to England; but it would be feeling as an angel would to prefer a visit to Botany Bay to seeing my friends. The angels have more joy, it is said, over one sinner who repents, than over ninety-nine righteous persons. When I am put to the trial, however, with the leave of absence, I believe I shall prove myself a mere mortal woman, and sail home as fast as I can.

Governor King<sup>2</sup> and his wife were here on their way to New South Wales; good people, I think, and apparently well suited to their destination. I have seen them but twice, and that in this house. I sent a present of a silk gown to a rogue there, transported by Margaret and me; the only creature I believe we ever punished or prosecuted in our lives. But she was too great a thief to let pass. If she is reformed (and that is easily found out), Mrs. King is to give

<sup>1</sup> A clever thief and pickpocket of the time. He was also something of an actor and writer.

<sup>2</sup> Philip Graley King, first Governor of Norfolk Island and Governor of New South Wales.

her a few encouraging lines from me, and the gown ; if she continues bad, I have begged her to give it as a wedding-gown to the first young girl of a good Botany Bay character who is married after her arrival.

*February 14th, 1800.*—I am told that the ‘ Amelia ’ is to sail in two days now, *cher ami*, and, though very unwell with a bilious complaint which has confined me to my room these three days, I *must* write a few lines in addition to what has gone before, and tell you the *finale* of the affair of our house. I hope it will be a *finale*, and that I shall be able to close my books to grievances—a most uncomfortable style of writing, and one I have regretted I have been obliged to get into with *you*. After having waited a fortnight after the General’s marriage for his determination as to what house he chose, during which time the Governor often promised to obtain his decision, at last Mr. Barnard wrote to his Excellency a letter such as he thought he might show to the General to facilitate the conversation. But the Governor declined this, saying he had already ‘ pressed his reply as much as he could in propriety,’ but he thought that Mr. Barnard had a fair right to ask him to decide, and advised him to express his own wishes and sentiments to General Dundas on the subject. Mr. Barnard on this wrote to General Dundas, and received from him a reply saying that Mr. Barnard could remain in *his* house in the Castle until he (General Dundas) wished to occupy it. The implication of this letter was so totally different from what Mr. Barnard had been given to understand from the Governor, that he, amazed, wrote to Sir George, pressing to know the exact state of the case, and beginning to suspect that his Excellency had entangled himself on his first arrival by some hasty promise to Major Erskine for the General, and did not know how to get free so as to satisfy both parties. Sir George replied testily but decisively that the house was *his*, and not General Dundas’s to dispose of, and we might remain in it at his (the Governor’s) good pleasure. So here we are going to stay, Mr. Barnard having explained particularly to General Dundas that the

house is the Governor's, and he stays in it by *his* leave. I think it likely that the Governor is secretly very angry with General Dundas for assuming so much. But if a man soars too high over the head of another, he must not be surprised if the sun melts his wings and brings him down to the fair level. I am sure I wish he were in this house instead of us, surrounded as we are with his Staff, and that we were at Rondebosch. I wonder, as a military man, that he does not prefer living in the Castle ; for the matter of a little barley, corn, and vegetables cannot be an object worthy of his attention, and the command of *all* the houses of Government is a little out of the question. His choice is his own, however, and no fault of ours. Here then ends this business. A little time, I hope, will make all friends. Adieu.

## XV.

The Vineyard,<sup>1</sup> Cape of Good Hope :  
May 14th, 1800.

If you knew how often I have thought of getting on with a long letter to you ; how often I have postponed it till I should find a better moment ; how much I have wished to write to you happily, gaily, foolishly, and as I used to, with nothing in my letters to disturb or annoy you ; but how constantly vile little circumstances have arisen to put it out of my power to do so with sincerity, you would almost pity me.

I certainly could say in general terms that we are well, and defer further particulars, but that would not be using you like a friend. I have little doubt that our letters from Cape Colony will be full of circumstances which have been arising here to surprise and agitate a small circle who know not the meaning of some things nor how they will end. The bad terms the General and the Governor are on you will

<sup>1</sup> The Vineyard was advertized for sale shortly after Lady Anne's departure. It was situated on the banks of the Liesbeek at Newlands. It was twenty acres in extent.

learn from various quarters. On this I might have prophesied almost from the first, but I hoped things might turn out better than I expected. The reverse has been the case. The causes of this I will endeavour to give, as far as I am able to judge.

With respect to the present Government here, when I tell you that all who compose it are on the best terms with us, civil and rather flatteringly conciliatory, you will not suppose me biassed by any personal disaffection to them when I lament the discreditable shade which some events have lately thrown over Sir George Yonge's administration. I really durst not sooner (from fear of being unjust) broach even to you what has been here loudly whispered (and what has been too frequently corroborated by a blush that tinged the poor Governor's cheek when pressed by Mr. Barnard), that in some late transactions the hands of Government have not been so clean as they ought to have been. The Dutch have got this idea of the Governor—with what justice God only knows! But so strong an exertion of power has lately been made in favour of a merchant he is unconnected with, giving him not only liberty to import 1,600 slaves, but to land here a supposed cargo (afterwards proved by Captain Campbell in the Court of Justice to be a smuggling transaction, not to use a harsher name to it, the slaves having really been purchased at Mozambique), that it is generally believed that a *douceur*<sup>1</sup> of no small magnitude was given to effect what, had it passed, would have put from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.* in the merchant's pocket, whose privateer affected to have taken those slaves. You will naturally say, how happened it that Mr. Barnard, who knew how opposite this was to the ideas of our Government at home, permitted a slave traffic to go on at the Cape, and omitted to state its impropriety to the Governor? Mr. Barnard protested in the strongest terms. He also told the merchant he would oppose it; but he found the Governor deaf to all remonstrance or argument; and as a proof of his being anxious to avoid all

<sup>1</sup> (French) = gratuity, bribe.

further conversation or respectful opposition from Mr. Barnard, he gave the orders for the landing and selling of the slaves, and all necessary arrangements, himself, without bringing them through the secretary's office, as is customary. One thing you may depend on, that every fair, broad, and proper request invariably goes through the Secretary of the Colony to the Governor; every matter of an unsound or equivocal nature proceeds by the other road, whether in the hopes of obtaining a hasty consent from an inexperienced Governor who will not take time to investigate the matter in question, or whether from other motives, I shall not say. I have sometimes heard Mr. Barnard regret that his power of being of use was so limited, and that it is only after the ill is done his sentiments can appear. But as to all that you know best what is fit. If he has not the means of doing good, he is also free from the vexation of dispute without personal advantage. I can perceive that there seems to be no hurry in either the present Governor, or the past, to send home their accounts. I ask Mr. Barnard frequently when they are to go, expressing my hopes of his being absolved from giving his opinions on past expenses from the time Lord Macartney left the Cape to that when he is required to countersign the papers. But he finds no zeal, no intention of making them up, but on the contrary much dislike of business in the Governor—indeed, to such a degree that the Governor has never read a proclamation or any other paper on the public business of the Colony previous to his arrival.

With respect to the bad terms the Governor and the General are on, I cannot positively affirm whether the blame is on one side only, or whether it is divided. The General skips over the field officers in the garrison, and sends orders to their men without transmitting them through in the regular way, to their great disgust. The Governor sometimes forgets and does the same in trifles; and while the first thinks it presumption in his inferior to be angry, he is offended to the greatest degree with the other for following his example. The Governor reckons himself head of the

army, as well as of everything else here ; the General allows him to be only nominally so, and is displeased at his more frequently giving orders respecting the troops than Lord Macartney used to do, who most cautiously avoided small interferences, though he was ever in his place when it was necessary, the head of all. Perhaps the General might not be so jealous of Sir George as he is, was it not for those around him, who, having got all they could from his Excellency on his first arrival, have now turned their backs on him. We saw the growing coolness, or rather irritability, and conjectured the first moment would be seized that could for rupture. An order for moving a manger where the horses fed, belonging to the cavalry, to the newly repaired barracks in Colonel Cockburn's department, produced a public order from the General conceived in terms so derogatory to Sir George, that military men stared, and feared an arrest would be the consequence. Sir George, though petrified, behaved well on this occasion, by showing a degree of temperance, and wisely gave the General the alternative of asking his pardon or taking the consequences. He, on a little reflection, preferred asking pardon—which he did, as I was told, in the fullest manner—to having the matter sent home ; and Sir George gallantly saved his credit with the public in a manner which those who wished to see the General's pride and hastiness humbled called tame, but which we thought wise upon the whole. His Excellency told me that he had promised you to check with mildness any ebullitions which the General's particular temper might throw out, and he had kept his word. Since that time I hear there have been new disputes—fresh offences given and taken ; and I hear to-day that the General's *aide-de-camp*, Captain Smith, is going home with dispatches, containing, amongst other things, complaints of his Excellency.

I know not if this is true. I am living out of town, at our little country place which we purchased, built a cottage on, and called 'The Vineyard,' removed from all party work, except working parties in our fields, rooting up of 'palmiet'

roots, and planting of fir trees and potatoes. I have seen a little of Mrs. Dundas ; she is, I think, a judicious woman, and well calculated to increase the popularity of her husband. She is extremely attentive to the world, and it is sensible of it. I think she has more method and better sense in her proceedings than Mrs. Blake. I see more of her than of Mrs. Dundas, though not much. I think she wishes to convert me to her own use. The ladies are, as I foresaw, on terms of ice, the Government House people particularly disliking Mrs. Dundas. I repeat to each every civil word I can which is likely to keep them friends in the Benedick and Beatrice fashion, and I hope to continue well with both, from living much with *neither*.

Within these few days some of the troops are arrived, in a very sickly state, but they will soon get well here. I am told that peace is much talked of at home—I believe in none as yet. Mr. Barnard tells me that you have made ‘a glorious speech,’ and is to get me the paper. That you should do so is very surprising!!! I hear Lord Loughborough<sup>1</sup> is retiring. I hope his health is not worse than it used to be ; my love to him when you see him. Mr. Barnard and I are well at present. I have, however, been more liable this year to little attacks than before, and he swears if I go on so he will pack me off to Europe. Never, never, unless he packs himself off with me. I wish, however, that the conditional leave of absence was in my pocket. It would do me much good, and harm no one, for I really do not think we should make use of it, at least for some time, and would pine much less if we had the power.

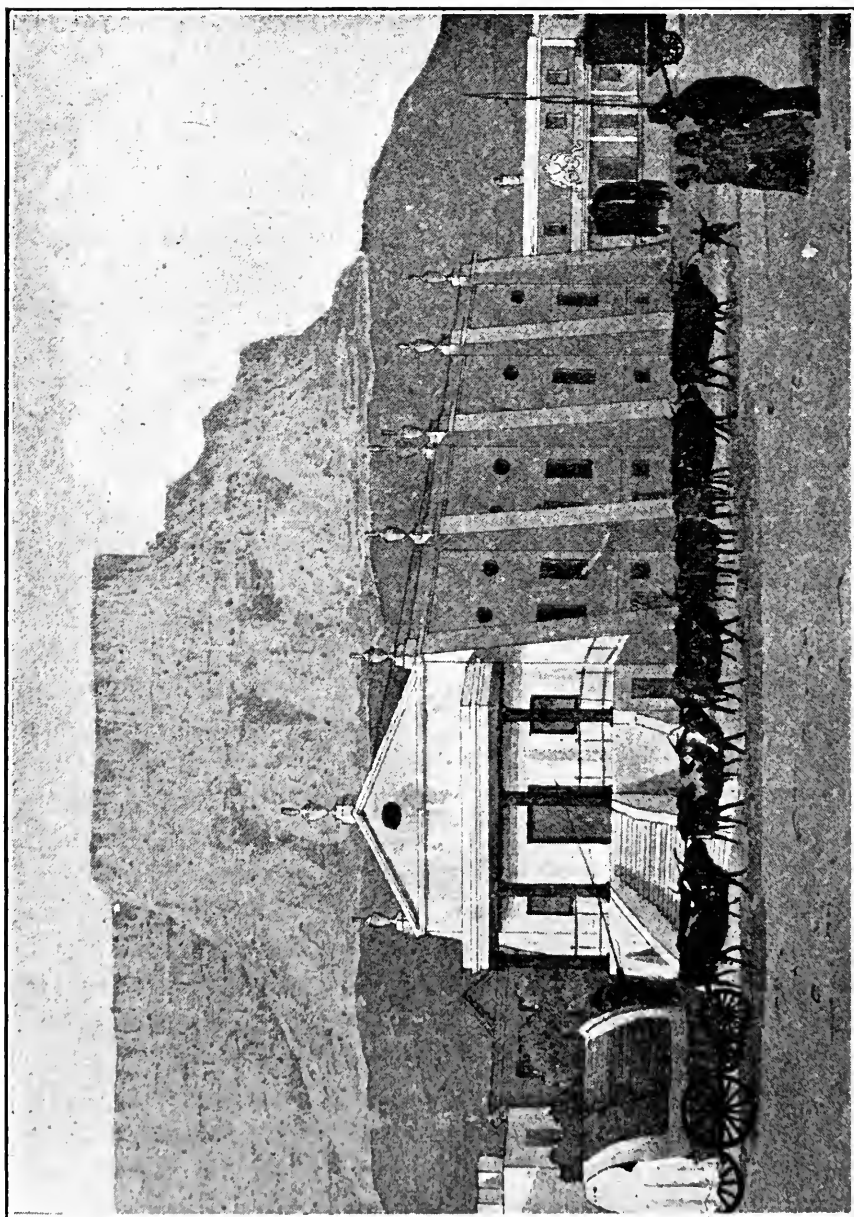
Mr. Barnard tells me that the trial of the Dutch prisoners in the Castle is now taking place. I am sorry they were not tried at first—a year and a half’s suspense would have been abridged from misery, and much injury avoided to the property of the innocent confined, as well as to the guilty. But the General could resolve on nothing. What a sad pity it is that he cannot determine on anything unless he is in a

<sup>1</sup> The Lord Chancellor, afterwards created the first Earl of Rosslyn.

passion, and then it is a great chance whether it is not the wrong way. 'I'll think of it,' 'We shall see,' he cries. Then business of every kind stands still, or rather stood still, except military operations, which are fixed at a minute's thought, without consultation with other officers; and off with the men, without shoes or stockings or without their dinner, hundreds of miles! Perhaps I should not say this; but who will speak out of a person (your nephew) unless such a one as myself? Why has he not Lord Macartney always over him? Though the General eminently disliked Lord Macartney while he stayed, he was awed by his superior abilities, and he now much prefers him to the present master.

I am told this morning by some military men that the Governor's household, all except Sir George, will be recalled in consequence of representations the General is sending home, in which case they affirm the General will succeed to the Government as Governor. Certainly every good fortune which could attend the General I should rejoice at, save that which would make him the head of a peaceable and well-regulated society. He is not calculated for civil life, though he may be a brave officer and an honest man. But too sure it is, that while he reigned over us disaffection in all the departments, feuds, and war took place, and every sort of personal disgust was given. However, I fancy the good folk here need not be afraid of his having again the reins of government, as, however much Sir George may be suspected of loving a *douceur*, it requires far broader proof than it is likely ever can come forward, for a recall to take place; the more so as Sir George would be without provision at home. I protest I should be very sorry if anything of the sort were to take place; he and all his household, his niece Mrs. Blake, Mr. Blake, and Colonel Cockburn are very civil to us, and I feel great goodwill to them, though I do not think they proceed on good plans.

I long to hear from you of all things. You bid me continue to write to you unreservedly, which I do in the amplest giving you my thoughts where I think they can be of any



SIR GEORGE YONGE'S NEW THEATRE.  
*From a contemporary Water Colour.*

use to you, unprejudiced accounts of what is going on in a corner of the world you are interested in, in the full confidence of friendship. God bless all at Wimbledon, dear Lady Jane first, after your sweet self. If it was not for Margaret I should not know half enough about you, for the newspapers tell me only fibs ; at least I think it very improbable that the State will consent to your retiring, a lazy peer, no longer the sonorous voice of wisdom giving the law in the House of Commons to John Bull ! If, however, you find such scenes absolutely fatal to your health, retire from them in a degree by living in Scotland till such time as the Temple of Janus is shut. Then open the Temple of Dunira<sup>1</sup> and let us, I pray, into some corner of it when we return from the Cape.

## XVI.

The Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope :  
June 1st, 1800.

I wrote to you so very lately, my dear Friend, that I have not much to say now. However, I feel so delighted to have a page or two with you free from any grumblings or vexation, that I seize the pen with greater alacrity—perhaps with additional alacrity—from having had yesterday a visit that gave me satisfaction—Mrs. Dundas, not alone, but accompanied by the General. I was happy Mr. Barnard was at home. Whether the General came of himself, or whether she brought him, we shall not enquire too closely, but I rather suspect the latter. It is this trait in her conduct which particularly pleases me : she sways her husband to conciliatory and right things, instead of keeping him aloof, as his men friends did. This is not her character with the other party—I mean the Government House people ; but I must judge for myself, and I lean to the opinion of her being temperate, civil, and judicious. If she continues so, I shall strongly wish to call her friend instead of acquaintance, and

<sup>1</sup> Dundas's estate in Scotland.

shall be delighted if, through her means, some little faults in her husband's temper may be wholly smoothed over, if not eradicated, which would be of solid use in a character which has not one mean or dishonourable point in it. The General is really a little of a character. It is impossible he can have wholly forgotten what has been passing between him and Mr. Barnard, but he entered the room yesterday as a man would do who had no notion that another had any cause to resent any part of his conduct. I rubbed my eyes and fancied I had been asleep ; however, such is the power that old impressions have over me, such the goodwill I have always felt to him for his own sake as a Dundas, and such the double, triple portion as so near a connection of yours, that when I looked at him I said to myself, ' Oh, what a pity that you cannot be good-humoured and friendly with us all without interruption ; and how vexed I am that I have felt myself necessitated to growl at you to your uncle without telling you I have.' If I see anything like heartiness continue, however, tell him I will ; nothing shall keep me silent but fear, and if that fear blows by and kindness is allowed to grow again, I will make a clean breast with him, shake hands, and begin again on a new score. To me the joy and comfort of society consists of loving and of being beloved by those one lives amongst, whether Britons or Hottentots. I see slights with difficulty, as I look for none ; but seeing, I feel them with deep vexation which I am convinced drives a nail in my coffin. Such a frame of mind is too painful for me not to be ready to throw it off, and to forgive—ay, from the very bottom of my heart, whenever I can find a loophole to be happy again. And this is just the position I stand in now. I long to read ' Upon my soul you are good people, I believe, after all,' in the eyes of those abominable Scarlet Coats who have so worried us ; could I find that sentence in every pair of eyes around me I should not mind staying here as much longer as you would think for the benefit of the Colony. But ill used by the above

folks for a length of time, my heart died within me at the prospect of remaining fixed at the Cape, where it was quite frozen and chilled up with cold looks.

Now I'll begin again, sanguine fool that I am, to hope better things, to give all another fair trial, and also (aided by Mrs. Dundas, if she will help me) try to cement better together the head and shoulders of the body politic—that is, the Governor and the General—than they have been of late. You will think I have been reading my Bible lately, as I perceive I am making the statue of Darius out of the component materials here. In that statue the head was made of 'pure gold.' I know not how far the allusion holds true with Sir George; it has been thought, as I told you, that gold was in his head, perhaps from being so long at the head of the Mint!<sup>1</sup> But if his head had been made of gold, I think Lady Yonge would have tried to melt it before now; in such a case the woman who adds height to her husband's head certainly exalts his horn—when it is a golden one. But I am talking nonsense! If Mr. Barnard and I could get this same golden head and the silver shoulders to jar less and fit better, it would be very comfortable to us; the pedestal, which, being composed of a little of the inferior metals, as well as a mixture of the equal, is not strong enough to bear much fighting. As yet Mr. Barnard has, without appearing in it, been of some little use by becalming advice when the Governor's eyebrow was cocked, and I would fain hope there will be no more wranglings now till the return of Captain Smith, the General's *aide-de-camp*, with a good scold, I hope, to both of them. I declare I think they might be very happy here in their departments if that foolish thirst for supremacy, and inattention to the thing below them (I talk of military matters), did not step in.

I shall shortly go to Cape Town to pay my mite to society, now that I perceive it begins to live for me. I believe it is a pretty policy on some occasions to make oneself scarce.

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Yonge was Master of the Mint from 1794 to 1799, before he was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

By the bye, there is a new scheme with which the Governor is bitten, and which (like the affair of the select concert) will probably fall to the ground from its not being on a well-judged plan. 'Tis a theatre, all boxes, no pit, each box to cost 24*l.* a year, and to hold six subscribers, for twelve nights only; consequently it is on too dear a plan to suit the pockets of subalterns, and yet they look for the performers from amongst the military. We have a box, of course, but take no subscribers, giving away our tickets as we please to our friends. Thirty-two boxes are subscribed for; but large as this sum is for this small place, it is found too little to repair an old pottery belonging to Government for that purpose, which by estimate (the scale of Sir George's ideas being always too much *en grand*) would cost 2,500*l.*

His idea of a theatre was grounded on a little piece got up by Doctor Somers, physician to the Army, in the Military Hospital, which hospital his wife, who is a fine-spoken woman, will not call *hospital* but *Sea-line*! It was really very well, however, upon the whole. The piece was one of Foote's called 'Tease'; the Doctor himself acted 'Lady Bentweazle' in a very Lady Bentweazle-like manner, Major Glegg was 'Carmine,' and Colonel Barlow was inimitable as 'Puff.' I had an old shilling Paris-plaster horse, which acted the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the figure only wanting; and a large bronze Venus in paper, out of my stores, was dug out of the Herculaneum for the occasion. The Doctor spoke an ode, rather of, than to, the passions, and Mrs. Somers spoke a prologue of her own composing. Altogether it was very good, innocent fun, and much more harmless than horse-racing, drinking, or any other amusement that could be introduced to bring people together in such a place as this. Sir George, enchanted with the entertainment, instantly began to invent a mode for continuing it, arranged the plan of this theatre, and brought forth the bantling scheme, a full-grown arrangement. We all subscribed to it, though we foresaw the difficulties likely to present themselves. No sooner was this first point gained, and

a prospect had of a sufficient number of male performers, than the gentlemen actors declared half off, unless ladies would join in the cause. This idea was secretly one of Sir George's, too ; and, thus supported, he came forward with all his power and all his persuasion to prevail on us all to assist. Mrs. Somers, a pretty Mrs. Kelso, and one or two other ladies hinted themselves ready to act if I would, or if Mrs. Dundas or Mrs. Blake would. The last said she would if I would (knowing that I would not) ; the other said nothing. I told the Governor frankly that if he had a theatre in his own house, and laid his commands on me to do anything to prove my desire of contributing to his entertainment, I was ready, providing the part given me was sufficiently insignificant, but that I had neither talents nor memory for more. As to acting on any theatre where money was to be paid for admission, or any theatre except one in his house, I whispered my fixed refusal. But everyone is at me on the score of my being able to sing ; as to being able to act, I make no doubt I could if I were to try. But I am very sure that I *won't*, and that if I could suppose I was to start forward the first of actresses, it would not make me the less resolved against what it is want of sense to propose to me.

Whether this matter will fall to the ground altogether, or whether the Governor will fit up a little theatre in his own house (which in point of expense would be a twopenny matter), I can't tell. If he does the latter, all the ladies are ready to join me in offering to do something, to dance a cotillon between the acts, be chorus or orange girls, or anything to prove their good-humour. But we are in great hopes that the trouble this would give his Excellency (which he is not fond of taking except in his own way) will prevent our offers from being accepted. We have had many female recruits from the arrival of the 34th and 22nd Regiments—some of them acquisitions to society. Colonel Dickins was an old Westminster schoolfellow of Mr. Barnard's, and has married a woman reckoned to be well-bred and pleasing, but

she is ten years older than I am, if that is possible ! It seems to be the way of Westminster School to marry Charmers of the upper forms ;<sup>1</sup> however, if it answers as well in *her* instance as it does in another I know of, she has no cause of regret. I am much pleased with the arrival of this colleague in seniority. I before stood unrivalled ; now I am a chicken by comparison. They live at our house in the Castle, or, to speak more accurately, at the house we occupy there, till they can fix themselves. General Dundas has lent the Lieutenant-Governor's house to Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton, and lives in town this winter, so we shall have a good female society in the Castle. There is a Colonel Mercer and his wife who have been staying with us in the country also ; her name before marriage was Miss Clarinda O'Grady. She is rather handsome, but the longest woman I ever saw in all my life, and wears a pair of seven-league boots with which she steps across a room of any dimensions. Her Colonel is four inches taller than she ; they measure twelve feet seven inches together. It is the fashion to laugh at Clarinda here, as uncouth and unpolished ; but Mr. Barnard and I have an odd tendency to like her ingenuous bluntness, and if on further acquaintance it proves to be honest frankness, I shall prize it as a large web of a rare coarse stuff, the pattern of which she gives one the first moment one is in her company. She was married but a month before she stepped across the sea in her boots. There are four or five other ladies, but the two I have mentioned are the principal ones. All bring me a quantity of fibs about you, your insisting on retiring, your peerage, your pension, and give me many long conversations between you and his Majesty.<sup>2</sup> I believe

<sup>1</sup> Another allusion to Lady Anne's being many years older than her husband.

<sup>2</sup> Dundas differed both from the King and Pitt about the Egyptian campaign, but had his way, and the event justified his policy. The King subsequently toasted him as 'The Minister who planned the expedition to Egypt, and in doing so had the courage to resist his King.' On Pitt's resignation in March 1801, Dundas resigned the Office of Secretary for War, and also his position as the President of the Board of Control, which gave him influence over Indian and Colonial affairs. He, however, gave a general support to Addington, and accepted a peerage from him in 1802, being created Viscount Melville and Baron Dunira.

nothing I hear, exactly as I hear it, but I believe in that tiny quantity of truth which makes the basis for falsehood. You won't desert the House of Commons till you have made a peace, or till there is someone found in some degree equal to fill your place, and where is he hid at present? Everyone here is full of the approaching peace; I do not credit that either—I wish I did; it would give me a delightful vista of hope of seeing home before I die.

I have letters yesterday from Lord Wellesley, *alias* Mornington.<sup>1</sup> He writes in health and in spirits, says he is often proud, sometimes melancholy; that he affects to be happy but sighs for home, though he does not conceive he has any chance of returning till everything is fixed where he is on a firm and permanent foundation. The large pension that I hear has been voted to him will add further joy and astonishment to that thunderbolt of prosperity which has almost at once struck him; he has a mind to taste all its power, and I really think a heart to make the best use of it.

The weather here begins to be very bad—it rains *seas*, but I wish to remain here at the Vineyard till we can get this little place quite finished and comfortable, in case of our remaining another season in it, which I would fain hope would be the extent of our stay. Will it, do you think? I suppose this will be a gay winter at the Cape: a subscription ball, a concert, besides three houses to give good things—the Governor's, General Dundas's, and ours. I tell the two ladies that I am entitled to be lazy now that such duties devolve more regularly on them. But, as I before said, I shall still pay my mite to public and private cheerfulness. I hear the Governor's society runs very young just now. I fancy he takes himself for King David, by his fondness for having a little girl of fourteen or fifteen on each side of him.

*June 5th.*—No, sure! Is it possible that a leave of absence to Mr. Barnard is actually sent to us by your own dear self? This piece of news comes in two letters to me by the 'Triton,' but it comes unsupported by anything from yourself, from

<sup>1</sup> He had now been created Marquess of Wellesley.

my sisters, or from our friendly peer, Lord Macartney. I must not, therefore, *quite* believe in it till I see it, though the manner in which it is mentioned carries the face of truth on it.

Well !—with a sigh—if it is so, we will receive it by some ships not yet come in, and will thank you for it with all our hearts and souls. It will make our future voluntary residence here the more cheery and light that we may shorten it at pleasure, as health or any very strong compulsory reason may govern. But as things at present stand here, neither Mr. Barnard nor I should reckon we behaved handsomely to you if we availed ourselves of it now. From a variety of reasons Mr. Barnard has cause to suppose that he has been, and may be, of use in more respects than one ; and composed as the Government here is, at present, and ill-assorted as the jarring individuals are to each other, he thinks that he should ill repay your goodness if he permitted personal gratification to take the lead of duty.

*June 25th.*—More ships are come in—but no more letters for poor me. I suppose all that I am now most desirous of receiving are gone to India to be returned to me from England about a year hence. Somebody, I forget whom, says : ‘ Philosophy is a fine horse in the stable, but apt to tire on the road.’ Have I not need, my dear good soul, of a stout palfrey of that kind at present ? But I will not repine ; they’ll come when we shall feel ourselves more at liberty to act upon them ; meantime I hope we shall receive duplicates. Write me a few lines, I pray, my dear friend, on the receipt of this letter, as it is possible this leave may never reach us at all, if it is gone on to India. Write them kindly, and in charity with me, pray, forgiving me for all my impertinences, else I shall sail home (even if you permit me to sail) in bad spirits, and may perhaps jump into the sea from the blue devils.

The first Agricultural Meeting took place a few days ago. The Governor was President ; the Lieutenant-Governor Vice-President. Mr. Barnard would not step forward as the

other Vice-President, declining his chance of election to that dignity in favour of some Dutch gentleman, whose knowledge of the country, climate, and usages of the farmers make him better qualified to lead. Four thousand dollars was subscribed to the plan at the first meeting, and more, I believe, daily comes in. So the Governor for once has reason to be pleased with his scheme, which in truth is the only one which has any reference to the real improvement of the country. Poor soul, he seems to have proceeded hitherto in the idea that laying out its funds on superficial matters is improving the place.

This page is like a newspaper. That reminds me—the Governor is resolved to have one here. If it answers as the printing of an Almanac<sup>1</sup> did in the Dutch time, it will be droll. The printer made a fortune of *two shillings* by it; each of the four districts took one at sixpence—all the inhabitants read or copied out of that one!

<sup>1</sup> Almanacs were issued for the years 1795, 1796 and 1797 by Johan Christian Ritter who had brought a small printing Press with him on his arrival in Cape Town in 1784. In a memorial addressed to Sir George Yonge in 1800 Ritter states that he had "practised printing such trifles as his small apparatus would allow." He had also issued "during three years small almanacs calculated after the Meridian of this place." The first commercial press was set up at No. 35 Plein Street on or before 1st February, 1800 by Messrs. Walker and Robertson, merchants on a large scale. To their other activities they added slave-dealing, on one occasion importing six hundred slaves in a single consignment. The firm even obtained letters of marque for one of their vessels, which was sent out as a privateer to prey on French and Spanish shipping. Mr. John Robertson spent six months in London selecting type and other materials, and engaged three compositors with a Dutchman as translator. On the 15th July, 1800, Sir George Yonge issued a proclamation stating that Messrs. Walker and Robertson had been appointed sole printers to the Government, and that the firm had his permission to publish a weekly newspaper. The sole right to undertake commercial printing was granted to these monopolists, and notice given that no one else would be allowed to print under a penalty of one thousand rix dollars and the confiscation of all printing materials. On 16th August the firm issued the first number of their paper, the *Cape Town Gazette and African Advertiser*, which appeared in English and Dutch. Complaints soon began to arise about the price of the paper and the charge made for advertisements. Further, the Government became uneasy at the editing of what was, to all intents and purposes, an official gazette being in private hands. Messrs. Walker and Robertson were informed that the Government intended to take all printing into its own hands, and were asked to put in a claim for compensation. The firm sent in a detailed account amounting to some 17,000 rix dollars. The amount to be paid was eventually compromised at 12,000 rix dollars, equivalent, at the current rate of exchange, to £2,000. Between the 10th and 19th October the press was removed to the Castle, and from this date all printing in Cape Town was done by Government, until the arrival of George Greig some twenty-two years later.

## XVII.

The Vineyard, Cape of Good Hope,  
Feb. 16th, 1801.

Thanks to some anxious reason Lord Wellesley has, for sending off a quick sailing-vessel to England, with orders not to be an hour beyond three days at the Cape, I have an unexpected opportunity of writing to my dearest friend. An event too important to this Colony has taken place (or at least a well authenticated report of it) for me to be silent at present. Nothing can exceed the wisdom of your recall<sup>1</sup> of Sir George. It is a measure infinitely judicious, and its strength and untemperising decision came like a thunderbolt on the discontented Dutch, who were beginning to talk lightly of a Government which had sent them such a head. But the Governor's recall made several of them break out into a sort of astonished gratitude and respect for the care manifested by the Home Government for Cape interests at the wide distance of 6,000 miles, which had prompted so firm a step. The change indeed is grounded on not above the fourth part of the improper things which have since taken place to have grounded a change upon. To say the truth, transported as both Mr. Barnard and I were when the news reached us, we were (at least I was) very much astonished at the right radical reform which you had administered to the evil. Sir George has always buzzed it into my ears that he was a particular favourite of the King, and how his Majesty had made it a point that he should accept of this Government, that I had feared a part of this might be true, and would influence you to more consideration for the man than his conduct deserved. I had rather expected that something of a Council would be appointed to govern along with him, more for the above reason than for any other. But there seems not a doubt, even to my addle-pate, that the present method is the best, as Sir

<sup>1</sup> He was recalled suddenly by Lord Melville in a despatch dated January 14th, 1801.

George would not have submitted to colleagues in judgment. We all rejoice in his foolish, faulty reign being over.

I wonder if you will appoint a new Governor, and who he will be ; on it so much depends.<sup>1</sup> Lord Macartney's strong abilities, which appeared even in common conversation, his acumen, and his *usage du monde*,<sup>2</sup> were so suited to his station, that few men could have succeeded him, however able, who might not have lost on the comparison. But this poor man came after, who possesses nothing but civility, the bow born of a long apprenticeship at Court, and a star. A strong man now would step forward like a diamond who has had at his back a foil.

Certainly, in one sense, whoever succeeds our poor old Governor will owe him something. He has been for his successor a most active overseer ; instead of finding a dirty old house with a perpendicular staircase, up which Lord Macartney hopped, gout and all, like a parrot to his perch, he will find rooms well painted and papered with papers of my Lady Yonge's own choosing, an excellent staircase, the fellow of Lady Buckingham's in St. James's Square ; and instead of gardens productive only of weeds they are now full stocked with everything, even fishponds, made at great expense (we shan't talk of that now). Everything, in short, which could be wished for, Sir George has provided, and left nothing to pay, at least nothing by the new Administration. This is being in luck ; nor let the great saving of patience be forgotten and of constitution employed in scolding, and the employment of time in being the overseer of workmen.

No official accounts are as yet received from home. At first Sir George was, I hear, very much thunderstruck. He said the next day to Mr. Barnard that he could not comprehend what part of his conduct could have given displeasure at home ; and to be sure he had no reason to believe in a

<sup>1</sup> Lord Glenbervie was appointed, but when the Addison Ministry came into power his appointment was cancelled, and he never came out to the Cape.

<sup>2</sup> (French) = knowledge of the world.

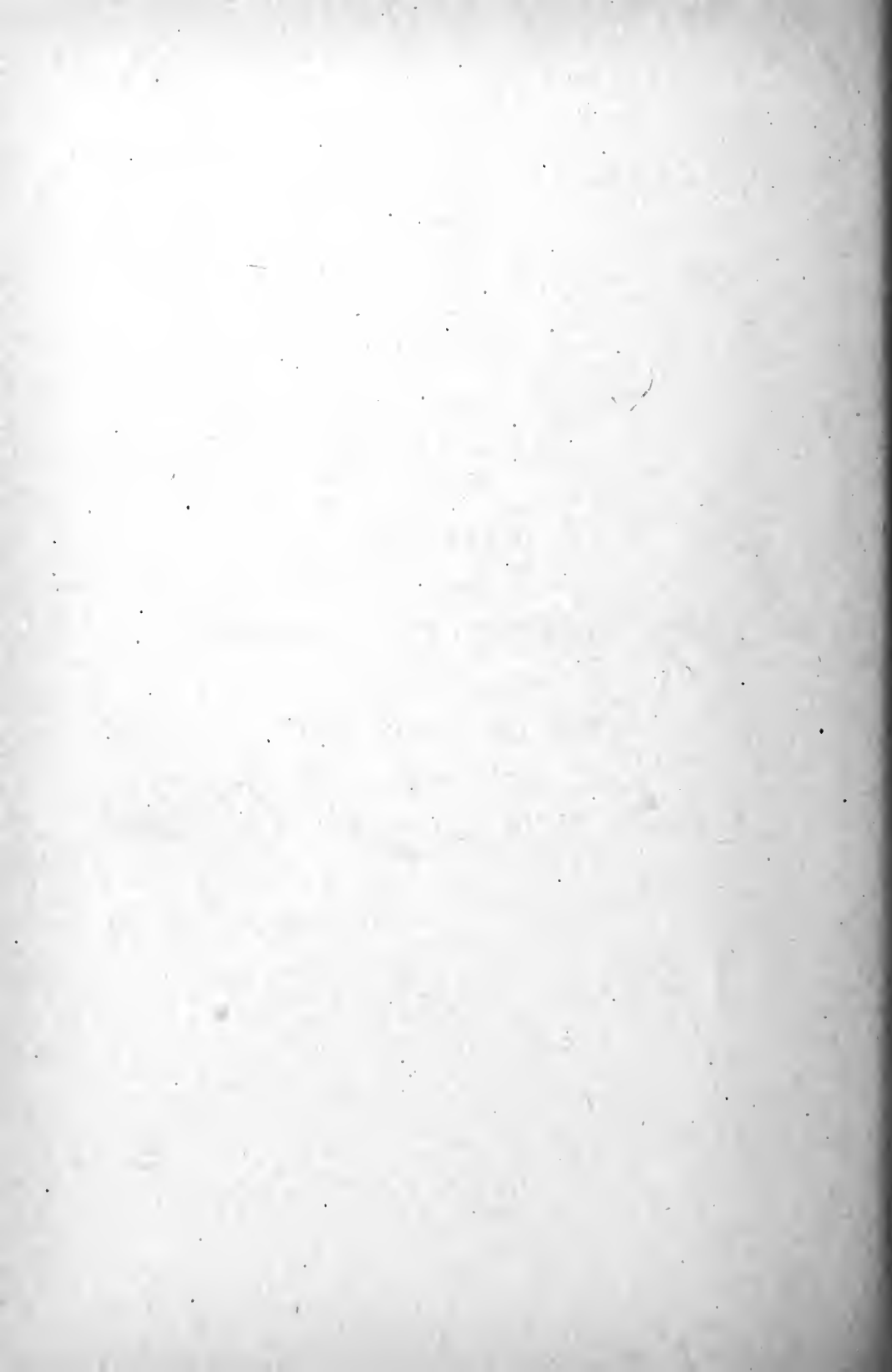
report which came unauthenticated, but that Lady Yonge's letters gave him some cause to put faith in. However, as nothing now makes much impression on his memory, I dare say he will soon believe that he has had an ugly dream of recall only. He concurrently talked here the other day (at a dinner to which he had in a fit of graciousness invited himself and a large party) of what he was to do three months hence. I hope he will not in the meantime do anything difficult to be undone afterwards. Some fears of this kind, I fancy, made General Dundas ask to have a conference with Mr. Barnard t'other day, who from every cause was happy to have it, and they there laid their heads together how to prevent some things from taking place which would put a new Governor to the trouble of undoing, and are better avoided. Mr. Barnard told the General how earnestly and reiteratedly he had argued against these and various other matters, not only in conversation but by pen and ink, perhaps in too strong a manner for civility, but not stronger than the necessity of the case demanded. The General approved. I own myself very much pleased to see Mr. Barnard standing, almost the only person who has neither asked nor obtained any favour from Sir George—nay, who, pressed and solicited to name but his wishes, whether for grant of land or anything else, has never been tempted into acquiescence, however glad he might have been to have obtained such a grant from a more respected hand. I should really be glad to learn for certain whether poor Sir George has actually lodged in his own pocket any of the *douceurs* returned for favours conferred. Much the larger part of society here believe that he has. But some are of a contrary opinion, and I am apt to class with those who think that his greedy secretary, Mr. Blake, using a female influence which it is supposed has power over him, prevailed on the Governor to do many things for their benefit, which I traced to the weakness of a very old man for the person about him. I suppose something must clear this up in the course of a little time.

With respect to our movements—we shall not now leave the Colony for some months, until things are more settled. Sir George wishes to remain in Government House<sup>1</sup> until he can sell off his things, which requires a few weeks. When this is over, Mr. Barnard will ask him to remain with us until he sails. Poor man, he is good-natured though weak, and one feels a pity for those grey locks which he might have laid down with honour and peace at the bottom of the Table Mountain if he had had a set of more disinterested people about him. Alas! those round him can make him do anything.

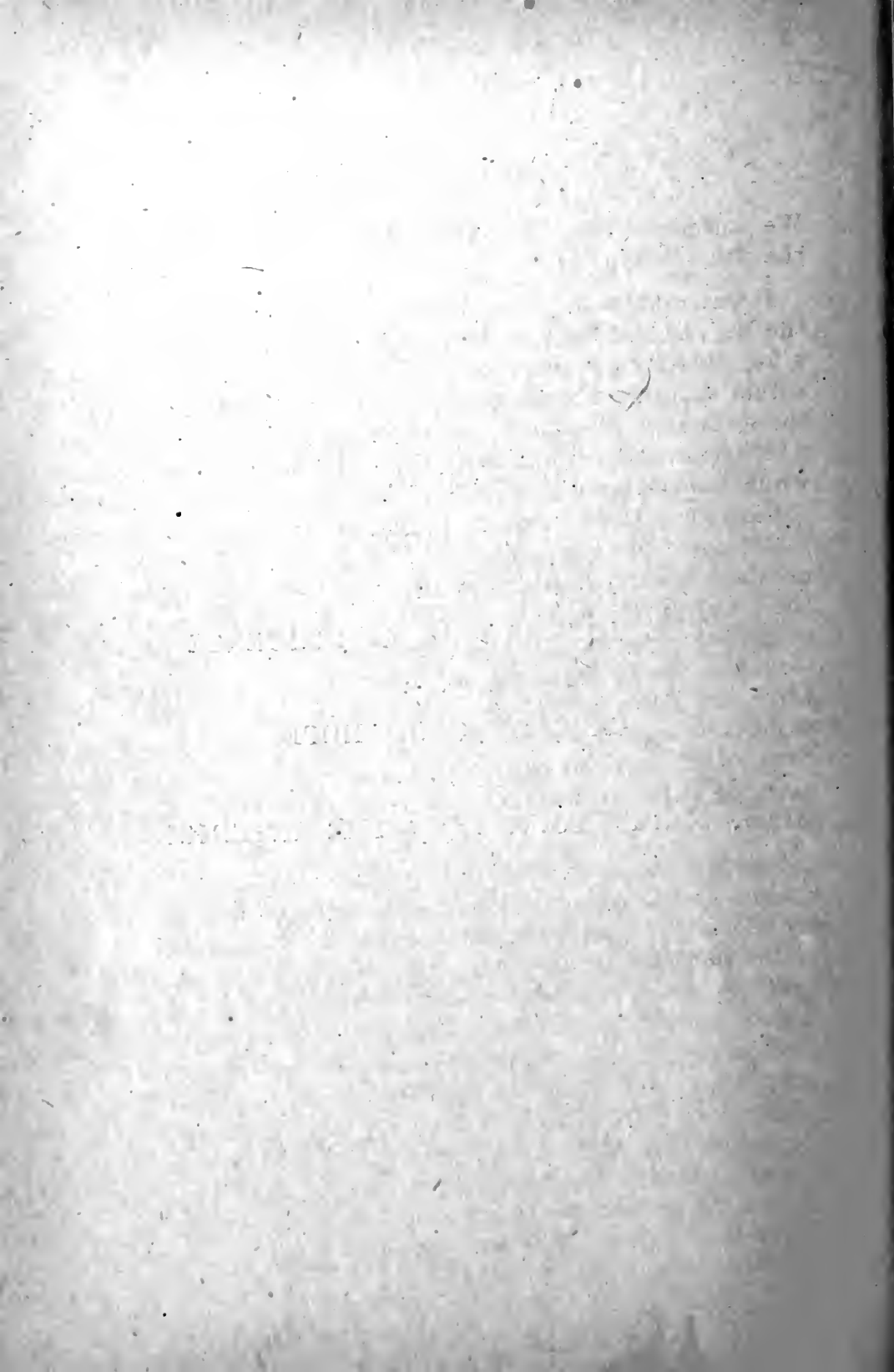
The heat of the weather at present is very great—everybody is annoyed by it. The thermometer is 105 at Cape Town in the shade. At our country house there is ten degrees of difference. The 61st Regiment, or part of it, embarks to-morrow. The last troops that have come out have all landed much more healthy than the former ones, probably from having excellent accommodation. I will now release my dearest friend, with every deep and kind wish for his happiness, and that no ailings may destroy the fine habit of good health which has been habitual to him. With kind love to Lady Jane, I remain, yours affectionately,

ANNE BARNARD.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Melville's dispatch was immediately acted on, owing to the ill-will of the Lieutenant-Governor (General Dundas), and Sir George and his household had to leave the Castle at once.



PART II.  
EXTRACTS  
FROM  
THE JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE  
AT THE  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,  
AND OF  
A SHORT TOUR INTO THE INTERIOR



## I. ARRIVAL AT THE CAPE.

We sailed into Table Bay at the hour of noon on Thursday the 4th of May, 1797.

It was no small mortification to me, when we cast anchor in the Bay, to find the view all around intercepted by so thick a fog, that I could only see the 'Trusty' and 'Chichester' within a hundred yards of us, but nothing farther. But in the afternoon the sun began to break through the clouds which had obscured him—the Table Mountain got rid of the white damask table-cloth which hung halfway down its sides—the Lion's Head, in form a gigantic dome such as fancy would form for the temple of Fame, appeared above the necklace of vapours which encircled its stupendous throat—the Lion's Rump and Devil's Hill cleared in a moment—the ships were dressed and manned—the 'Trusty' saluted the Governor as he departed, attended by two other boats; while the Table Mountain, Lion's Head, Devil's Hill, and mountains behind mountains, by the hollow thunder of their echoes, informed us they knew who was come, and acquiesced in the salutation to the representative of their new Monarch.

Nothing could form a finer scene—the outline of the country, bold, daring, but calm—the fine day which at once broke upon us—the business we came on, to take possession of the land before us—that land, as it appeared from the general face of it, so well able to have defended itself, had it been properly governed—its capital in view, by no means a collection of huts reared by peasants, but a respectable town, clean, correct in its regularity, and ill-assorted only to the place it stood on from its lowness, giving it rather the look of an encampment—altogether, as I stood on the poop, I was pleased—pleased with the novelty and the feelings created by a scene unlike anything I had ever before been a party to. I wished you both beside me; I never can see anything I like without doing so.

We had not long established ourselves before we found that great expectations had been formed of us. I was supposed to be a sort of binding cement, such, I presume, as the castles of antiquity were formerly made with, light, strong, and powerful, towards the associating together the scattered atoms of society,—and had they stopped there, they would have been right ; but they hoped further—balls, card-parties, races, a theatre, an opera, and the introduction of many London amusements such as they supposed I must be a prompter of, and must tire without, having lived all my life in the midst of them.

They ‘knew but little of Calista’ if they supposed I should reckon a small society improved by public amusements, or a place in its infancy as to riches, conveniences, taste, and luxury, mended by having amusements introduced that belong to a much farther advanced period. I had once, you know, meditated on having a little theatre in our own house, on the supposition that the place was much less than I found it, the parts to have been filled by officers, by ourselves, and the few English ladies who were here ; but I found the size of the Cape too wide to render this a necessary resource to fill up time with gaiety and innocence, and too little to render a public theatre at all eligible. No—what I wished chiefly to effect was, if possible, to bring the nations together on terms of good will, and, by having public days pretty often at the Castle, to reconcile the Dutch by the attraction of fiddles and French horns. This however was not to be effected in a moment.

## II. ‘PARADISE.’ *See page 23*

A month or six weeks having carried away our friends, the number of our dinners was diminished, and our time so much more our own, that Lord Macartney whispered to Mr. Barnard that he might now look out amongst the small country-houses, which Government had to bestow, for that which would suit us best, and proposed to ride out a few

mornings with Mr. Barnard to inspect all and bring me the report. With the offer of such a boon, and the knowledge that there was a pretty little place called 'Paradise' at the back of the Table Mountain, half-way up the hill, my husband recommended it to me to steal there next day early, that I might be prepared on the subject. I agreed—delighted to think how much more fortunate we were than our first parents, who found

“the world before them, where to chuse  
Their place of rest,”

but—the gates of Paradise shut on them.

Early in the morning we set out under the pilotage of Mr. S——'s lately purchased coachman; but on reaching the bottom of the hill he shook his head—he could proceed no farther—pointing to us to walk up. We soon found his reason, the ravines or gullies made in the road by the torrents from the mountains being so deep, that when I jumped across, had my foot slipped I know not whether I might not have found myself in England. However charming Paradise might be, it appeared to us an impossible thing to think of the place; but we walked on to the house, having come so far to see it, between rows of aromatic bushes which scented the air with an odour potent and pleasant in the extreme.

I was enchanted with the flowers, and stopped to pluck up their roots. Barnard laughed at my ardour, saying, “Stop, stop, you will find plenty of time for this by and by.”

At last we reached a small house where wood is kept for the use of Government, and, shadowed by the silver-trees which clothe the brow of the hill, turned round to admire the wide plain before us, bounded by the Hottentot hills and by a range of numberless mountains rising behind each other, the sea appearing to the right, and, after it made the circle of the continent, rolling into the little Bay of Muizenberg before it proceeded on to the larger one of Simon's Town.

The world indeed seemed all before us, and mental vision might have painted the distant country fertile, but here

there was not a trace of anything but sand and rock ; on turning round, tired of this cheerless prospect, a sequestered low road appeared, over which oaks met in cordial embrace. We pursued the path, which, suddenly turning, presented to us an old farm-house, charming in no point of architecture, but charming from the mountain which raised itself three thousand feet perpendicular above its head, with such a variety of spiral and Gothic forms, wooded and picturesque, as to be a complete contrast to the hill we had ascended or the plain over which we had gazed.

Before the house, which was raised a few steps from the court, there was a row of orange-trees loaded with fruit both ripe and green, which shadowed the windows. A garden, well stocked with fruit trees of every description, was behind the house, through which a hasty stream of water descended from the mountain ; and to the left there was a grove of fir-trees, whose long stems, agitated by the slightest breeze of wind, knocked their heads together like angry bullocks in a most ludicrous manner.

“ Anne, what do you say to this ? ” said Barnard, in a tone of admiration.—“ Say ! ” replied I, “ that I am vexed to own that I like it of all things.”—“ And if you do, why should we not have it ? ”—“ Because,” said I, “ the world’s end is not so distant as this spot from the busy haunts of men.”—“ It is very charming, however,” said he, with a sigh which put in for future consideration.—And, in fact, the result was, that, after visiting all the other places offered us by Lord Macastney, Paradise was finally determined on by Mr. Barnard. A new road to wind up the hill was to be made by him at his own expense—the house was to be put into habitable repair at that of Government ; and as to painting, plastering, and furnishing, that was to be left to my taste and to our purse. I was afterwards told that the acquisition of this little place, and the offence it gave to the military to have a blue coat favoured and a general officer refused, gave birth to a poem entitled ‘ Paradise Gained,’—had it been good, I suppose I should have had it from some one ; but it was only ill-natured.

*See page 17*

### III. ASCENT OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.

I had long since been desirous of ascending to the top of the Table Mountain, and, the expedition being determined on, Barnard, to render the plan still more interesting to me, procured a dozen of slaves to carry up a tent, mattress, blankets, a little table, and camp-stool, together with provisions, that we might sleep on the top of the mountain, and see the sun set and rise, when I could have the opportunity of making what drawings I pleased. It was an expensive party of pleasure, as it cost us five rix-dollars (a guinea) for each slave; but the occasion was an uncommon one, and in all countries particular jobs must be paid well to be cheerfully performed.

We left the Castle at six in the morning on horseback, attended by as many of our servants as chose to be of the party, and by Colonel Lloyd, Mr. Barrow, Dr. Pattison, and other gentlemen, together with a couple of female slaves. We ascended for the first mile by a winding path through rocks, each side of which was clothed with the waggombomb,<sup>1</sup> with its bright yellow flowers, the silver-tree, whose leaves have the appearance of white satin, and the sugar-tree, which was covered with beautiful pink flowers with black seeds.—When the flowers are boiled they produce a syrup as rich as honey, and with this all the preserves in the colony are made. The ascent became then so tremendously steep that we were obliged to dismount and send our horses back to the Castle, scrambling up amongst rocks where cascades tumbled down and lost themselves in gullies beneath. The air was perfumed with the most delicious fragrance of numberless bushes.

Here Barnard was obliged to consign me to the particular care of Mentor, a most intellectual slave, who knew the safest paths to ascend by; I might have reckoned myself his Telemachus if dress had decided the sex, as I had stolen a part of Barnard's wardrobe for precaution, which I found was eminently useful, but which made him, as I bounded up

<sup>1</sup> Wagenboom (?)

the rocks, laugh and call out, "Hey-day, Anne, what are these?"—"Yours! *myn lieve vriend*, my dear friend!" said I—"You must acknowledge it is the first time you were ever conscious of my wearing them."—Mentor, our guide, smiled, as he saw us smiling, and called me a *brave vrouw*, a rare wife—so in gratitude you shall have his picture, which I drew when I got home. After crawling up an immense sheet of small stones, almost perpendicular—stones broken into pieces by the force of the torrents which the clouds discharge in volumes during the rainy seasons—we proceeded up through the gully which nearly cuts the mountain in two, and began to rise above the world. The weather was mild and charming; the sun, now fully risen, warmed us with his fervent rays, which the mountain threw back on us with intolerable heat. I was surprised here to find so many pieces of leather as I did; it appeared as if the mountain had quickly made old shoes of new ones; but I suppose other scramblers had done as I did.—I took with me several pairs of the oldest I could muster, which are far pleasanter to climb in than new ones.

While Barrow darted at plants and fossils in hopes of finding something to report favourably of to the Governor, I got out my pencil to draw the rocks and jackals, but Mentor pressed us to go on, which we did, making a turn in the ascent which at once brought us into the shade, and lowered the thermometer fifteen degrees. We all felt the sudden chill, and hurried to get out of this atmosphere, when, coming to a milder spot, I proposed a glass of port-wine to each, to counteract its bad effects and fortify us before we proceeded. We found here a cave, where slaves who have run away for crimes hide themselves, and where woodcutters halt as they return with their burthens; the traces of bones and cooking were seen, but our party was too numerous to have anything to fear. At last a thousand feet more of rock were surmounted,—I left all the gentlemen behind, envying the "*brave vrouw*" for the lightness of her heels, the effect perhaps of the lightness of her heart, and reached the top

as tired as it was possible to be, but perfectly refreshed before they joined me.

What a wide extended barrenness presented itself all around ! Oceans, points of coast, and hills were the only objects the eye had to dwell on. The Lion's Head (a high mountain) appeared a mole-hill beneath,—to find oneself three thousand five hundred feet above the level from which we had set out—to behold a considerable town more invisible than the smallest miniature which could be painted of one—to feel the pure air raising one up—it gave me a sort of unembodied feeling such as I conceive the soul to have which mounts, a beatified spirit, leaving its atom of clay behind. The view, the sensation, was full of ether—and I hope of something better. The plan of rendering the grey expanse “parlant”<sup>1</sup> by my pencil was fixing my eyes to the scene.

“Well !” cried the honest Welshman, Colonel Lloyd, rubbing his hands, “I don't know how it is with you—but I am very hungry—you said something about cold beef, did you not ?”

I confessed I had ; but, as it was too soon by an hour yet to make a regular dinner, I would give him just enough to keep body and soul together in the interim. Meantime, “there was a gun to shoot birds, and here was a spade for him to dig bulbs for me.” Each went on his own pursuits, prowling on the flat top of the mountain—not on its grassy or its rocky top, but on its watery top, it being almost entirely covered with a thin pool about two inches deep, where succulent plants grew in abundance ; but pebbles of a very pure white, some of which I carried away with me, seemed to be the chief produce of the soil.

“And now,” said I, “Mr. Barrow, thou man of infinite charts and maps, explain to me all that I see before me, and what I do not see—what is this—what is that—where are the different bays I hear you all wrangling about—where can we effect junctions—why cannot we sail round this continent with as much ease as we sail round other coasts ?—show

<sup>1</sup> (French) = speaking (*i.e.* a true likeness).

me the roads by which grain and cattle and wine come from the interior of the country, and do not suppose that I am to clamber to the top of the Table Mountain for nothing."

What he told me Mr. Dundas had—all is now forgotten. I only remembered that he explained everything so intelligibly as to prevent me from appearing very ignorant afterwards, when the subjects were discussed.

But it was now time for the gentlemen to descend the mountain, which Mr. Barrow pronounced had nothing in it of sufficient promise to repay the trouble of further search; but before I gave to each the bumper of Madeira I offered to invigorate him for the descent, I requested that all might unite in the full chorus of "God save the King!" which was instantly complied with—every hill, the Lion's Head, Lion's Rump, Devil's Hill, Hottentot Mountains, each singing his part as they had done before, till "Great George" grew less at every turn, and at last gave up the ghost, like a private gentleman, in a valley.

While Pawell, Mr. Barnard's Brabanter servant, and the slaves pitched our tent on the top of the mountain on a bit of dry ground, I pitched the little camp-table Barnard had procured for me, and with my sketch-book and colours traced the effects of the setting sun before he dropped into the ocean, which encompassed in a zone the peninsula where we were placed. This done, Pawell surprised us very agreeably with a pan in which Revel had cooked forty snipe the day before, ready for warming up, as he knew my 'ladyship' loved a bit of hot supper. Delighted with the snipe, which we put to flight in a manner which the pure air of the atmosphere I hope will apologise for—N.B. I believe we ate a dozen apiece at least—we begged our slaves might have our nice rump of beef, fowls, and ham; but not one of them would *scoff* or eat,—they shook their heads with a look of horror—"nee, nee,"—and I found that, owing to the ham having been put up in the same basket with the other articles, everything was contaminated to them. But they too had their pan, and their stew, which smelt so savoury and so odd, that

I begged leave to taste it. It was composed of wild herbs fried up with coriander and many aromatic seeds, to which was added a little mutton-tail grease, which is more pure than butter, and plenty of the fish called *snook*, which I thought, when salted and dried, was one of the best fish at the Cape. This made a most incomparable mess, though one I never desired to partake of again from its unaccountable singularity.

Supper over, and no fear of wild beasts existing so near the town, the slaves lay down round the fire, and Barnard and I within our tent found a good bed, on which two hearts reposed themselves which were truly grateful for all the blessings conferred on them, but most so for their happiness in each other.

Next morning, as we descended the gully, I took the sketch of it which I annex. We reached the Castle in safety, well pleased with our excursion.

#### IV. A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR SEES THE CAPE.

Among other passing guests, we had a visit from Lord Mornington, with his brother, on his way to India, to fill the station of Governor-General. We lodged him in one of our back parlours, into which a little tent-bed is put, to hold the great man, and from which he has only to step out upon the bricks of our balcony to enjoy the cool air, as it hangs over a basin of pure water, supplied by a fountain descending from the Table Mountain, which raises its head above the tall oaks that encompass the pool and afford a walk to the favourites of the back-yard, whom I now presented to the Governor-General, and of which number my little buck is the first. I reared him myself, without a mother, and he seems now to regard me as one, following me like a dog, and begging hard at night for Barnard's permission to sleep on my feet.

A couple of secretary-birds came next—majestic creatures with long legs, black velvet breeches, and large wings, who strut about with an air much resembling that of some of our fine gentlemen. They have one singularity, as birds—they never eat standing—not even at luncheon, but sit down to dinner as regularly as we do. I believe this is in consequence of the extreme length of their legs.

A sea-calf I next presented, who has been betrayed into living in spite of his teeth, as I gave him in charge to a slave, with orders to seize the golden opportunity of his bleating to insert the spout of a teapot into his mouth, and give him his bellyful of milk. He is a very foolish creature, half fish, half animal; but his countenance is more of the calf than the fish; his feet are fins, and his method of walking has too much of the waddle in it to be graceful, but when laughed at he plunges into the water and is in his kingdom.

A penguin comes next upon the boards—the link between fish and fowl in the same degree that the calf is between animal and fish. The penguin is half the day in the pond with the calf, and half of it in the drawing-room with me. She resembles many old ladies who wear what were called *sacques*<sup>1</sup> with long ruffles, and is more like a duck than any other bird. Her appetite is enormous, and she is very nice, as she must have every thing raw and fresh.

Two jackals are the delight of all the dogs in the garrison, they are such coquettes; they come out of their hole every evening, and allow themselves to be chased all round the flat-topped wall of the fortress for about two hours; when tired, they creep within the gate of the castle, and get into the cellar by a broken pane, where they live secure, and do no harm.

Two young wild-cats are also of the party. Strange to say, these savage animals were nursed by the dog of the Brabanter, who prevailed on her, by dint of argument, to adopt and rear them, she having lost her own puppies, though she detested the cats, and was ready to bite off their

<sup>1</sup> (Pseudo-French = loose jackets.)

heads ; but when told by her master that she *must* nurse them, as they had no mother, Jacqueline gave up the point, —and no one could look at her disgust to them without being sorry for the animal while so employed.

A horned owl, more important than wise, and a beautiful green chameleon from Madagascar, made up the rest of this worthy society. But the buck possessed my heart, and soon won Lord Mornington's.

Every day produces something to entertain Lord Mornington ; he has a levee every morning of yellow generals and captains from India with dispatches to Government, who stop here, and, finding his Excellency at the Cape, deliver up their official papers, which he opens, peruses, and by such means will arrive instructed on the present position of affairs there, and will appear a prodigy of ability in being master of all so soon after his arrival. The evening is fully occupied in gayer ways.

We were glad to accept some invitations from the wealthiest of the Dutchmen while Lord Mornington was with us, to give him the variety he so delighted in. They begin their dinners *piano piano*<sup>1</sup> with what we should reckon very ordinary fare, stewed cow-heel, which is a favourite dish, tripe, macaroni, water-soupy soups, and fish, but increase the size and number of their dishes every course, ending at last with enormous joints. Of this we had an instance at the table of our friend Dirk van Reenen, who lived near us at Paradise.

The name of Dirk van Reenen's villa is the Brewery, he being the contractor for beer to the army and navy, and not a little afraid of having a colleague united with him in his licence, which he hoped to have possessed in monopoly from father to son ; but, new masters being likely to give new laws, he was but too happy to feed us with the fat of the land, to put the children of Government, as he supposed, into good humour.

The family received us all with open countenances of gladness and hospitality, but the openest countenance and

<sup>1</sup> (Italian) = gently.

the most resolute smile, amounting to a grin, was borne by a calf's-head nearly as large as that of an ox, which was boiled entire, and served up with the ears whole, and a pair of gallant young horns; the teeth were more perfect than dentist ever made, and no white satin was so pure as the skin of the countenance. This melancholy-merry smiler and a tureen of bird's-nest soup were the most distinguished *plats*<sup>1</sup> in the entertainment. The soup was a mess of the most aromatic nastiness I ever tasted, somewhat resembling macaroni perfumed with different scents; it is a Chinese dish, and was formerly so highly valued in India that five-and-twenty guineas was the price of a tureenful of it. The springer also made its appearance, boiled in large slices—admirable! It is a fish that would make the fortune of any one who could convey it by spawn to England. The pastry was good—the game abundant, but ill-cooked—the beef bad—the mutton by no means superior—the poultry remarkably good—and the venison of the highest flavour, but without fat: this however was supplied by its being larded very thickly—all sorts of fruits in great perfection, pines excepted, of which there are not any at the Cape. Mynheer carried us after dinner to see his blow of tulips and of other flowers; the tulips were very fine, the carnations beautiful; all were sheltered from the winds which descend from the mountains by myrtle hedges. Our gentlemen returned delighted with the day they had spent, and very glad to have the prospect of another such.

Mynheer Cloete, of Constantia, one of the most opulent men in the colony, had lately, in consequence of some attentions shewn to the ladies, given us an invitation to a cold collation at his country-house, to see the making of his wines, and taste of the admirable Constantia grapes, hanging then upon their stalks, half-dried into preserves by the sun.

The day was charming, the master of the house in good humour, having treated himself with an hour's sleep extraordinary in the morning, getting up at six to superintend

<sup>1</sup> (French) = dishes.

his wine-press instead of five, his usual hour, as he foresaw he should lose his *slaap* after his dinner-hour, which was at present appropriated to our luncheon.

Till our hot vegetables were ready, along with our cold collation, Mynheer took us into the wine-press hall, where the whole of our party made wry faces at the idea of drinking wine that had been pressed from the grapes by three pair of black feet; but the certainty that the fermentation would carry off every polluted particle settled that objection with me. What struck me most was the beautiful antique forms, perpetually changing and perpetually graceful, of the three bronze figures, half naked, who were dancing in the wine-press and beating the drum (as it were) with their feet to some other instrument, in perfect time. Of these presses there were four, with three slaves in each. Into the first the grapes were tossed in large quantities, and the slaves danced on them softly, the wine running out from a hole at the bottom of the barrel, pure and clear,—this was done to slow music. A quicker and stronger measure began when the same grapes were danced on over again. The third process gone through was that of passing the pulp and skins through a sieve, and this produced the richest wine of the three; but the different sorts were ultimately mixed together by Mynheer Cloete, who told us it had been the practice of his forefathers to keep them separate and sell them at different prices, but he found the wine was improved by mixing.

After spending a couple of easy pleasant months with us, Lord Mornington and his brother departed.

## V. AT 'PARADISE.'

About the middle of April we moved to 'Paradise,' as we intended. The year was in its wane, but all was blooming still. As we drove along, a singular sound of music reached my ears, soft and wild, accompanied with loud laughter and talking; but on reaching the spot, I saw one slave only, with a bit of wood in his hands, on which a few pegs were placed. I stopped, and asked to whom he spoke. "To this

little fellow," said he, "it is my instrument; I talk to him, he play to me,—we make company for one another."—I mention this as an instance of the hilarity of spirits which is possessed in a far greater degree by the black complexion than by the white.

I was pleased with his instrument, which I imagined was his own invention, and determined to have one made after it, "to make company" to me when I become old and blind, that I may not be a tax on any one. It is so portable, so uncommon, so much fitted to the meanest capacity, and has sounds so sweet coming from a musical instrument almost invisible, that—but you shall have its picture and judge for yourselves.<sup>1</sup>

Our gardener at Paradise was a good one. He had set a beautiful extraordinary plant, which I call "Madame de Coster," after its mistress, a widow. The Jewess had the conscience to ask me three rix-dollars for it, and I had the folly—read wisdom—to give it, for "Madame de Coster" is a fine large star-plant, yellow, and spotted like the skin of a leopard, over which there grows a crop of glossy brown hair, at once handsome and horrible; it crawls flat on the ground, and its leaves are thick and fat. The most aromatic flower however that I have seen is the blue water-lily, which is of a bright cerulean hue; its roots are planted in the soil, but it pushes up its flowers to the surface of the water, where it lies flat, sending forth such a fragrance as to scent the air all around. I have procured a few plants of this sweet flower for sweet friends in England.

The sun sets here in Paradise two hours sooner than on the other side of the hill, which I am told marks its height; but, with lamps and candles, that makes no difference. We have nothing here to annoy us—no enemies to dread except the mosquitoes, who whiz past our canopy at the early dawn, and, if caught, like the witches in Macbeth, "make themselves air and vanish," so unembodied an insect is that

<sup>1</sup> Lady Anne afterwards had a facsimile made of it. It is about eight inches square—held with both hands—the notes produced by steel bars fixed to the woodwork, the extremities of which bars are played on with the thumbs.

little vexatious creature ; but, such as it is, to know that there is one under the same curtains with himself makes my lord so wretched, that I have often the complaisance to go a mosquito-hunting with him, though by no means well equipped “*pour la chasse*.” In return, I endeavoured to effect a treaty of peace for the baboons, who are apt to come down from the mountain in little troops to pillage our garden of the fruit with which the trees are loaded.

I told him he would be worse than Don Carlos if he refused the children of the sun and of the soil the use of what had descended from ourang-outang to ourang-outang ; but, alas ! I could not succeed. He had pledged himself to the gardener, to the slaves, and to all the dogs, not to baulk them of their sport ; so he shot a superb man of the mountain one morning, who was marauding, and electrified himself the same moment, so shocked was he at the groan given by the poor creature, as he limped off the ground. I do not think I shall hear of another falling a sacrifice to Barnard's gun ; they come too near the human race.

While here, and at leisure, I began to collect my Cape trifles for my friends at home,—some beautiful loories alive—some still more beautiful swallows dead—some plumes of the sugar-bird's tail, which is long and elegantly formed at the season of the year when Nature dresses out her children in their best attire to please their mates. Ostrich-feathers I depended upon getting during our proposed tour. For the Queen and Princesses I was preparing a collection of flower-roots, and seeds of the castor-oil tree, so resembling beads that it was impossible, when strung into necklaces and mixed with gold ones, to suppose them anything else. To the Prince I meant to send home a very fine leopard-skin, as a saddle-cloth for his beautiful Arabian. A few pretty land-turtles of the size of walnuts begged to be of the party, and to those I hoped to be enabled to add many an oddity unthought of in our meditated tour.

Meantime I amuse myself here rather as necessity obliges than as taste directs, as I have, owing to the illness of my

cook and the loss of my maid, who is obliged to go to England from bad health, to attend to many household matters when I would rather be employing my pen or pencil.

At six I rise, and, after I have made breakfast for my *mann*, I reserve a good one for a half-starved pussy that was found in the shrubbery with five poor kittens. Next comes the breakfast of a hundred and fifty very very young chickens, at which I act as groom of the chambers, standing by while they eat it, as I have too much reason to think a hundred have been starved to death by the tyranny of force over feebleness, the turkeys, ducks, etc., having made it their practice to frighten the chickens from their breakfast; and of course, though the little ones came well out of their shells, and lived for a few days while attended to, all vanished; and it broke my heart to think what a number of wretched creatures I had called into life, to have a poor specimen of it, and to die before they had had their little bellies full.

Our two black cooks from town are come to assist me in the absence of Revel to dress dinner, as a dozen of people are to dine here, whom my husband has invited, finding them anxious to see this little place. I cannot convince the cooks that so great a lady as "my vrouw" understands anything of the kitchen, though I give my directions with Mr. Fairley, head *cuisinier*<sup>1</sup> to the London Tavern, in my hand, and have lately succeeded so well in a vegetable soup, that I can make no greater present to the persons reading this (if they reside in the country) than by giving them the following:

*Receipt for a meagre vegetable soup.*

Take one large head of celery—shred it down, stopping before you reach the green part, which is bitter—take one onion, a handful of spinach, three heads of cabbage, each about the size of your two hands, half a dozen leaves of sorrel, twenty carrots twice as long as your finger, two or three handfuls of green peas; and after you have shelled them, if the peas are young (but not otherwise), you may cut the shells in pieces and throw them in with the rest—all these must be cut into bits about the size of your little finger, and the carrots smaller than sixpences—put all in a large wash-hand basin, which will be sufficient to make a small tureen-full.

<sup>1</sup> (French) = expert cook.

Meantime take a quarter of a pound of butter, put it into a frying-pan, and, when melted, dust in a handful of flour, stir it well about in the pan, till it is of the colour of brown tanned leather—then put your vegetables and that into a saucepan, with as much gravy or weak broth as will cover them all over, and stand two inches above them—let it stew gently for two or three hours till all is quite tender—put a large teaspoonful of salt to it, and another of pepper—then, having given it five minutes more, serve it up hot in your tureen. If the liquid is taken from it, it will be equally good as stewed vegetables.

Our friends arrived, and did it ample justice.

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## VI. A TOUR INTO THE INTERIOR.

On Saturday the 5th of May, 1798, we set out in our waggon and eight, on the front seat of which sat the illustrious Gaspar on his box—behind him Lady Anne Barnard, on her knee an old drawing-book stoutly bound, which had descended from mitre to mitre in the Barnard family, and which little thought in its old age, as Sarah says, that it should be caught turning over a new leaf and producing hasty sketches in the wilds of Africa. By her was Mynheer the “Secretarius,”<sup>1</sup> for the express purpose of popping out at the partridges in half a minute when they appeared. Behind them, seated on the wool-sacks, viz. mattresses, Cousin Johnnie and Jane,—a situation, she said, she preferred to the front seat, where she could have *only* seen the country, and which Johnnie highly approved of her for preferring, as the country was not fit to be looked at. The care of Jane’s knitting-case, containing some pins, pen and ink, and a half-finished purse, was divided between her and her *aide-de-camp*. Behind these good children was Charles, my little black boy, a West Indian, lolling on his own mattress,—he was appointed Inspector of baggage, to be ready to holloa out when anything dropped; and what with great coats and a few baskets, powder-bags, etc., we foresaw his department would not be a sinecure. By him was Hector—a stupid old slave belonging to the coachman, somewhat younger than myself I believe, but rather harder worked,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barnard.

whose business it was to walk through all questionable places, see if fords were passable, run before to observe if the drag was necessary, and put to rights the harness on any of the refractory leaders. Behind our waggon followed Pawell and another Charles, a slave of Mr. Barnard's, who rode his horse and led Jane's stud, viz. a couple of riding-horses; and a Hottentot riding Johnnie Dalrymple's "best of all possible horses, Hobgoblin"—he led up the rear. And now, having brought us to this point, I transcribe my waggon memorandums.

#### HOTTENTOT KLOOF.

We left the Cape by the same road we went to Stellenbosch,—indeed there is but one egress from Cape Town, which, being at the extremity of the peninsula, has no variety of roads from it leading into the country. After we pass Rondebosch, they branch out. The road was sandy and heavy. As we proceeded, a few branches of the wax-tree appeared, and some low brushwood—white sandy hillocks—a few partridges—two bucks—"Give me my gun, Anne—my gun, my gun!"—"Gun! have we any guns near us?" A smile—he reached across and took down one of the lurking villains out of its great coat, charged for murder. Out jumped Johnnie, seizing another; but the bucks escaped scot-free, and the gentlemen returned. "You must not mind a gun or two, for that is the beauty of the thing, to have all ready at a moment's warning." I now saw there were five, charged, in the waggon with us, and believed it was best to give up all fear at once and trust to Providence. All that Jane and I stipulated for was to have them placed where we had the best chance of escaping being shot.—Two pheasants—some wild turkeys—one house seen at a distance—what savage sounds they use to their horses! an English horse would say it was not language fit for a gentleman. Mr. Barnard had laughed at me, after we were all packed up and ready to depart, for taking a good quantity of small cord—"useless," he called it, "as there was plenty in one

of the boxes." I put up my cord, however. Down came one thing at the end of a few miles—tumble went another—I repaired all out of my disdained store—at last, pop there came Mr. Barnard's powder-bag, which was imperfectly slung.—"Anne! do hand me THE cord." 'Tis I who place the emphasis—he did not; the triumph was too great for me to use it,—but he used the cord. Traveller! constantly have little resources by you of small value, and never be laughed out of anything.

I saw no tillage till we arrived near Mynheer Meybourgh's,<sup>1</sup> a wealthy man, where we hoped to bait and dine, having come about twenty miles in five hours. We found he had expected us some days before, and was now gone to the Cape; his *vrouw* was at home—a perfect Dutchwoman. I was afraid at first by her air that she was angry, but I found it was only manner; she gave us an excellent dinner. After it was over, a child of eighteen months was brought in, which no one could lift from the ground, it was so heavy. I gazed with a wonder, which being translated into admiration, her daughter ran for hers; it was still sucking and eleven months old, but I could not contain it my arms, it was such a porpoise.—"Ah! what would *my vrouw* give to have such an one!" said one of the party, looking to me. I thought, if I had, that like Solomon I should be tempted to make two of it. This is one of the great points of vanity with the Dutch—the size and number of their children. Mr. Barnard has given me leave, as I before mentioned, to take the credit of three or four whenever I find the tide of pity and self-complacency running too strong in the other party. I shall use it with moderation, for fear of detection, but they must all be in England, and all boys; I will not enact the careless mother and leave my girls behind.

While we dined, the horses refreshed themselves, as they call it, that is to say, had liberty to roll in the sand with all their hoofs in the air, except one which is tied to the bridle to prevent them from escaping; and even to this

<sup>1</sup> Myburgh.

restraint a Cape horse gets so accustomed by habit, that I see them often in the fields cantering off on three legs as nimbly as a dog.

We left these good people at four o'clock, and proceeded to Mynheer William Morkel's, where we heard we could be accommodated for the night. We arrived there about eight o'clock, and to our sorrow for the point of good cheer, and gladness for the point of liberty, we found Mynheer and his wife were then on a visit at some distance. Of course all the children and most of the slaves were of the party, the Dutchmen never leaving any of them behind, which I do not think proceeds so much from affection (of which they have not any, in the anxious and tender degree of European parents) as from its being their custom. The children's tutor, viz. the schoolmaster, received us during their absence.

*Sunday, May 6th, 1798.*—After making a tolerable breakfast from our own tea-chest, with the addition of fresh eggs, we started. The tutor lent us a team of oxen to carry us to the foot of the Hottentot Kloof—we reached it in about an hour, having passed but one farm-house by the way—little—no tree or bush—and simply a field or two attached to the house in tillage.

A farmer at the bottom of the ascent stood ready with twelve fine, stout, beautiful oxen, with horns which spread from pole to pole, ready to be put to the waggon. Sensible creatures they seemed to be, for much did they dislike the business they were going on, and lowed piteously when they found themselves in the yoke. We were advised to let them draw us up as far as we chose to sit. The ascent is about a mile and a half or two miles long; but we soon preferred leaving the waggon, the sight of their exertions being painful to me; besides, I wished to take a flying sketch from the Kloof itself of Gordon's Bay, the wide prospect we were leaving, where bay succeeded to bay and hill to hill, carrying on the eye with an infinity of bare beauty; but there was unfortunately a distant fog, which was a little untoward, considering that it was not every day I could find myself here.

From this spot, half-way up the mountain, wherever the eye turned there was heath, sand, sea, mountain—scarce a house to be seen, no cultivation, and of course no population. I therefore hoarded up my little portion of hope, which had been given me by the Dutch I had conversed



A TYPICAL INCIDENT OF OX-WAGGON TRAVELLING  
AS IT MAY HAVE BEEN EXPERIENCED BY LADY ANNE BARNARD.

with, who assured me that round Cape Town it was nothing, but that, when I got to the other side of the Hottentot Kloof, a new country would open on me,—so fertile, so many houses ! the face of nature so bespangled with flowers that I should be delighted with it.

As we ascended, the path was so perpendicular, and the jutting rocks, over which the waggon was to be pulled, so large in the middle of the road, that we were astonished how

it could be accomplished at all, particularly at one pass, called the Porch. At length we reached the summit, and the new Canaan opened on my view—hillock on hillock, mountain behind mountain, far as the sight could reach—a slight thread of rivulet here and there, like a silver eel, winding through the valleys, but scarcely perceptible, and the only objects on which the eye found anything to pause upon were sometimes a few pointed stones, on the summit of rising grounds, under which fancy would fain have laid the bones of Hottentot heroes slain in battle, had not observation pointed out that this was only the natural form of the country.

The descent was not much better, though less fatiguing than the other side; in about half an hour we reached the bottom, where we found the waggon safe and the horses put to it. Mr. Barnard stood by the team of oxen, and called, "Anne, don't look this way!" but, at the sound of his voice, I naturally and involuntarily turned my head, and saw what made my heart sore, how much the poor animals had suffered in our service, their sides streaming down with the blood which the knives of their savage drivers had brought. They are very cruel here to their cattle; the whip itself, which carries away with it the hide, is not thought enough on some occasions; with their sharp knives they cut the poor creatures, till, bellowing and kicking, they perform their almost impossible task, and they are sufficiently good anatomists to know exactly the vital parts to be avoided.

Travelled on—fields still innocent of the plough—a long range of grey barren mountains—in a few miles a quantity of greenish knolls looking verdant at a distance, but it was only young vegetation on the tops of brownish evergreens; the cattle eat this, and grow fat on it. Passed by Grietsgate farmhouse and rivière, (as 'rivers' are pronounced here), then by the Steenbrass Riviér, and some miles further by the Palmiet, the broadest we had passed. To these succeeded a very dangerous pass along the sloping side of a hill

with a precipice beneath ;—this, with a high-loaded waggon and eight horses in hand, was not pleasant ; but Gaspar seemed to know so thoroughly well what he was equal to performing that we soon began to place unlimited confidence in him.

After travelling about four hours with no other variety than I have mentioned, except three or four partridges killed by our gentlemen, we saw at a distance the farmhouse where we were to stop for the night. The name of the proprietor was Jacob Joubert—a boor ; Mr. Barnard had seen him at the Cape in his blue jacket, driving his waggon, and there he had given him a hearty invitation to his house. His wife received us at the door, not out of size, about thirty-five, plain, stupid, but civil. I expected to have seen a dozen of children, and was primed with my four boys ; but to my surprise I found she had none, so I thought it kinder to give her a companion in misfortune than to lord it falsely over her. Being extremely hungry, we ate up part of their dinner with them, to which they had added some boiled fowls, which, with plenty of potatoes and good butter, was a repast for an Emperor.

*Monday, May 7th, 1798.*—We set off from this place at seven in the morning—the weather glorious, all our animals well—with a fresh team of twelve oxen, which we had provided to carry us over the Houw-Hoek, another tremendous hill, and for the use of which oxen for two days we paid twelve dollars. These cattle were so strong that they pulled us with ease up ascents which made me almost think they could pull us up to heaven like Elijah. The vegetation of tender green on olive and brown was still fresher than the day before, and not ugly. We ascended the Houw-Hoek, and found it a tolerable road, but tedious. As one gains the summit, a fine rock presents itself ; and on descending there is another, resembling a giant shooting at the passenger. Here we were obliged to get out ; the road became so bad,—it was hardly exceeded by the Hottentot Kloof. The ascent was two miles long, the descent the same ; the rocks

appeared to me chiefly of a bastard white marble, but Mr. Barnard said it was only limestone. Quantities of the most brilliant everlasting flowers, pink with black hearts, grew amongst the heath. Jane and I loaded ourselves with them, we were so intoxicated with their beauty, glittering as they did in the sun like the brightest foils, although we knew how impossible it was for them to make the journey and return with us in any tolerable state to the Cape.

I remarked, on looking at the oxen as they picked their way down this steep descent, how ingenious they are in avoiding to hurt each other with their horns, which it sometimes appears wholly out of their power to avoid ; yet they never do. We met four waggons at the bottom of the hill, the oxen all lowing at the prospect before them.

Before us opened a wide desert—pathless, untenanted—one little bit of smoke only ascended to heaven—it looked like the burnt offering of Cain ; probably it was the fire of some poor Hottentot, cooking his humble mess. We now turned off at the foot of the mountain, and quitted what is called the Great Road (it being tolerably beaten by waggons) to pursue the path which leads to Mr. Brandt's ;—there we intended to pass the night, though he was not at home.

We stopped about half way at a farmhouse of Mynheer Cloete's to rest our wearied horses. He spends three months every summer there ; two small rooms is the whole of it, and a nasty little kitchen, inhabited by a very old man slave and a woman, into which we did not much wish to creep ; but the day was fine, and the *stoep* which hung over the sea was the pleasantest of all seats. At the mouth of the river, about half a mile distant, we saw a fishing-boat that had been successful ; the old man put up a signal to bring us the fish, which he contrived to inform us was excellent, but the fishers made him understand that they were to carry it to Mynheer Brandt's on the other side of the river, where we were to pass the night, so that which is deferred is not lost, we contented ourselves with examining our present resources.

I had fortunately (when I inspected the hamper) put in a piece of bouilli, had one of our tongues boiled, and I thought a couple of fowls would make pretty company for the tongue ; the poor people of the house could only afford us a little dry fish and a few hard eggs. I was mistress of a jar of butter, and by signs got the old slave to dig me up a few potatoes which I saw in his little garden. Table we had none but we had the top of an old barrel, and by no means any want of company,—cocks, hens, and every living thing assembling round to partake, and they had their share. One of the horses was much fatigued, and Gaspar, while he shook his head at the distance he had still to go, said he must take another half-hour to rest poor Osberg.

#### AN ACCIDENT.

As the day began to decline, I pressed Mr. Barnard to let us remain there all night,—that we could sleep in the waggon, or take our beds into one of the out-houses ; but on consulting Gaspar, our chief and governor, he said it could just do still to go on, that we should reach the river we were to ford before it was quite dark, that he had put up a signal for a guide to meet us on this side of it,—and, as the house we were going to belonged to his master, I saw he wished to push on, and to get his horses put in his own stables.

At last, all being ready, we set off, leaving the slaves happy with knives, handkerchiefs, and a sprinkling of Danaes, or, if you please, you may call it Anne's paper-shower, the schellings.

In this country the sun sets at once ; there is hardly any twilight, and the difference of a quarter of an hour is the difference between light and total darkness. There happened to be no moon, and very shortly we began to have serious apprehensions, from our having to travel still an hour and a half, that we might find the following of the river a dangerous thing. The road too—Gaspar was ignorant of it on the side of the river we were then on ; on the other side he was at home. I requested him to make Hector walk

at the heads of the horses, that we might lessen the chance of an accident. For about half an hour matters went on pretty well, though the shades of night fell fast about us ; at last—" Hey ! " cried Mr. Barnard—the waggon rocked—" Sit close ! "—I felt its wheel sinking on the side I was on, and in a moment down we came like a mountain ! The waggon was overturned—my head lower than my heels ; and everything in the world I felt was above me. Mr. Barnard rushed out to see where we were—Cousin Jane, Johnnie, and I were laid low.

" Anne, are you hurt ? "—" No—are you ? "—" I can't tell, I believe not, but—your hand, your hand, Anne ! " cried Mr. Barnard, " and immediately get out." I felt suffocated with the luggage—the left I could have given, but my right arm was wedged in between two of the bars of the waggon, and I felt that if the other was pulled violently, it must be broken. Thank God ! I got myself disengaged, and crawled out safe on to the heath ; Mr. Barnard returned for Jane, and brought her out, bruised, but with no bones broken.

How we all blessed Providence for an escape which seemed almost miraculous ! For, added to other dangers, there was one which I said nothing of, but which I thought by no means trifling ; had any of our guns gone off, some of us would have stood a pretty chance of being shot. But how did this happen with so many servants and a person at the head of the horses ? The foolish old Hector had led us too near the edge of a sloping bank, under which ran a little brook, and, while he walked on before, the wheel of the waggon had tipped over the bank. But what was to be done ? Dark as pitch now—Gaspar pronounced that the waggon was not broken, though shattered ; and if the gentlemen could lend their assistance to help on with the head of it, we could proceed in half an hour ; but to do it things were to be moved so very heavy, that, except on a strong emergency such as this, they did not conceive they could have been equal to it ; now, each seemed to have been

endowed with strength for the purpose, and all was replaced, nor did there seem to be much damage done except among some liquids, the extent of which ruin we were ignorant of.

While this was going on, I walked about to discover if I could what sort of road was before us, level or hilly ; while Jane sat on a stone, the statue of patience, condoling with herself over the bruises on her white marble arm, the rest of the figure in a state of perfect preservation in the saddest, sweetest sense of the word, as the cask of ginger had had its top knocked off in the fall, and had poured its contents in at Jane's neck and out at her toe, by which means she was a complete confection. I should have ventured to laugh however at this misfortune, and to have counted my bruises with her, had not my attention been called to a voice in the dark saying, " Well, to be sure, this is the devil's own circumstance ! "

I found it to be Cousin Johnnie's, who had embarked the whole of his fortune, amounting to thirty dollars, in Jane's netting-case, which happened to be the only thing lost in our tumble ; and he had groped on the bank, and felt in the brook, and nowhere was this unlucky netting-case to be found. Nor had we a tinder-box to strike a light. At last—" Well ! " says he, " I don't care—a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,"—as he accompanied this with the swagger of a cornet's philosophy, he kicked his foot against something that jingled :—I leave it to you all to judge of Johnnie's transports when *here* was the box, the fortune of thirty dollars, and, what was better still, all the ivory pins safe, and Jane's half-finished purse.

In about an hour, everything being replaced, Mr. Barnard wished us to get into the waggon again, but cowardice was now much too strong to listen to argument ; side-saddles were put on both the horses, and, attended by the gentlemen, we rode to the ford, which was at half an hour's distance, the only house that was near on this side the river finding it impossible to accommodate us, the man and his wife being from home, and the *jonge vrouw* afraid of us. At

last we reached the water and followed the guide ; the ford was marked out only by a stick or two to the right, and even at this time, when no rain had fallen, it was so deep that it took us pains to avoid being wet. Safe on the other side, we once more got into the waggon, and after three-quarters of an hour drove up to the door of Gaspar's master, whom we had left at the Cape.

We entered through a kitchen filled with slaves, many of them blessed with a very scanty portion of covering indeed. We had not been long here before we found that the talents of our coachman were by no means confined to driving ; he had no sooner given his horses their feed, rubbing down being out of the question here, than he set all hands to work ; the sleeping chickens were called up to be broiled, the sheep to be stewed, while the admirable fish which we had wished for in the morning now blessed our eyes in a hamper, and put into the pan, cut in pieces, with a good lump of mutton-tail, came forth delicious. A little hot wine and water crowned our repast, and decent beds rendered trouble in unpacking unnecessary.

" This will all be very pleasant ten years hence," said I, " dear Jane ! "—" Ye—s," said she, " but I am so tired I must go to bed."—Johnnie, also being very sleepy, and having vowed vengeance against the whole feathered race in the morning, did so too ; and my lord and I, shaking hands, took a cordial glass of wine and water " to the health of all those we love and who love us ! "

#### THE DRUP KELDER.

*Tuesday, May 8th, 1798.*—Had an excellent sleep in one of the tallest beds I ever saw, and a good breakfast—our own tea and sugar, but fine butter, eggs, and milk—all the bruises tolerable—white marble arms to-day become *verde antique*,<sup>1</sup> which I tried to convince Jane was the more valuable article.

<sup>1</sup> (French) = old-fashioned green colour.

Having heard of a curious cave for petrifications called the Drup Kelder, at five or six hours' distance, although we had little expectation of finding it equal in beauty to some of our own in Derbyshire and elsewhere, yet, as it is always well to see everything in a country where nothing has been looked at, we determined to go; and Gaspar lent us one team of his master's oxen, and sent another on before, that were still more powerful, as a relay—the road being heavy beyond all description, particularly the latter part of it. We set off at eight o'clock, going for some time along the edge of the river, opposite to that where we had met our disaster.

A quantity of game here bolted out on us, of various sorts, partridges and hares chiefly; several of the last appearing and standing still, the gentlemen were after them in a moment, requesting us not to stop for them. Gaspar and Hector, however, being both keen sportsmen in their hearts, were off to assist the gentlemen, giving a good lash at parting to the oxen, to keep them at full speed. To be sure, Jane and I, in spite of fear, could not help laughing at the mode in which we now seemed to put all our hopes in destiny—alone in a waggon, no driver near, and at the discretion of twelve galloping oxen to go where they pleased; but the oxen and horses here are so little accustomed to made road, and so much used to pick their own, that we soon found ourselves as safe when under the guidance of a good team, and much safer, than if we had had a London coachman on the box.

On these banks there grows in little bunches the Cokima-crunki, or what I call Hottentot pine-apple; it has the same colour, the same flavour, and is filled with an aromatic juice and seeds—which I do not recommend to be bruised with the teeth, as they leave a taste of garlick in the mouth. The Dutch are so fond of this root, which by the bye is not a root but a fruit, that they give twopence apiece for them to the black children who pick them up in the country and bring them to the town—no small price for a luxury here—I mean for them to give for one, which is a different thing.

We passed through a low brushwood afterwards, the trees so close that they met with our fresh oxen, and soon plunged into a pathless world, sandy, but covered high all over with evergreens of various descriptions, breaking down our way as we went by the mere weight of the waggon, which was driven by Gaspar's brother, who was employed on the farm, and was more conversant than he was with this part of the country. The brushwood seemed to me to be of a more brittle nature than what I was accustomed to see in England, which would not have given way so easily.

How many various plants might not a botanist have discovered here ! I have eyes, but I see not, from ignorance. Sometimes we went over bushy mountains, sometimes dipped into sandy holes—every here and there a buck skipping out of a corner, and Mr. Barnard after it, or Johnnie. At last, at a distance, appeared the stupendous hills of white sand which I had before observed no mortal surely could have the courage to pass ; but cross over them we must, or no Drup Kelder. It was a beautiful thing to see the quantity of bucks which now began to run all over the snow-white mountains ; the figures of the gentlemen too at a distance were picturesque—all appeared to be in deep snow, while the air had the charms of summer in it without its oppressive heat. The first remarkable thing I saw was a range of rocks ; in one of which there was a natural porch, the sea having beat—through an opening in one of them for its foaming surge.

Many tremendous mounds of sand did we ascend and descend, our wheels above the axle-tree, before we reached the top of the cliff where was the cavern,—and when we did, our oxen were quite spent. It was now rather later than could be wished, and Gaspar's brother told us we must not think of halting here above an hour, else we should be benighted ; we therefore sought for the path to the cave immediately, to lose no time. No one could find any ; each took his own. I found some large shells of bad mother-of-pearl ; but, while I was looking for better, Mr. Barnard

called to me that he had discovered the way, but was afraid I could not follow him ;—he bid me try, however, and not be afraid.

I did, cautiously grasping by the bushes, much inconvenienced by my great-coat. In this way I descended the precipice which hangs over the sea under which is the cavern, till Mr. Barnard called to me there was no going any farther, and, in a calm, indifferent tone of voice which I perfectly understood, said, "Follow me up this road, and don't look at anything below."



THE BATH HOUSE, CALEDON ; ERECTED 1797.

*From a Drawing by William Burchell.*

I vigilantly followed his advice,—I felt all my danger ; it was even greater than he knew of, as the soft, woolly cloth of my great-coat adhered to the bushes, and sadly retarded my progress. Had my head turned round, or had I not exerted in myself all the philosophic calmness I was mistress of, I must have tumbled, my knees trembling as they did.

"Don't be afraid," said he, "follow me—I cannot assist you ; but turn your face to the rock as I do, and hold fast by the shrubs ; the road is narrow—take care to lay hold of the bushes that are firm in the rock."

These bushes were small twigs which grew about shoulder high in the stony wall to the left. I did, while a glance of my eye shewed me I was passing along a two feet broad

path, which must have dashed me to atoms had I fallen. When safely at the top, I thanked God with a trembling but a grateful heart. No part of the ascent of the Table Mountain was equal to the dangers or horrors of this. The first was merely fatiguing—this was hazardous.

We afterwards found the right path, though not a good one, and got down to the cave. In a cavity of the rock, far far out of the reach of man, we saw an immense hive of bees, which have as good a chance of eating their own honey as any bees of my acquaintance,—and a noble porch is to be seen in a contiguous rock, through which the sea appears. At the cave's mouth there lay scattered bones, but we could not judge what animal they had belonged to. Tigers often infest it, and feast on what they drag within it; it is therefore necessary to fire a gun before the cavern is entered, and to have plenty of light, to intimidate the creatures from appearing who may be there concealed. Unless in the greatest want, no savage animal will attack a man. The guides remarked by the trembling of the horses, as they approached the cavern, that they smelt the tigers near; but they did not appear. We had fortunately brought a tinder-box, and the gloom of the recess was soon illuminated with a set of wax candles, which had been packed up after my last party in Berkeley Square; they little thought, when their tops had the honour of shining upon some of their Royal Highnesses and all your right honourable faces, that their bottoms would next illuminate the Drup Kelder at the Cape of Good Hope.

They, however, did not refuse to shew us the curiosities of the place. The pointed *drup-stones* descended from the roof in great numbers, and sometimes met with others which had risen from the ground to meet them. The largest piece of petrification that has ever come out of the cavern is in the possession of Mr. Cloete at Constantia. One day in the cave he said to some people that were there along with him, "That is so fine a specimen that I would give a thousand dollars to have it at Constantia." A boer asked him if he

was serious,—he replied, he was—he did not believe any one could bring it safe over the Kloof. The boer effected it, and landed it entire at Mynheer's door, much to his sorrow. Had there been the least flaw found in it, he would not have paid the money; but as there was none, and witnesses were present when his offer was made, he was obliged to pay the sum.

We stayed too short a time in the cave for me to draw it, but I have endeavoured from recollection to give you an idea of it. We now remounted our waggon, but found great difficulty in getting to the end of our journey, as the cattle sometimes lay down quite exhausted on the sand-hills; in particular poor Tea-water<sup>1</sup> (all the oxen have their names, and this was his)—Tea-water was so weak, that they were obliged to put him in the place of Landsman, and make him a leader.

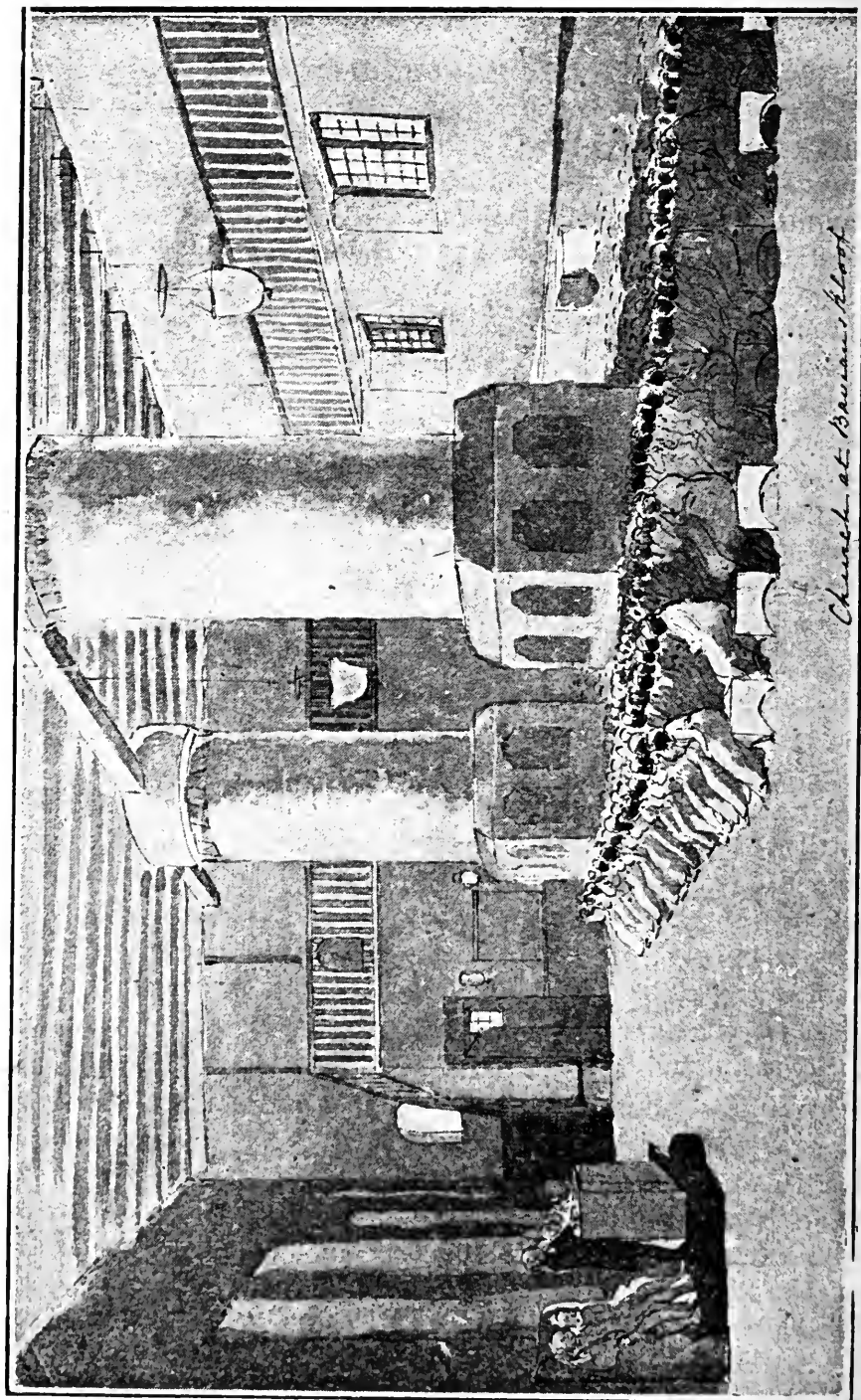
We changed our team where we had before changed in the morning,—it was not easy to find it; it is by cracking of the whip the drivers let each other know where they are, and, as there is no trace of a road, they cannot in a dark night guess within a quarter of a mile, or perhaps more, of each other's situation. At one time I observed our driver lashed his oxen into a gallop; I apprehended some wild beasts were near, but he explained to Mr. Barnard that we were passing by one of the spots where the cattle usually assemble together at night; and, had our oxen smelt the others, off they would have been over bush and briar, and we should have spent the night with Tea-water's friends.

We did not reach home till eleven. Mr. Barnard was not well, and went to bed. I made a fricassee in the conjurer, much to my own satisfaction and that of the others. The *aide-de-camp*<sup>2</sup> once more vowed to be up betimes to pop at the partridges; but waking vows are sometimes lost in sleepy infidelity.

*Wednesday, May 9th, 1798.*—An admirable breakfast of a mutton-chop of a particular kind, being the side of the sheep

<sup>1</sup> ? Te Water.

<sup>2</sup> Johnnie Dalrymple.



*Church at Bavians Kloof*

THE ORIGINAL CHURCH, GENADENDAL, AS SEEN BY LADY ANNE BARNARD.  
*From a Water Colour Drawing by Admiral Brenton.*

after the shoulder and leg are cut off ; it is salted, peppered, with crumbs of bread and parsley,—nothing can be more savoury. We had also very fine wild honey.

One of the slaves here, seeing me take notice of one of her children, pleased and flattered, brought me seven more. One of the little ones she made me understand was dumb. I looked into its mouth, and saw evidently that the tongue was tacked down by a ligament I have often seen cut. How I wished that I durst have set it a-going with my scissors ; but while I looked, the child began to roar ; and as it was a girl, I thought it was possible I might do more harm than good by giving liberty to an unruly member. Jestings apart, I feared the lock-jaw, which I have sometimes heard was the consequence of any injudicious step of this kind ; and, like a coward, I did nothing, from the terror of doing ill.

Wherever we turned as we left this place the bonteboks bounded away before us, and set Johnnie's heart a-beating. No tillage—no trees—and but one human being appeared as we travelled on. We passed the Clyne Rivière<sup>1</sup> Kloof—not steep, but stony and dangerous from the frequent slopings of the road—some very marshy passes—to the right, a range of hills and a cascade—to the left, a long row of mountains, which on turning the angle we found was succeeded by another. We passed the Hartebeest Riviér—a good farm belonging to one Tesler—the Steenbras Riviér—and arrived about six at Mr. Wolfram's (who rents the Government baths,<sup>2</sup> where people go for a variety of complaints), and slept there.

*Thursday, May 10th, 1798.*—While breakfast was preparing, I made acquaintance with two very distinguished personages, a pair of young ostriches of about eight months old. There was something in their appearance so unlike anything I had seen before, that, when I perceived a couple of creatures whose long throats reached about four feet higher than the horses' backs that they stood by, I rubbed my eyes, thinking my head was giddy. Mrs. Wolfram called

<sup>1</sup> Klein Rivier.

<sup>2</sup> Now Caledon Baths.

them to her, and they ran directly at the sight of two oranges, one of which they swallowed at a gulp,—the second orange, being rather larger, stuck in the throat of one of the immense creatures, who instantly picked up a stone of nearly the same size, which he swallowed to put it down. I never saw so fine a drawing as might have been made of a battle between an ostrich and a man ; it would have been worthy of Herculeum,—the ostrich, bulked of his orange, getting at last so wildly, madly, and beautifully angry, that it was a charming sight ; but then he becomes dangerous, for, if he puts his foot on the man's, he treads it flat. He is an astonishing creature, not without a resemblance to a horse and to a camel ; he makes a wonderful link between the bird and beast, partaking of both, as the penguin does of fish and fowl in his low class, where he is, however, as perfect a link as the ostrich.

As we expressed a wish to see the baths, Mr. Wolfram took us in the waggon. The Government House consists of three or four rooms, which could be divided so as to contain a dozen or two of invalids, but there are bare walls only at present. The water is introduced in its own stream into a small house where there is the bathing-place ; I put my hand in it, and could just hold it there. In the kitchen I admired a very picturesque group—a Hottentot woman in her ornaments, a boer, little Charles, and slaves of different countries, all collected together ; but the boer's figure, supinely smoking his pipe, first looking at the Hottentot he was accustomed to see, and then at the Englishwoman he had never seen before, would have been in itself a picture.

When we returned to the house, Mr. Barnard settled the expense of the horses, as Wolfram would not hear of accepting money for our eating. He of course overpaid the other bill, which was the same thing. As to the slaves, they ask for nothing, but they gaze one out of scissiors, needles, ribands, and whatever else, poor things, they covet—and they accept with transport.

## GENADENDAL.

But now all was ready. We ascended, and packed ourselves again into our waggon, and, with another charming day, the gift of the kind Power who blessed the journey, we set off to see those humble missionaries under Him, who, sent by the Moravian Church about seven years ago, have made so great a progress in civilising and converting the Hottentots to Christianity. Of these men, of their worthy undertaking, of their primitive manners, I had heard much, and this it was I desired with my own eyes to judge of, and to see what sort of people the Hottentots are when collected together in such an extensive *kraal* as that which surrounds the mansion of the Fathers.

In the houses I had as yet stopped in I had seen only the servants of the farmers, kept to hard work and under humiliating subjection. I had reason to guess the Fathers, or Herrnhüters,<sup>1</sup> as they are called in this country, were no favourites of theirs,—and ere long we shall see the reason. Their abode<sup>2</sup> we were told was at the foot of the Baviaan and Boscheman's Kloof, at about four hours' distance, viz. sixteen miles, and we hoped to get there by two o'clock.

The river which runs from the Bath accompanied us part of our journey—we had two ugly steps to drag through, of boggy brooks—saw one farm-house at a distance amongst the mountains—then lengthy hills and hills succeeding to each other, but with some little appearance of verdure, from the same cause I have before mentioned, the vegetation of heaths and evergreens. Baron Kilderness has a house here, a comfortable-looking farm, the first appearance of ground in tillage since we left the Baths. Here we met a specimen of Hottentot cavalry, an ox saddled and bridled, which seemed to be carrying his bare rider just as well as if he had been an Arabian and the rider dressed in the best buckskin. Sweet Milk Fly,<sup>3</sup> or Valley, was seen at a distance, or rather

<sup>1</sup> From Herrnhut, the European centre of the Moravian Church.

<sup>2</sup> Gnadenenthal (Genadendal).

<sup>3</sup> Soet Melk Vlei.

its mountains rising over knotty hillocks—more mountains when we left these, and another range beyond,

“Never ending, still beginning—  
Was this country worth the winning?  
Yes! here’s climate, soil, beside thee:  
Cultivate—the gods provide thee!”

“Good morrow, moeder!” said Gaspar to an old Hottentot woman with a dog running by her side; “Goeden morgen!”—“She is coming from school,” said he. She smiled to us with much benignity, and pointed to the country she had left, saying “Herrnhüters?”—“Ya, ya!” said I. She clasped her hands and looked at the place as much as to say “God bless them!” and passed on.

To the right we passed another farmhouse of tolerable appearance,—we passed over another hill, and then at a distance we saw the humble mansion of the Fathers. Each step we took we now found a bit of grass or a few cattle, a kraal or hut, a corn-field, a little garden interrupted by heath—then more cattle, a larger field, cows and calves—these cows and calves, the look of peace and prosperity, I need not tell any one of you what sort of sensations it conveyed—it was the tacit manna of the Almighty showered down on his children.

A waggon now appeared at a small distance before us, and Gaspar had not so little of the *esprit du métier*<sup>1</sup> as to be without the desire of getting to the house before it. There was not much accommodation for the horses to be expected, and the “Secretarius” himself, he seemed to think, would have no chance of having his horses put into stable if the others arrived first. He therefore whipped on through a marshy ground, by which he meant to jockey the other party. Our cunning had almost lodged us in a bog, but two or three Hottentot women, seeing our distress, ran before us to put us in the right path, which we gained with some difficulty. The other waggon however won the day, and the horses were in the stable when we arrived—but Gaspar’s were also provided for.

<sup>1</sup> (French) = professional spirit.

The Fathers, of whom there were three, came out to meet us in their working jackets, each man being employed in following the business of his original profession—a miller, a smith—a carpenter and tailor in one. They welcomed us simply and frankly, without artificial gladness or more than hospitable civility, and led us into their sitting-room, a small but neat apartment, in which there was a chimney and a grate. 'Twas here I began to regret more than ever the absence of Mr. Prince, whom I should have pinned to my sleeve and found such use in! However, they made us comprehend that the house we were then in was built with their own hands five years ago; that they were sent by the Moravian Church in Germany; that their object was to convert the Hottentots, to render them industrious, religious, and happy; that they had spent some time in looking out for a proper situation, sheltered, of a good soil, near water—and that they had fixed here,—that they had been furnished with money by their Church to collect materials, and to assist them till they could earn something for themselves,—that they had procured some Hottentots to assist them in the beginning of the work, and by their treatment of them more had been encouraged to creep round them. “This grate,” said he, “and all the iron-work, is my broeder’s<sup>1</sup> making; he got the bars, and fashioned it himself.” The other two had raised the walls, which were of clay mixed with stone, and had done the wood-work and glazed the whole; the tailor had taught the Hottentot women to make rush mats of a sort of reed, with which the floor of the church was covered over the clay, and which also lined it all through, shoulder high. They bid us step in to see it, which we did. We entered from the small room we were in, and found it about forty feet long and twenty broad; the pulpit was only a few steps raised above the ground and matted with the same rushes, on which three chairs were placed, and a small table and desk, on which was the Bible. The church had benches on each hand, the right side for

<sup>1</sup> Broeder = (German) Bruder, Brother.

men, the left for the women, and to these they entered by separate doors at the end.

I regretted much that it was Thursday and not Sunday, when I should have found the whole community, about three hundred Hottentots, assembled for divine worship ; but I found I should have only seen them more dressed, and such as had acquired any clothes by their industry would have worn them,—I should also have seen a greater number ; but I should still see plenty, as at sunsetting every day, when business was supposed to be over, there were prayers. We retired to our parlour, and, the church-bell now ringing to bring them all together, when the church was full and all was ready, we begged leave to make part of the congregation.

I doubt much whether I should have entered St. Peter's at Rome, with the triple crown itself present in all its ancient splendour, with a more awed impression of the Deity and his presence than I did this little church, of a few feet square, where the simple disciples of Christianity, dressed in the skins of animals, knew no purple or fine linen, no pride, no hypocrisy. I felt as if I was creeping back seventeen hundred years, to hear from the rude but inspired lips of evangelists the simple sacred words of wisdom and purity.

The service began after the Presbyterian form with a psalm. Then indeed the note that raised itself to heaven was an affecting one ; about one hundred and fifty Hottentots joined in the twenty-third psalm in a tone so sweet, so loud, but so just and true that it was impossible to hear it without being surprised. The Fathers, who were the sole music-masters, sang their deep-toned bass along with them, and the harmony was excellent. One fault only I found,—they key on which they took the psalm was too high, by which means the shrill pipes of the women rang upon the ear too sharply and made one apprehensive of their own voices being injured by it. This over, the miller took a portion of the Scripture, and expounded as he went along,—how I wished to have understood him !

The Father's discourse was short, and seemed to be whatever came first without study,—the tone of his voice had no

puritanism in it, it was even and natural ; but when he used the words, which he often did, *myne lieve vriende*, "my-beloved friends," I thought he felt to them all as his children. Not a Hottentot did I see in this congregation that had a bad passion in the countenance ; I watched them closely—all was sweetness and attention ; I was even surprised to observe so few vacant eyes, and so little curiosity directed to ourselves ; I own our dresses, the great coats I have mentioned, well pounded in the waggon, were not very attracting.

Dinner was now ready, and we were well disposed to do it ample justice, but that dinner—bread, eggs, and vegetables excepted—was drawn from our own stores ; we had one fowl by the bye, but that was all. The Fathers never eat meat, unless the Hottentots bring them game, or an animal meets with an accident, in which case he is cut up and divided into numberless portion, and all fare gladly on what they are too economical to kill. They live on the produce of their garden chiefly, on milk, eggs, rice, coffee, but by no means object to meat when it comes in their way. I helped the sweet old men to great lumps of cold meat again and again, particularly to ham, the half of one of which we had boiled, and never saw I finer appetites—"Broeder, eat this !"—"Broeder, take another slice."—"Ledi, ask him, he likes it !"—at the same time telling us they had not tasted ham since they left Germany. Of course the piece was put aside for them, and thankfully accepted. Our cask of Madeira and our gin were next produced. They had no affectation about it, but gladly took, as it was a day of fete, all we offered them, and said they should often like to have wine, but that, their pride being to cost their Church as little as possible, they had accustomed themselves to do without it.

Jane and I had intended, with the assistance of Johnnie, to spend the small portion that remained of the evening in threading up our beads for the Hottentots, and drawing from our stores such little trappings as we thought would

please them ; but there was something in these worthy men that made me pause over this,—I had a presentiment that their good sense might object to the measure, and was determined to do nothing without consulting them.

They smiled when I shewed them my hoard, disapproved of nothing, but, thanking me for giving them leave to speak their minds freely, said, they would be glad if I kept back the beads and all other ornaments ; they wished their minds to be turned to industry and not to ostentation, which is their natural turn ; but if I had any garden-seeds, common knives, coarse scissors, or thread, they would be grateful for them, but reminded me that there were three hundred of them, and that, unless some little civility from some of them justified particular gifts, it might introduce jealousy amongst the others.

Guided by his opinions, I put up my beads, and employed myself in new packing all the trunks,—like Esop's baskets, ours had been eaten lighter, and misfortunes (the effects of Pawell's bad packing) had made us still more so, the bottle of lamp-oil having been broken by the jolting of the waggon, and a bag of raisins finely soaked with it. My next object was to collect for the Fathers all the things we could spare, amongst which there was an English cheese, some tea, sugar, a piece of beef, a small lantern, a crockery lamp, a little rice, coffee, and brown paper.

But the present of all I put most value on, and which they seemed to value most, was the third part of the fleshy Margaret strawberry. Fond of their garden, and extremely neat in the divisions of it, I painted how delicious this fruit would prove if well taken care of, and that it was sent me by my sister Margaret, the most beautiful woman in Europe, who desired it might be called by her own name,—“and you, Fathers,” said I, “are the only people in Africa who have this.”

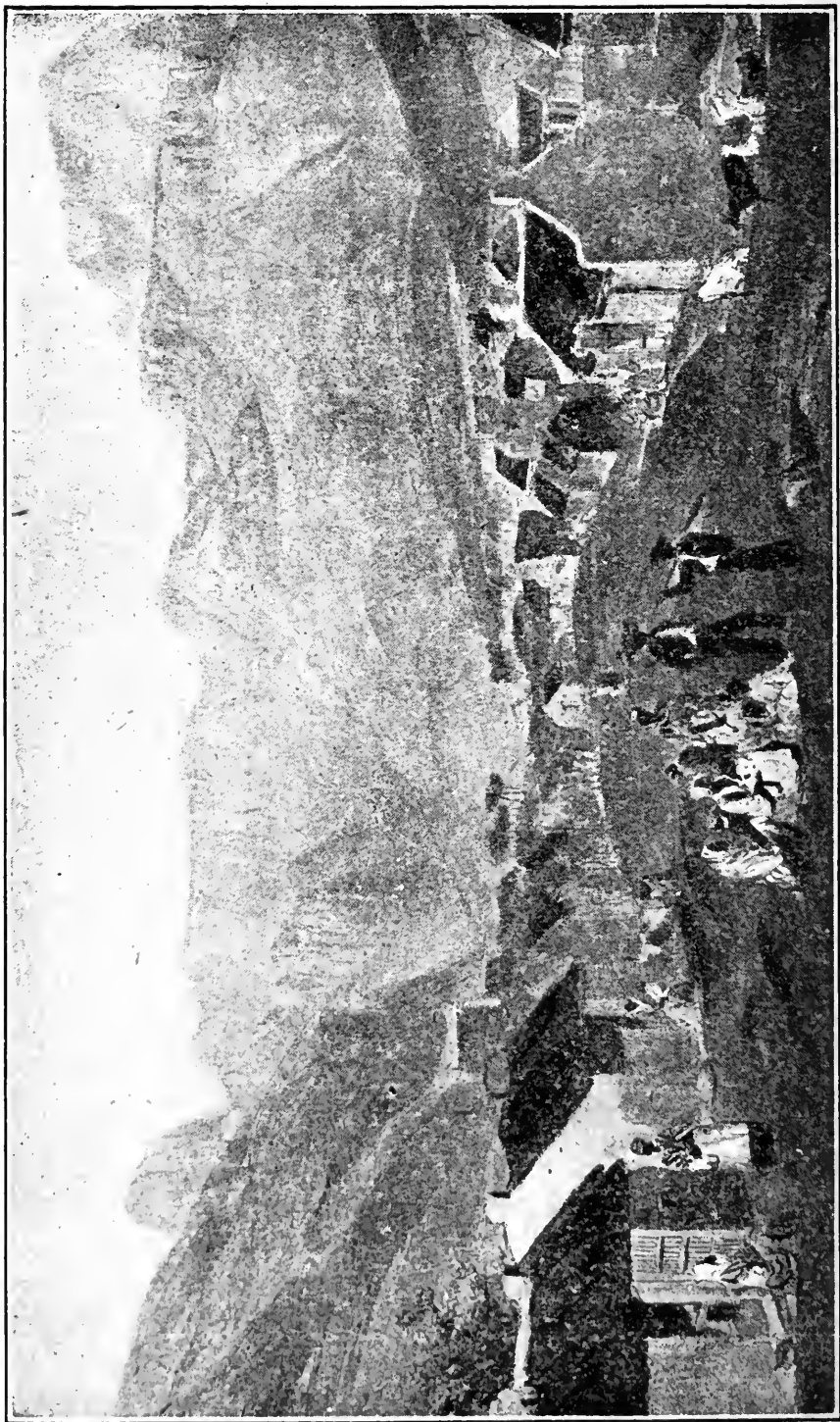
In the small sitting-room a couple of cane sofas were put, and we contrived to spend the night very comfortably.

*Friday, May 11th, 1798.*—This morning I rose betimes. Mr. Barnard had told me that I had but three hours to make the best of, as we must get to Sweet-Milk Valley that evening—a military quarter for the cavalry, and reckoned the most beautiful situation in the country.

The first thing I did was to visit the garden, with which I was greatly pleased, but there were many things wanting in it which I hoped to be able to supply them with from seeds with good effect. Indeed I see no reason why these people may not be as rich as they please, having hands and soil. I mentioned the cotton-tree and indigo, both of which grow wild in this country,—the marshy ground where we had almost been bogged I thought would do well, if drained, for rice—they believed it; and I recommended a very extensive plantation of potatoes as a capital good granary against starvation either in man or beast. Hemp and flax, I thought, might grow well, and there was a noble spot for a vineyard and for orange-trees. On these points we agreed and comprehended each other, which I was vain of, as I doubt much if my whole stock of Dutch amounts to two dozen of words. The miller attended me, the others prepared the breakfast and waited on the contents of the other waggon, in which there was a handsome, very fat young woman—whom Rubens would have married for a fourth wife if he had seen her and been a widower,—an old woman, a bunch of children, and slaves.

We returned to breakfast, and sallied forth the moment it was over. My first object was to take a view of the place from a distance, where I could not only bring in the church, but have a view of a part of the kraals which surrounded it; many of them reached far beyond what my drawing could take in.

The Father and I climbed the mountain to the right; the sun was warm, and shone inconveniently bright on my paper,—I put him between it and me till such time as little Charles should reach me with my umbrella. I then gave the old man his liberty; but he was pleased to see me work,



VILLAGE OF GENADENDAL (BAYIAANS KLOOF).  
*From a Water Colour Drawing by Angas.*

and would not go. I did not succeed to my wish—the sun was too vertical to give me the proper shadows, and I do not understand drawing from a height. He was transported when I traced the church-bell; the erecting of it, I saw, had been a flattering epoch in the calm tenor of time. I then descended with him, and hastily went through a dozen of the little gardens of the Hottentots; they were not very neat, but each one had something growing in it. The huts were of clay, thatched with rushes, some square as in Ireland, others round in the original Hottentot fashion, and brought up to the top without rushes, a hole only being left in the middle to serve as a vent, and another for the door. I entered one or two of the round ones,—the Hottentots were out, working in the field; furniture there was none, a few sticks were in the centre to boil their kettle, and tied to the sticks of the roof were a few skins, some calabashes, an iron pot, a couple of spoons made of bits of wood, to the end of which a deep shell was spliced and tied on, some calabash ladles and bowls. I saw nothing further to remark among the kraals but the bakehouse, a nice round oven, where a Hottentot was baking the loaves of the others; they nodded to us without awe as we passed.

The brothers who remained in the house were delighted with my drawing. The smith begged me to walk into his workshop; there I saw rough tools for hammering out iron into common shapes, and two or three Hottentots at work, making knives. He shewed me one that he said would soon be able to make knives without any more directions from him, an ingenious-looking lad of fifteen. “Here is what he does already,” said he; all my penknives are gone, but I have these remaining.” I bought a couple—I suppose it is the means of livelihood to them; they generally sell something to the strangers who go to see them. This done, I sat me down by the door of the workshop, and took a view of the church and house nearer; it pleased them still more than the other, but the smith, in a woeful tone, asked *where* his workshop was, for *there* was the church and *there* the

house, but his workshop was not there; though it was *here*,—he was not aware that I could not introduce the place I was drawing from. But I wrote under the sketch, “This was taken from the door of Mynheer Küpnel’s workshop,” which seemed at once to content him.

All at last being ready for departure, Mr. Barnard paid for the barley the horses had had, or rather the *bear*, as there is no barley here. We loaded the Hottentots who particularly belonged to the house with little gifts,—money would have been of no use to them. To the Fathers we gave presents, not forgetting the relics of the ham. They gladly took all, with thanks, and we departed—pleased with the twenty-four hours we had spent, and only sorry we could not have doubled them.

We arrived at Sweet-Milk Valley early in the evening. Mynheer Tunis<sup>1</sup> gave us an excellent supper, dressed by Gaspar, who, I find, is head cook wherever he goes.

*Saturday, May 12th, 1798.*—This same Sweet-Milk Valley does not at all answer my expectations. I was told of charming woods where the greatest variety of choice timber was to be found—stink-wood, ebony or black-wood, satin-wood, the wild olive, which resembles tortoiseshell when polished, and many others; but I saw not a tree. I learnt afterwards that there is a deep glen between the rising ground and the mountains, which is wooded all over. This may be very useful, but does not beautify the country much. I had no time to go to see it, which I was sorry for.

Proceeded this day to the Landdrost’s of Swellendam, but found to our dismay that they had been detained a day or two longer at the Cape than they expected, and were not yet returned. But here was another civil schoolmaster, the tutor of the *jonge vrouw*, who is an only child, and whom he reports as quite clever enough, if she would mind her book. Like the other, he bewailed that all was locked up—even the apartments were—beds, bedding, wine, everything but such eatables as did very well for us; we therefore made a good

<sup>1</sup> Theunis (?).

supper on what we could get. The good *meester* gave us some of his private bottle of punch, and we got out our mattresses, sheets, blankets—and, after a good deal of laughing, went to sleep just as well as if we had satin canopies over our heads.

*Sunday, May 13th, 1798.*—Woke very early after a good nap, but could not help laughing very heartily: we resembled so much a set of strolling players in a barn. Got up, and prepared an excellent breakfast for my fellow-actors. Thieved a few feathers out of the wing of a flamingo for my sisters—it was used as a fan to brush away the flies. Departed with a guide—saw no house for five miles, and then another of the Landdrost's, with kraals around it of Hottentots belonging to the farm, all naked.

A good deal of game had got up on our way, but here a couple of immense birds appeared, larger than geese. Off went Hobgoblin with his rider at full speed—he dismounted—fired:—"I have killed him, by Jove!" said the transported Johnnie, as he brought me the bird—"see how fat he is—look how handsome he is! Not an officer of the mess will believe me when I tell him this—give me off one of his feet, I pray, to put in my pocket, that I may shew my voucher," I begged him to defer that till we reached our journey's end, and tied the *pouw*, or wild peacock, to the waggon—a very fine bird indeed, of grave colours, but rich brown. Passed through a stony river, the road worse for the waggon than the kloof—a quantity of wild thorns now grew everywhere; sometimes they met so close as to endanger our eyes. Three ostriches appeared at a distance, and a secretary-bird—Mr. Barnard on horseback endeavoured to shoot his colleague—Gaspar shook his head, and cried, *Niet goed, niet goed!* It is in the first place reckoned very unlucky to kill one, and is, in the second, contrary, I believe, to law, as they are supposed to be necessary to destroy certain enormous snakes, etc. Johnnie Dalrymple's happy star shone bright to-day, for two core-hens<sup>1</sup> and certain partridges and curlews also fell victims to his gun.

<sup>1</sup> Korhaan.

After passing a small brook, where the water appeared thick and brackish, Gaspar told us we must alight and dine, as the horses must have an hour and a half to rest. At liberty from their harness, up went all the two-and-thirty hoofs in the air—hoofs, I may say, for the horses in Africa have no shoes, and they go so well without them that even Mr. Barnard begins to doubt if the practice of shoeing is a good one, or whether there is not more harm than advantage in it to a sound horse.

Our cold meat, our Hamburg beef, our tongue, our excellent butter given us by Mynheer Tunis, all with the sauce of hunger, tasted exquisite.

I plucked from the great thorn trees some of their prickles, of which I send you a few ; they exactly resemble the horns of the cattle. I hear the plant has found its way to Kew Gardens, and is there called the cuckold-tree ; it is certainly no scandal to give it that name, for richly does it deserve it from the quantity of horns it bears, and, all being white, at a distance it looks as if the tree was covered with snow.

The Pottenberg hills here appeared at a distance, under which runs the Braid Rivier.<sup>1</sup>

#### JACOB VAN RHENIN.

We now remounted our waggon, and without seeing anything else to remark—house, river, corn-field, or human creature—in the course of the ensuing twenty miles, reached (rather late) the abode of Jacob van Rhenin,<sup>2</sup> where Mr. Barnard had so much wished to find himself, on account of the excellent sport he was told he should find there. As it was dark, I could only judge that we descended a hill to go to it, and I observed Gaspar was cautious of his footsteps ; in the shade I thought I could espy some giants on each side of us—they were aloes, which grow here in great abundance, and with their long bodies and bushy heads make very good ghosts. We were met at the door by Jacob

<sup>1</sup> Breede Rivier.

<sup>2</sup> Van Reenen.

van Rhenin and his *vrouw*, a whole clutch of fair children, and many clutches of black. We saw at once that we were both welcome and expected.

When we entered the house, we found it rather different from the common style of Dutch architecture—better in some respects, but not so well as it might have been. We came at once into the hall or family-room, which was a good one of thirty-five by twenty-five, without any intermediate passage,—on the one side was our apartment, viz. the best one; on the other a smaller, where Johnnie, Pawell, and the baggage were to sleep; the third apartment was that which the good people occupied themselves, and where, I suspect, all the children slept also. The kitchen was the fourth, and there was a trap-staircase to the roof of the house, which was used as a store-room, as in all the rest of the farm-houses,—in which roof many convenient pigeon-holes might have been used if the proprietors had ever been introduced to the knowledge of what it was to be comfortable.

The *vrouw* was of the same size and age as all the rest of the married women in the colony,—the moment half a dozen children are born, five-and-thirty and fifteen stone seem to be acquired, of course. They have no idea, I see, of continuing to look handsome to please their husbands,—I believe the husbands would even think it odd if their wives were to dress neat and smart like the girls. A blue stuff petticoat, or a brown, a cotton bedgown with long sleeves, a double mock shawl handkerchief, and a Scots mutch, or round plaited morning cap, is the dress of every woman in the Cape when at home.

The *vrouw* here had one perfection, which to me is a great one, an open and sweet countenance,—no solicitude about anything, and tolerable good teeth—a very rare thing to be seen, as the women here lose the front ones entirely when they pass thirty, and they have no idea of supplying them. She pointed to the table, where tea and coffee boil over charcoal all day long, and milk ditto, saying, “Mak—self—know best vat like”—which was sensible—and gave us a

good white loaf and choice fresh butter, which we made great havoc on.

Johnnie now began to whisper something about the foot of the *pouw*, and, as this seemed to be a house without ceremony, I told them I should strip it myself of its feathers in my own room, which I did, saving the best for you all, and those of the koorhaan. The children assisted me, and we were all very jolly.

At nine supper appeared, and it was the best supper I ever ate in my life. There was at one end of the table a large shapeless piece of fine juicy roast veal; at the other a round of something black, like beef, larded—it was bontebok stewed in its own gravy, and admirable—no fat, I own, but the flesh a mixture between venison and beef. Mr. Barnard, though no supper-man, did it ample justice—potatoes also, rice and curry—a sort of soup—a quantity of our own partridges spliced and done on the gridiron with salt and pepper—bad Cape wine only, which we cared little about, having a store of our own, and some very tolerable apples, dried buck, and butter for dessert. *Her* father, a very old and beautiful figure, supped in his nightcap with us, as did Jacob himself; a Dutchman is never happy till he gets on his cap and night-gown. I expected to have seen him with his pipe also, like the others; but he never smokes, having lived elsewhere at the time first habits are formed. The schoolmaster was also of the party, and all the children, who were attended by an equal number of slaves, chiefly girls.

Van Rhenin proposed that next morning, if the day was fine, Mr. Barnard should go a-hunting in his waggon. He concluded the ladies would not like to go; but as he told us we should probably fall in with troops of zebras and other wild animals we had never seen before and might never have an opportunity of seeing again, both Jane and I resolved to be of the chase, though he bid us prepare to be as well jolted as ever we were in our lives. At a reasonable hour we separated, and slept “like the sons of Kings”—perhaps better.

*Monday, May 14th, 1798.*—Up at a tolerable hour—we breakfasted—the waggon was ready, to which there was no top—the *vrouw* declined making one ; she had to get us a good dinner against our return. Off we set—Mr. Barnard, Johnnie, Jane and myself, Adonis, the gamekeeper or rather gamekiller, little Charles—and Gaspar driving—with a forest of guns in the waggon, all charged—fear being the only thing that had been dis-charged.

I perceived the house was placed in a small valley, somewhat like the bottom of a basin, the ground rising all round it, and keeping it sheltered ; but there was not a tree to be seen, a few thorns and aloes excepted. He had built it about two years before ; part of the offices were not yet finished. When we got out of our basin to the top of the ascent, a boundless plain opened before us, boundless except to the left, where some mountains rose at a great distance, and by the sea, as I was told, at another point ; but these did not interrupt the wide range which the eye took in. “ And now lend me the whip,” said Van Rhenin, “ and do you, Gaspar, hold the reins.”

The whip he applied to his eight horses, who, knowing their master's taste, set off at full gallop, leaving the winds behind them. Game bolted out on all sides—I took my pencil to mark them down as they passed—six ostriches—six pouws—one ditto—one buck—twelve wild geese—one hare—nineteen ostriches—one young steinbuck—four bonteboks—nine bonteboks—four steinbucks—four roebucks. The bucks always run against the wind ; we therefore knew where they must pass, and galloped our waggon at full speed to stop their course by a shot. Van Rhenin took one of Mr. Barnard's guns,—he liked to shoot from the waggon, being rather lazy ; and as Jane and I had no right to object to anything, having 'shoved ourselves into the party, off went the guns round us ; but Van Rhenin was always too high or too low—I believe Adonis would have succeeded better. Mr. Barnard and the aide-de-camp, unaccustomed to this sort of hunting, preferred mounting their horses and

taking their guns. Four or five hours we spent in galloping in this manner over the face of this immense heath, where half a dozen dry ponds or pools are the only varieties of feature.

The soil, like all the rest of the country, seemed good, waiting only to be tried to prove itself so. The heath fattens the cattle well, and, as the horses know no better, they are contented with it. The hills which appeared at a distance are the habitations of the zebras, who come down to the plain in certain winds; but they were at that time contrary. Van Rhenin offered to get me a couple of young ones tamed, but he bid me take care what they drank; they will eat most things and drink whatever they can find; he had had one killed with lime-water. When they grow old they become fierce and bite.

#### A TALE OF THE 'GROSVENOR.'

Much as we saw of game, we returned without killing anything. Mr. Barnard said he had shot and (he was certain) wounded a bontebok, but, as he had no voucher so strong as the foot of Johnnie's *pouw*, we would not believe him. We returned before three, and found our good-humoured hostess and dinner ready for us—the table clean laid—game in plenty—but no meat except the continuation of the calf, the head of which was served up, as is the custom here, entire, with the horns and its own fine set of teeth. After dinner the conversation turned on the melancholy fate of the "Grosvenor" a great many years ago, which, you may remember, was wrecked on one of the most barbarous shores in Africa.

This Jacob Van Rhenin was the man who proposed to the Dutch government to send a party from the Cape to explore the interior part of the country, and to travel along the sea-shore to ascertain whether any of that unfortunate crew still lived. Some were supposed to exist,—in particular it was believed that several of the ladies had been carried off and forced to remain among the Kafirs. Six years had

elapsed since the ship was lost, but still there was a chance that some might be alive; and Van Rhenin, joined by eleven other gentlemen, his particular friends (one of whom died of illness on the journey and another was killed by an elephant), traversed a country which no civilized person had ever before dared to visit.

At first they ran a considerable risk from the Boschemen<sup>1</sup> and Kafirs; but, when they found what was the object of their journey, they did them no harm. Upon the best enquiry, they found that the crew which was saved consisted of two hundred persons, and that they had been able to collect a good many useful things from the wreck; but, being without a leader, the men would not bend to any authority, which was the chief cause of their misfortunes afterwards. They divided themselves into three parties instead of keeping together. The first went into a peopled country where the natives were fierce and poor, and would give nothing without a return,—those, alas! were starved to death. Another division, amongst whom were the women and children, remained in the middle part of the country, but they ultimately shared the same fate. A third party travelled by the banks of rivers and by the sea-coast, taking their chance of what they could pick up for subsistence, and were also lost in the end, all but five, who reached the Cape. Traces of many of these unfortunate people Van Rhenin saw five or six years afterwards—their skeletons, part of their clothes, two pieces of spermaceti candle which remained undamaged by the elements, and a silver coat-button, on which the unfortunate proprietor, “Colonel Johnstone,” had engraved his name, leaving it, the last legacy of misery and affection, on the barren sand, though with but little hope that any pitying chance should ever send over that trackless desert a person who would find and convey it to his family. Van Rhenin gave the button to Colonel Gordon, who commanded at the Cape, to find out by the spelling of the name and number of the regiment who had had such a relation. What a melancholy pledge it would be, to receive of a son or brother!

<sup>1</sup> Bushmen.

The five people I before mentioned (probably sailors) surmounted ten thousand difficulties, and by following the tracks of the rivers, living on mussels and shell-fish, reached Cape Town. One of them, an Italian, carried all the way in his arms an infant belonging, he said, to the Governor of Bengal ; but, on enquiring more closely, we found it must have been the child of Sir Robert Chambers. He had nourished it on plantains and water,—at last he came to a spot of safety,—he made a fire to warm it, and left it for a moment to see what he could gather for its support ; the infant being cold crept to the fire, where it lost its balance and fell in ; he found it alive on his return, but it died next day. Its parents never knew the manner of its death, and so much the better.

He told us, however, that, although no person remained of the crew, there was an old woman, near sixty years of age, a European, who had been found when a child by the Kafirs under similar circumstances. She did not know from what country she came, but remembered to have sailed a great way in a ship. He proposed to her to come down and visit the Europeans at the Cape ; she seemed intoxicated with pleasure at the idea, but said she could not till her harvest was got. She had been married in the Kafir fashion to the richest man of the tribe,—that is to say, he had more cattle than anybody ; and her sons by him were all Captains—a pre-eminence given to them voluntarily by the rest in compliment to her as a white woman. She still lives, and still proposes coming to the Cape ;—I wish she would make her words good while I am here ; I should be very glad to give old Kaffraria an apartment in the Castle.

To-night we had what was a treat to Mr. Barnard, a large dish of oysters, and some very fine fish. Johnnie said the oysters were good, but they did not look so well as ours. Their shells are singular—I send two ; every oyster has a room and a dressing-room ; so, when she is “crossed in love” and unhappy, she may retire to her “boudoir.” There are pearls frequently found in them. I wanted Van

Rhenin to make an oyster-pit, and try to fatten up some jewels ;—I must look into the ‘Encyclopedia’ for this—a book which, if thrown upon a desert island with one, would shove one forwards about a hundred years.

### A HUNTING PARTY.

He proposed next day, if we liked it, to go on a fishing party to the mouth of the Breede Rivier, which is joined on its way by four others, and here falls into the sea. He dined there generally twice a week, he said, in fine weather, “and my fat woman,” said he, kindly taking his wife by the hand, “will have no objection to accompanying you.” She nodded assent—she has but little English, though she understands all that is said. This settled, we separated.

*Tuesday, May 15th, 1798.*—The charming weather still continuing, we mounted our waggon—not the light hunting machine, but one to hold all the family, and set off, partly the same road as before. Bucks, pouws, and ostriches again appeared. At a distance a flock of birds still larger than pouws were seen ; they were so busy about something as not to perceive that we were approaching them, till, scared by guns, they mounted and hovered, half unwilling to depart. We found it was a company of eagles feasting magnificently on the identical bontebok we had faced Mr. Barnard out of the day before,—the spot was nearly where he had shot. But little more of the buck remained than the head. Van Rhenin took possession of it as a perquisite to the Lord of the Manor, and departing we gave the eagles liberty to renew their meal.

I met with a very aromatic grass here, which I took some of, but the smell has gone off. I wished to have had another plant, a miniature aloe, which is used as a kind of birdlime ; but I felt shy of proposing to others to stop for my fancy.

I got some curious bulbs of an odd plant, the leaves of which spread like a fan, thin and flat ; and longed to have picked up some stones, so like French rolls, that it would

have been impossible to know the difference. On falling down to the river, there was much fragrance from the bushes, a thousand agreeable but old-fashioned smells, such as the noses of nieces and nephews have been regaled with on the opening of old India cabinets of their grandmothers or aunts. On the shore there are flat black rocks to which square bits of iron are fixed, and are sometimes found detached; Van Rhenin supposes there is volcanic matter below—I send a specimen. I had not time to proceed to where the sea-beans are found, but they gave me some;—they are highly esteemed by the Dutch, I know not why; they mount and hang them to their watches;—I think they would make curious earrings. After taking a slight sketch of the shore, I saw the boat return, loaded with fish. Gaspar had lighted a fire amongst the bushes; the Vrouw Van Rhenin tucked up her sleeves, and, by the time my drawing was ready, dinner was.

On the grass we arranged ourselves—a sail-cloth for our damask; each one had his plate, each his appetite; mustard, salt, pepper were in calabashes. Adonis arrived, not loaded with game for the expecting Venuses, but with the tridents of Neptune, viz. four three-pronged pitchforks, on which were spitted fish, salted, peppered, buttered, roasted before a clear fire on these forks, which were stuck in the ground; and a pan accompanied them of a hot sauce of butter, lemon-juice, soy, and cayenne. Nothing could be better—how I wished you all had a share with us, on Fortunatus's carpet! A fish-soup also came, which the others ate with rice; and a great variety of other fish, cut in pieces, and fried, made up the entertainment. Never did I see Mr. Barnard make so hearty a dinner;—he said the same of me with equal justice.

The nets were now hauled again;—they produced a huge skate, as large as a house, which sighed bitterly and died with difficulty; it was ordered into oil. There were a great many little fish like eels with it; they have bills like wood-cocks, and are called becasse-fish. We returned to our

station ; and there, reclining on the grass, while the gentlemen took a moderate sip of our Madeira, we looked round us pleased and praising the entertainment of the day.

We returned home the way we came, only stopping at a house belonging to another Van Rhenin—a great stable to it—two hundred horses, which Mr. Barnard looked over, but found none worth his purchasing. A little more size in the breed would render the Cape horses very good ; they have already got a cross of the Arabian fire, and are hardy to the greatest degree, and as easily contented, as to fare, as mules, never having been pampered in their youth. At this place we found a garden in no order—good offices falling out of repair—a house dirty and inconvenient.

When we got home, we found a boer and his wife come to stay all night,—she the same age, the same size, the same petticoat and handkerchief, cap, bedgown ; he in his blue cloth jacket, trousers, and white nightcap. I hope old England furnishes all this blue cloth. Made the girls so happy with necklaces of the white beads I had by good luck put up—I see they are excessively admired.

*Wednesday, May 16th, 1798.*—A strong tendency to rain, which went off in the course of a few hours ; but we thought it best to take an early dinner, and go out afterwards in the waggon. Van Rhenin said he was almost sure, if we drove towards the hills, we should see the troops of zebras. We dined therefore at one o'clock, and had for the top dish Johnnie's *pouw*, stewed and then baked in the pan, with coals above and below. I never tasted any sort of game equal to it for delicacy and flavour. Its size was larger than the largest goose ; its legs and back were white, like those of the finest woodcock ; the breast was dark brown, and tasted of venison and pheasant. It was dressed with a *sauce piquante*,<sup>1</sup> and was such a dish that I said I would give twenty guineas had it been at his Majesty's table that day instead of ours,—to which Van Rhenin assented, and drank

<sup>1</sup> Sharp sauce, ketchup.

his health like a loyal subject, contented with a good master, though not the old one.

Before I went out, Dunira, a pretty black slave, wife to Adonis, came into my room, and in a bashful way pointed to one of the white bead necklaces which lay on the table, and then to her own neck, seeming to beg for a row. This threw me into a sad quandary—to give a slave a necklace the same as those I have given to the young ladies of the family ! It would have been nearly as much as my life was worth in some houses, and to have displeased my hospitable landlord and landlady after all their civility to me—No, no !—I therefore shook my head, and made Dunira suppose I had no more—“All done !”—but I promised she should have something better. She left me, mortified. I thought, if I could manage the matter, that it was worth the trying, so I bid Mr. Barnard tell the story to Van Rhenin before his wife, and at the same time mention my objections to her request, that I had given of them before to the young ladies.

They both laughed, and cried out aloud, “Not to think anything of that,—that she had been born in the house, and was a sort of child of the family,—and that, if I had the beads, to give her them,”—which I did, making her happier than a young beauty would be with a diamond necklace.

We now set off after the zebras, and saw them at a distance ; but they were wild, and scampered off. We saw the round hole where they come down from the mountains to roll themselves and spend the night. The gentlemen shot some game. We returned to the house, and I spent the evening in making memoranda of these simple matters, and in packing up anew our baggage, as we meant to depart early next morning, that we might reach the Landdrost's of Swellendam by a tolerable hour.

Van Rhenin declared his intention of accompanying us for a day or two. He seemed to hook himself on to Mr. Barnard with a cordial feeling in which the “Secretarius”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Barnard's position as Secretary.

had no share, as he wanted nothing of him or of anybody,—and which Mr. Barnard returned as it deserved. How to repay them for all their kindness we knew not—money they would not have accepted of. To defray the mere expense of the horses we always found practicable, as whatever the farmers buy they are never unwilling to receive back the price for—but for our living we saw it would be unfit to offer anything. Mr. Barnard therefore made him a present of a gun which he had praised, value in England fifteen guineas, and here, I suppose, double; while I gave his wife a share of all the articles I could spare from future calls, and a smelling-bottle with a double gold top. I tied up the heads and waists of all the children with scarlet and white checked riband, and gave to every slave a handkerchief, scissors, thread and needles, knife, and two schellings.

Dunira now stole into my room, and in her bashful way said “You—you!” slipping into my hand a pair of cliches, or grey sea-beans, which I send to the Queen of Dunira, Lady Susan,<sup>1</sup> for a pair of earrings.

*Thursday, May 17th, 1798.*—Left the Van Rhenins at eight, bidding her adieu with the most cordial feeling of thankfulness for her kind reception of us that I had felt to anybody here. She had made us happy after the right fashion, given us liberty and the best she had to bestow, without ceremony and without requiring exertion of me—the most oppressive of all bills which can be drawn on my gratitude, and one I pay to be sure, but pay it fatigued and annoyed. Had I a fortnight at my command, to spend pleasantly where I should be sure to be welcome, I should not make a scruple of going to Jacob van Rhenin’s, to partake of his fish from his pond, the ocean, and of his bontebok from his park of two hundred miles in circumference.

#### SWELLENDAM.

We proceeded to Swellendam by a different road from that we came by, driven by Van Rhenin and Gaspar in com-

<sup>1</sup> Wife of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville.

pany—if one can call that a road which is pathless amongst the mountains, where no trace of human creature or blade of corn is to be seen. Gaspar seemed resolved to lay in a stock of talk to last him for some time ; he never stopped chatting to Van Rhenin,—indeed, he had been sadly stinted in that way with us, so this was to him the feast of tongues. On this hilly and heathy pasturage game seemed to abound still more than at Van Rhenin's ; in one troop of bonteboks I counted seventy-two, and at a distance twenty-six zebras.

We reached the Landdrost's at seven o'clock, after again crossing the abominable Stony River ;—so rude a river, with so rough a bottom, and that so far extended, never did I see. They were now returned home, and we hoped to get a good supper and good beds, no longer comedians in a barn, but great people received by a great man, the prince of the place, or rather the Viceroy.

*Friday, May 18th, 1798.*—All slept well, but not the better for our rise in life—Johnnie thinks our barometer stood higher at Van Rhenin's than here. After breakfast I tried to find a good place to draw from, but could not, so fixed myself where I could find a stone for my seat. The sun shone bright and hot ; a couple of African slave-girls, sisters, stood between me and it, unconscious of anything but how much pleasure they had in being of the party. I drew them, and they did not know it.

The mountains rise nobly at a couple miles' distance or so ; their bases were lost in a bluish vapour ; greenish hillocks rose between us and them,—'tis between them and the mountains, in a glen, much the same as at Sweet-Milk Valley, the woods are to be found which have been reckoned so luxuriant, but they are of no use to beautify the country, as their highest branch does not rise above the surface of the earth. Mr. Barnard and the gentlemen had gone out a-hunting, or rather shooting ; he had passed through those woods, and saw much fertile and well-watered country ; he said it was the finest situation for settlers of any he had seen. They had killed a good quantity of game.

Our dinner was eatable though greasy—the evening was long. I must not, however, omit mentioning a present from the good Landdrost which delighted me—the old great-coat which the serpent drops when he gets his new suit, which he does annually. It is rare that one is found in such preservation. When he has reason from his *feels* to think his new skin is stout enough to bear the air, he fixes the tip of his tail upon a thorn-tree, generally in a wood where he is not likely to be disturbed; he then cracks the skin under his jaw, and, like Joseph of old, glides off, leaving his garment behind him. I was so pleased with the skin, when shewn me, that my looks begged it, and the Landdrost replied to their language; it is as fine as Cyprus gauze, with a beautiful net all over it. I shall send it to Lord Hardwicke.

*Saturday, May 19th, 1798.*—Detained here, waiting for Mr. Prince, without whom we could not proceed on our journey, he knowing the roads, and Gaspar not.

*Sunday, May 20th, 1798.*—Attended divine service here. The audience was reverent and attentive, but in natural elegance the Hottentot assembly beat this hollow. Some of the young boers had fine countenances, and two or three of the young women had much Flemish beauty, which one saw would swell within a couple of years into immoderate perfection. We had a good many *kinder* baptized, the boys in their little man's nightcaps; they had three names apiece.

But what did I see the moment after service was over?—a thin wizened man in black arrive, round whom everybody crowded—it was Mr. Prince, and with him a whole packet of letters to us from Europe!—How I passed the rest of the day I need not tell you—in my own room feasting; much good reading I had—everything to please, nothing to pain me—and only regretting the want of one or two letters to make me completely happy. I leave consciences to sting the guilty.

*Monday, May 21st, 1798.*—All being ready, I had only to dispense my presents—no disagreeable moment, for nothing being necessary to give, as in English houses or inns, to

servants, everything is gratefully received. We breakfasted, and at eight o'clock,—the weather still brilliant, cool, but comfortable—we remounted our waggon, with the addition of Mr. Prince sometimes along with us, when he was not mounted on his horse, *Van Tromp*, in pursuit of game.

As we drove off from the door a flag was hoisted, and the sound of cannon surprised me. Jane told me it was a compliment paid to the *Secretarius*, whose horse seemed to carry his tail rather higher upon the seven discharges. I should have preferred some cold beef or veal to this ostentatious respect, but the veal would have been to us only—the cannon was to be seen and heard of men, that they, hearing our good report, might glorify King George who is in England.

We dined as usual to-day at a farmhouse about half way to Jacob Corradi's,<sup>1</sup> where we were to halt for the night. We were received by the *vrouw*, the mistress of the house—O house, unworthy such a mistress! as she was larger than her mansion. She seemed to me to be about forty, nor could she have weighed less than twenty stone;—if she weighed twenty-four I should not have been surprised. We have seen Mrs. M——,—she is a mere nothing to this woman; for Mrs. M——, though large, has not an equal portion below; on the contrary, the Dutchwomen, like respectable piles, have a balance beneath the surface of petticoat, which steadies what is above. Her eldest daughter was very handsome, and must have weighed about eighteen stone; she was the picture of the goddess Ceres, a goddess more of the earth than the heavens. Her child of fourteen months walked and talked, and was so heavy I could not pretend to lift it from the ground. Their dinner was over, which I was sorry for, as I like to take part of what is going, without putting any one out;—they regretted it, because we should have a hurried and bad one; but I believe we gained by our loss, as we had it cooked by Gaspar, to the great saving of the contents of the grease-pot.

<sup>1</sup> Conradie.

Johnnie soon provided entertainment for us, by shooting two or three fowls who had baffled the attempts of the slaves to catch them. Meantime the Hottentots got round me, and I drew one little girl, not arrived at woman's estate, who had a sweet countenance, and whom I should have liked to take with me; but she would have been too dear a purchase, being the property of the farmer, unless I had known her qualities to have been good. Every Hottentot child born in the family when the mother is receiving wages is the property of the master of it for twenty-five years, which is supposed a proper length of time to compensate for the charge of maintaining the child in infancy. It is in reality about twelve years too much. A Hottentot child is at seven years of age employed to tend fowls, sheep, cows; and its work fully repays the expense of its miserable board. The six following years are certainly sufficient to liquidate the past and pay the present; at thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen at most, I should think the child ought to be free; and I have some reason to hope the Governor will shorten the term of slavery to those poor oppressed creatures. I am sure he will, if he thinks it just.

While taking the picture of the Hottentot girl in her own attitude, I spied a poor *clyne*<sup>1</sup> Hottentot in a chair which had lost the matting, by way of a go-cart, to keep it from harm. Its mother, they told me, was a Boschewoman and in the fields with the goats. I had never seen a right Boschewoman, and begged them to send for her, which they did. Meantime I took the child out of its chair, set it on the floor, gave it an apple, and bid it sit still.

It looked like an Indian god, but it sat well—very well—better and better. I drew on, and soon found the little god had fallen asleep in its attitude. In this situation it remained till the Boschewoman arrived from the goats and entered the room. There was something beautiful in seeing the little god wakened from his sleep (probably by her smell), and crawling on all fours directly to the place where stood its

<sup>1</sup> Kleine (Dutch), little one.

miserable parent, who, pleased and proud, gave it something for its reward that no one would have robbed it of.

Her countenance was sweet to a degree—extremely like Lady ——’s ; her size about four feet, and her shape singular enough behind, as far as one could judge by the rotundity which her sheepskin seemed to conceal, though a slender woman. I cannot think this was a real Boschewoman, her countenance had so much of the Hottentot mildness in it.

After dinner I begged Mynheer Prince to invite the vrouw and her husband to visit me at the Castle, when they came to the Cape, and desired him once for all to ask every boer and his wife who shewed us any civility. Mr. Prince stared at me—“Are you serious ?” said he. “Certainly,” said I ; “I feel obliged to them ; they give me what they have, and will hardly accept of payment—I wish to be civil to them in return.”—“Nay,” said he, “you are perfectly right, I believe ; but I never heard any one talk of returning a civility in all my life.”—“The more shame to them,” said I, “Mr. Prince.” He spoke to the vrouw, and she nodded assent, as is the Dutch fashion, very few words being used on such occasions.

This settled, we shook hands and left them—but not them only ; their *stoep* was covered with a set of large idle boers in their blue jackets, sons of the family—men who do hardly anything beside eating and smoking, scarcely superintending the work of the farm, which is carried on by the slaves, but certainly never digging, threshing, or holding the plough. All looked at us with great curiosity, but none had disaffection or hostility in his countenance. I believe the farmers are better contented with the English government than the people of the town ; yet all benefit by it, a few excepted, who have lost good places and whose wings are clipped respecting monopolies and who cannot, when the fancy strikes them, encroach on the rights of the weak in their farms distant from Cape Town.

Can there be a greater proof of the flourishing situation of this country, compared to what it was formerly, and the

increasing riches of its inhabitants, than the complaints the president of the court of justice makes, that there is now not above one bankruptcy in a hundred to what there used to be, and that he is an undone man for want of customary fees—great part of his salary being paid in that way? The hangman too complains that people are either growing honest or rich, for that he has no longer anything to do. All this is very flattering testimony in favour of our Governor's jurisdiction.

We left these good people, and passed nothing worth marking down, heath and hill being all, enlivened by a few partridges, till we arrived at the house of Jacob Corradi, where we slept.

*Tuesday, May 22nd, 1798.*—The family were all dressed, and had drunk the dish of coffee with which they begin the day, before we appeared. They rise by candlelight here all the year round, stinting themselves much, as we should imagine, in sleep, did not the two hours' nap they take in bed after dinner make amends for their early rising. They certainly make the most of life by contriving to have two days and nights out of every twenty-four hours, and their plurality of meals, two dinners in one day, being equal to their plurality of sleeps,—but I do not like their division of time, nor the effects it produces either on the mind or body, sloth and constant eating being certainly the cause of the unwieldy fat, which they have not an idea of preventing or regretting, looking upon it entirely as a matter of course; nor am I sure that they are not a little vain of it, as it testifies to good fare and enough of it.

When we dressed ourselves and got into the next room, we found Mr. Barnard making his toilette in the corner, and busily talking Dutch with the young vrouws, who had attended him through all the manœuvrings of a tidy man's morning ablutions. A toothbrush they had never seen before, nor indeed anything else almost, combs excepted. I went into the kitchen—the roof was hung as full of dried meat of different kinds as the Drup Kelder was of petrific-

tions, but chiefly of mutton and buck. It was filled with servants belonging to the farm, Hottentots, etc. ; but such good fare as the dried meat comes not to their lot. I believe I have before mentioned that they have rarely anything given them but bread ; at some of the farmhouses they are even worse off, getting the fourth part of a raw pampoon, a sort of pumpkin or bad melon, which they carry into the fields with them when they have cattle to tend ;—it must last them for the day.

Whatever I looked at or mentioned, the two good-natured strange girls brought me with unaffected generosity. I had given them some of my stores—they could not in return heap enough on me. I even saw they had secreted dried buck and sausages in the waggon, because I had praised them. On departing, they permitted Mr. Prince to pay them for our horses and fare, but they added, or rather would have added, honest people ! gifts of their simple sort worth more than their bill came to. This was very unlike the inhabitants of Cape Town.

We now got into our waggon, after giving them a cordial invitation to the Castle, and proceeded on our journey, falling down first into a valley, rendered almost green by a variety of such plants as our greenhouses in Europe are stocked with, and from which we fell down into another valley of the same description. Of these valleys or basins there were four.

I plucked from one of the high bushes some black round berries like small shot ; they made a beautiful purple dye, which in an hour became a bright Prussian blue, and might I think be converted to some use ;—but how many useful things lurk in Nature all around one, which the eye of ignorance sees not, and which the eye of the skilful botanist and chemist has not yet discovered ! Wherever I go, whether in Africa or in Europe, I cannot help being often possessed with the idea of being hoodwinked to things around ; but we shall all see more clearly when we have no mortal eyes to look with.

After travelling about three hours, I saw a little brook that wandered at a distance through some low bushes. I had just been regretting to Jane that I had not seen any of the Hottentot ladies in their natural but also ornamented state, the servants of the farmers being kept to too much drudgery to be vain, and the disciples of the Herrnhüters have the disposition in them checked as much as possible by the Fathers. I had hardly expressed the regret when my good genius presented to me Pharaoh's daughter in the very brook before me, washing her royal robes—and perhaps one of the most picturesque creatures it was possible to see.

From afar I saw my copper-coloured princess seated on a stone, all over ornaments, and hinted to Gaspar that his horses, I was sure, would be glad of a sip of water; but I found him inflexible;—to give any gratification to a horse to make him go on the better was Greek and Hebrew to him. I was therefore obliged to tell the truth, that I wanted to draw the vrouw. He shook his head. Mr. Barnard said he would not witness such doings, and scampered off. I dropped two minutes of the five I had prayed for, and I trust no one will expect much from a sketch done in that time. I bid her stand up—she saw what I was about, and was delighted with it. From whence can a Hottentot girl have acquired the idea of having a picture done for her? She stood as if it was familiar to her; yet I dare say it never happened to her before.

When I had marked the form a little and the dress, I offered her four schellings or a *doek*, viz., a handkerchief; she preferred the last. I recollected having some old silver lace in my work-bag which had been on a court-dress; I thought it a royal present (as it had seen their Majesties), and fit for her Highness. Her transport on seeing it passed all bounds; she clasped her hands to adore it, tied it round her head, then took it off, and spread it out on the bushes. I fancy the washing was over for that day, so fully had the finery taken hold of her heart. She was the best-made woman of her sort that I had seen—extremely tall; her

countenance, though less sweet than that of many other Hottentots, was frank and ingenuous to a great degree, and she had much the air as if she had been told she was handsome, and had nothing to reproach herself with in want of tenderness of heart. She was really a gallant-looking girl of eighteen, and resembled extremely my old and kind friend Mrs. L——, when she was about that age.

We reached our destination, the Brand Fly<sup>1</sup> Baths, between seven and eight at night, our bones complaining much of an eight hours' journey, and flattering ourselves, from the title of 'The Baths,' we could not fail to have good fare and good beds, the season for the sick people being over. The look of the place, however, soon shewed me what was to be expected.

The master was a fat boer, decent enough in appearance, though dirty—his wife a peevish-faced Madonna, *passée*, with a child rather needlessly large for its situation in her arms. A very old grandmother, of whom I shall say nothing, an infirm man on crutches, two men with bad legs, one with a much worse, five or six children baffling description, and a dozen slaves and their children, were contained in the eating-room. They apologized for supper, which was ready to put on the table—they had some cause. There was—a dead chicken, which had paid the last debt to nature by some malady, and was half-boiled; it was swimming in rice and water—some pieces of boiled dried mutton—ditto of beef, putrid—a dish of terrible spinach—a stewpan with a dog's mess in it of yellow pumpkin—and brown bread, which, though bad, was the only thing which could be tasted. I forgot to mention a pot of sheep's-tail grease for butter,—and all this amidst stinks of every description. I durst not look, but tried to float my eyes lightly over everything, fixing them on nothing. Johnnie tugged away at boiled mutton; Jane put on her plate a bit of the fowl, which there remained. Mr. Barnard knew not well where to apply;—and I declared that, as I never ate supper, I would

<sup>1</sup> Vlei.

beg permission of the vrouw to have some tea and bread and butter,—that I had everything with me, and only requested boiling water. I perceived the countenances of two of my friends rise on this proposal, which I carried into effect, and certainly there never was a heartier meal made in the nursery than Mr. Barnard, Johnnie, and I made of what my stores produced. Jane would not join us, but retired to bed in silent despair.

We soon followed, and found her laid along for the night in her powdering-gown. I had got some little arrangement made for her bed and Johnnie's, but nothing good; he therefore laid himself along in his clothes, as did Mr. Barnard and I, foreseeing that, if there were any fleas in the colony, here they would be at home.

*Wednesday, May 23rd, 1798.*—The event justified my apprehensions,—we were all bit to death; and before it was light our room was invaded by men, women, and children searching beneath our beds for shoes, stockings, shirts—everything which had been stuffed there out of the way on our arrival. Mr. Barnard attempted to scold them off the field; but, as he was not understood, they returned to the attack. At daybreak we got up—no basin, no bottle of water to be found in a house where washing anything seemed to be unknown. We sallied forth therefore to the spring, where hot water being in plenty, we availed ourselves of it to wash the hands at least.

When we returned to the house, we found all that we had required, boiling water and a very dirty leaden teapot, which I soon made a clean one. Jane arrived after us, and finding no clean cup, called for one. The Madonna had not another, but she gave her one of the child's nightcaps to wipe the one Mynheer Prince had used. I hoped this would have made Jane laugh, but she was more ready to cry. We have all our different ways of taking small misfortunes. I feel all those sort of ridiculous inconveniences which I cannot help (provided they do not happen at home) as jests—Jane as

injuries—Johnnie as nothing at all, or, if as anything, as “the devil’s own circumstance.”

### THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

As soon as the horses could be got ready, off we bowled, rejoicing to have escaped from this abode of needless nastiness—for I have not told one half of the horrors that hemmed us round.

The farther we proceeded through the valley, the more bold and picturesque became the mountains, their form more varied and striking than any I had seen before. These as usual were succeeded by others and others. We were to dine, Mr. Prince told us, at the house of one Peter du Toit, where we should be tolerably well off, and where it would be advisable for us to spend the night, as we had a long journey to make next day to reach the house of Mynheer De Waal. We had but little expectation of good from so faint a recommendation; but there was still another farmhouse some miles farther on, where we could halt if we found this one too bad, though at some risk of being too late. We determined however to try Mynheer du Toit’s first, and after a dreadful deal of jolting we drove up to the door.

What a noble near mountain—what a nobler distant one, spiral like a cathedral—and what a capital rock as a foreground! Trees were wanting, but, as Margaret would say, the “bones of the country” were charming. The farmer, his wife, and two daughters came out to receive us. The farmer had an unformed fit of the gout hanging over his spirits, which sometimes attacked his stomach, but had not yet reached his toe;—I never saw a poor man more evidently under its influence. His wife was a clean woman of forty, with a cap well washed and nicely pinched, and two pretty daughters.

When we entered the house we were agreeably surprised with a cleanliness as singular as the contrast we had lately

quitted ; the Staffordshire plates in the inside of their glass cupboard shone bright, having been well wiped with a clean cloth—no greasy nightcap ; the brass spoons and ditto tea and coffee urns were polished as looking-glasses. “ Mynheer Prince,” said I, “ this house is delightful, it is so tidy.” —“ Ay, ay,” said he, “ well enoof,”—but he did not seem to be struck with the difference. We resolved to rest here for the night,—further on we might fare worse ; so we declared our intentions and found no difficulty.

Dinner was soon ready—a milk-white napkin spread on the board—all was good, clean, savoury—and as we were all not a little hungry, having had nothing for twenty-four hours almost but bread and butter, we did it justice. The master of the house sat melancholy in a corner—Mr. Barnard called for his Madeira, and, very much against his inclination, made him drink some glasses of it. He had an idea that any strong liquor would kill him ; whether it do so or no we shall see to-morrow.

Amongst other dried things they gave us excellent dried peaches, done without sugar, and cured in the sun ; the dried fruits of this country are much liked, particularly in India. At first they are not particularly palatable, as they fully as much resemble leather as fruit ; but on chewing, the taste of the fresh fruit is found to be more preserved than in the fruits that are done with sugar. Mr. Barnard is so fond of these dried peaches that he became purchaser of Mynheer's whole stock.—“ You will bring these to me,” said he, “ when you come to the Cape, Mynheer.” Mynheer shook his head, and bid Prince tell the *Secretarius* he should not live to be there again. We hoped better things from the Madeira. This man was the picture of good health,—rosy, and scarcely forty years of age.

While standing at the door, an old Hottentot, who might from her appearance have been two hundred, came up, dressed in all her finery ; her business was to tend the goats. She wore beads in profusion, and, as I expressed a desire to have some of hers, which from their equality were such as

are most valued, Mr. Barnard gave her a couple of dollars for a part of her necklace. It appeared to me that they do not know distinctly the value of money ; for Jane gave her two schellings for her bracelets, and she seemed full as happy.

These good people were very civil to us—gave me calabashes, Job's-tears—a pretty sort of grey seed which the Hottentots string into necklaces—and everything else they could think of,—in particular, a milk-basket which I looked at with a covetous eye, in which the Kafirs carry their milk—which they weave so close with certain rushes that, after once using, the milk cannot get through.

We retired to roost betimes—we had but one sheet to each bed, but it was clean, as everything was in our apartment.

*Thursday, May 24th, 1798.*—We were scarcely out of bed when all the *vrouws* and all the slaves invaded our room. I saw from the anxious eyes which darted into my boxes that, if they liked to give, they also wished to receive ; so I gave the young ones all the ribands and beads I could spare, tea and sugar to the mother, and handkerchiefs to the slaves.

On entering the public room, which in all houses is the same, that which one walks into from the outer door, I saw Mynheer with a new countenance—the enemy was no longer triumphant—the Madeira had done its duty, and, after battling it bravely and keeping him roaring half the night, the disease had retreated to his toe ; of course he thought himself in heaven, and talked as if he expected and wished for no other these fifty years. Mr. Barnard left him a legacy of some bottles of the physician.

After travelling about four hours, we crossed a pretty deep though narrow river, and stopped at a farmhouse of good size, where Mynheer Prince told us we should dine. No invitation on such occasions is necessary from the farmer,—when a waggon stops at the door, he concludes of course that the passengers want to *scoff* (to eat), and the horses the

same after they have rolled themselves. Here we fell in exactly with the dinner-hour, twelve o'clock.

The farmer was a complete boer, in his white shirt and a slouched hat of an enormous size, such as is to be seen in old Dutch pictures, but not more enormous than the figure it had to shade. The board was filled with sons and daughters, the sons equal in size almost to himself, the daughters promising to follow the example of their mother. In this house I saw the first trait of female industry, the *vrouws* being employed in making clothes for their "men." I found the mistress of the house was mother-in-law to the children, so I presume she had not encouraged the same indolence in the ladies that would have been permitted had they been her own.

Since working was the fashion here, I gave needles and thread to all. On endeavouring to pay the charge, the boer would not listen to receiving money, but talked in a high but liberal style of the pleasure of giving a share of what he had to a stranger. To say the truth, I find the whole of this class of people very hospitable; and I hear they are equally so to others whom they may be supposed to have less interest in obliging.

We left this boer's house, whose name was De Vos, and proceeded to the Roysand<sup>1</sup> Kloof, a very long pass, which we were obliged to walk, the waggon slowly dragging on before—the road very bad, but romantic.

It now began to grow very dark, but Mynheer Prince knew the road, and went before us till we descended into the more civilised part of the country; and, after travelling some miles more, and passing the Lion's Rocks, so called from a fierce one having been killed there about fifty years ago, we reached the house of Mynheer de Waal, a wealthy man of rather a higher class than the other boers, and one of the tallest men I had seen. He and his wife welcomed us with cordiality.

*Friday, May 25th, 1798.*—Pawell having sprained his back, we gave up the plan of proceeding to Saldanha Bay

<sup>1</sup> Rooizand.

till we saw if he was better to-morrow. Mynheer de Waal drove us in his waggon to a farmer's of the name of Leester, where we dined. We were received by a lady *d'un certain âge*,<sup>1</sup> with a black patch on each side of a bright black eye, a pretty daughter, and an old lady, very infirm, who I afterwards found was the mistress of the house, and about twenty years older than her husband, who, I was told, was a "smart young man," then at the Cape; he had married her for money, she him for love.

This was a most comfortable-looking place—plenty of trees—a good garden, from which I took two samples of indigo—a nice pigeon-house, well stocked with tame pigeons, which are the only ones used here, unless wild ones are accidentally shot, like other game,—a pond for ducks, geese, etc., over which birds' nests hung in hundreds from the branches of the trees, made of the stalks of grass, with a hole at the under end by which the bird enters. Where the nests are exposed to danger from serpents or other noxious creatures (which they could not be here, hanging over water), the entry to it is made like a long narrow tube.

All looked wealthy and flourishing here; even an honest barndoor hen I admired, chuckling about, with forty-six chickens behind her; probably she had had several clutches consigned over to her care more than her own; the slaves told me she was *goed hunder*, a good fowl.

They gave us a very eatable dinner;—it was scarcely over when our waggon was ready for departure, and another with eight horses drove up to the door, out of which alighted a short, round, quizzical man of fifty, dressed in dark blue, bound with gold—it was Mynheer Leester, the master of the house, returned from the Cape. "Ha, Mynheer Prince!"—shake hands,—“Ha, the Secretarius!”—shake hands again—talking away to the coachman all the way as he walked into the house—smacked the old lady—still talking smacked the *vrouw* with the patches, and then the daughter;—’twas all in the day's work;—these businesses over, he set himself

<sup>1</sup> (French) = of a certain age, i.e., no longer young.

down, put on his nightcap, and was ready for a pipe, or a *soepie*, or whatever the Mynheers pleased. But it was too late—we were obliged to return to de Waals'; so, getting into the waggon, we bid them good evening. I had kindly invited the old woman to visit me at the Cape;—I saw it was the fashion of the house to neglect her, by the gratitude of her manner to me.

*Saturday May 26th 1798.*—Left de Waal's—St. Helen's Bay at a great distance to the left—nothing struck me remarkably on the road except the strong resemblance there is in the first part of the country we passed to part of Fife—the lands carrying good corn; but there is little plantation.

We dined at a farmhouse, situated on a rising ground which commanded the view of an extensive sporting country.

After dinner we travelled on; it grew late, and, the further we went, the heavier grew the road—at last it became a deep sand, up to the axle-trees, which lasted till we reached Mynneer Slaber's,<sup>1</sup> where we slept. Mynheer was at the Cape, but we were received by the old moeder, by his daughter-in-law, two daughters, and a granddaughter of her own, of whom we shall say something to-morrow,—at present, as we all are a little fatigued, let us bid each other good night.

*Sunday, May 27th, 1798.*—Long, long before I thought of rising, I heard a little gentle wandering through the house, and found it was the old lady, who, though seventy-seven years of age, gets up before five every morning, and gives out the barley for the horses and necessary directions for the farm. She is reckoned a prodigy at her time of life; her person is erect, but her face more wrinkled than anything I ever saw, though not without remains of beauty. Her family, which are numerous, are reckoned the tallest people at the Cape, running on between six and seven feet high—I have seen others quite as tall, but the curiosity is, that there is none, man or woman, amongst them that is shorter.

<sup>1</sup> Slabbert.

She and the rest of the good folks had had their dish of coffee three hours before I appeared ; and when I did, I found a respectable company assembled, whom I had not seen the night before,—from twelve to eighteen favourite cats, who breakfast with her every morning, and do not reappear till next day, but hunt for themselves amongst the low bushes. They were very beautiful ones indeed.

The eldest daughter is rather what may be called a fine woman, not unpleasing, and she alloys her masculine size with a little tender affection of manner, which did very well. Perhaps gratitude made me think so, as she took much to me, calling me a *lieve vrouw*, a dear lady,—and in return I did for her a resemblance of her old mother, which she told the poor old lady she should look at many a day when she “was gone.” The struggle between two different ideas here reached my ears in a sigh, which it was easy to explain.

Miss Slaber gave me some calabashes, and a slave taught me how to clean and prepare them. Nothing keeps water, wine, fruit, butter, so cool in summer as these receptacles, which are sometimes very large, and cannot receive injury as glass or stoneware would by being tossed about. I have a thousand little plans of travelling cases for my friends made of these matters, but whether they will ever be carried into execution depends on too many accidents for me to insure them. I often wish, while others have their secretaries and their clerks, that I had a plan-realiser, to bring into effect the many little inventions which daily start into my thoughts, and which I am convinced would answer if followed up—but I want continuation in my industry ; I am ardent and active when employed in anything, and do not quit it if I can possibly help it ; but if I am obliged to leave it, and a different train of thoughts intervene, it is a chance if I return to my work.

The journey from Slaber's to Mynheer Stockberg's,<sup>1</sup> the post-holder at Saldanha Bay, being a long one, not less than forty miles, we found it necessary to secure three relays of

<sup>1</sup> ?Stofberg.

oxen,—one set, of fourteen, we were to have from this place ; at Longue Fontaine,<sup>1</sup> a spot where we were to halt and dine on the grass, another set were to meet us from a farmer in the district ; and at another house further on Mynheer Stockberg's were appointed to carry us to his house. We set out at eight, and arrived there about seven, and had a very kind and hospitable reception.

*Monday, May 28th, 1798.*—The day being a fine one, we proposed going to the Out Keek,<sup>2</sup> or look-out post, about four miles distant, to see the bay and adjacent country from the highest ground. Mynheer Stockberg took us with his oxen, and we had to ascend some hearty pulls by their means.

We mounted the eminence after a considerable tract of bushy and rocky ground, rendered fragrant by the aromatic scent of the wild shrubs which grow here in profusion. We got out and walked to the Out Keek, which is on the top of a rock, where the signal post is placed and the flag hoisted when ships appear. I sat down on a stone and endeavoured to take a sort of panorama of the place, while the gentlemen went in search of game. The young ladies sat down on another and fell to their reveries, while I went on with mine. My first was to look round the wide-extended prospect with wonder at my being here at all,—the second was to wonder whether, if we had kept the Cape when first discovered, we should have found it an advantage to us to-day.

After I had spent a couple of hours in this way, our gentlemen returned, and I found it was time to depart. We stopped at the old post-house where M. Stockberg used to live. At the door there stood a Belisarius<sup>3</sup>—one of the finest-looking grey-headed men I had ever seen—an old soldier, who, he said, was teacher to his children. His manner was so dignified and so polished, his bow so genteel, and his French so good, that he struck me much. On inquiry, I found he also was a Prussian. I had my hand in my pocket

<sup>1</sup> ? Langefontein.

<sup>2</sup> Uitkyk

<sup>3</sup> A famous old general of the Roman Empire.

to bring forth three dollars, which was all my stock at the time, to give him in some way or another if I could contrive it without indelicacy ; but the smallness of the sum, and his manner so much above his situation, awed me. Mr. Barnard read the whole of this in my face and attitude. " Don't," said he.—" What ? " said I.—" Don't," he replied again. I saw that he advised me under the same impulse that made me hesitate, as he feared to give offence. With a sigh I was obliged to depart, and my old Prussian lost his three dollars because they were not a dozen, or he less like a man of birth.

When we reached M. Stockberg's, dinner was ready, and I had the pleasure of finding the son had shot me two flamingoes ; one was dead, the other had lost only the tip of his wing, and I am in hopes of his living to be the wonder and delight of all my friends in England.

*Tuesday, May 29th, 1798.*—At half-past eight the waggon and oxen were ready for our departure. I had found Mrs. Stockberg a very civil, honest creature, obliging and good-humoured. She undertook to get me flamingo feathers, to nurse my bird and sent it, to get me a barrel of good salt fish, a large one of which was to be purchased here for a guinea, and, dressed with potatoes, I foresaw it would be no bad mess during the continuance of a South-Easter, which does not permit any fishing-boat to venture out from shore.

*Wednesday, May 30th, 1798.*—While getting ready for departure, the old lady gave me a kind and even tender farewell, which from extreme old age is always rather affecting, but she promised to visit me at the Cape in a manner that did not bespeak any doubt of seeing it again.

We departed at ten, the gentlemen having mounted their horses in order to shoot on their way to Groenkloof, where we proposed to dine and stay all night. It is a government post, where dragoons are quartered,—a very excellent house (stabling, offices, and farm), but we found all much out of repair.

While dinner was getting ready, I walked out to see the view of the Cape from the rising ground at the back of the house. After taking a slight sketch, I came back to the yard in time to see about five hundred ewes returning from their pasture at a distance to the fold, where as many lambs were anxiously waiting their return. The door being opened, it was pretty to see the little creatures running out to meet their dams, no one mistaking her own, and each in haste to have its little long-delayed supper.

I regretted that the master of this mansion was dead. He had been kind to me, and had given me the two secretary-birds I mentioned as such charming creatures, and my little buck. How I grieved that I could not bring it with me. I never was so fond of an animal before,—it is so fond of me and so careless of every one else that it is impossible not to love it. It licked my hand the morning of my departure, and seemed to beg hard to go too, but the cook promised faithfully he would take as much care of it as if it were his child—he is fond of birds and beasts. My little buck would have been in danger too from every dog he met with which he was not acquainted, as they have no respect for wild animals which are become tame. Had he been in the waggon with me when we were overturned, his slender legs must have been broken. If I could say however that an animal had a presentiment that he should not see his friend and mistress again, I should say it of my buck from his complaining note when I bade him farewell.

*Thursday, May 31st, 1798.*—None of us had slept so well as to render the sacrifice of rising a great one. By ten we remounted our waggon, and set off for a farmhouse called Blueberg, where we were to dine, and from that proceed to the Cape.

The road was much the same as usual,—heathy sand, scarce any cultivation or grass. We passed about four houses in the space of fifteen or twenty miles, and about one o'clock arrived at our farm, where a clean, civil old vrouw gave us some dinner. We then proceeded homewards. It would

have been foolish enough matter, after a tour not without its occasional dangers, to lose one's life the last day, and within a few miles of our journey's end; but Gaspar, to save some heavy road, drove down upon the sea-beach before we came to the Salt River—a pass sometimes dangerous from the quicksands, which, if passed unskilfully, are hazardous.

Gaspar had mistaken the hour, and imagined the tide was retreating, instead of which it was coming in; and every five minutes he was obliged to whip up his horses to their full speed to avoid sinking in sands almost alive from the approach of the sea which foamed under our wheels. We were all not a little afraid;—Mynheer Prince afterwards confessed to me that we had had great reason; however the event justified Gaspar, for we got through safe, and by eight o'clock at night, accompanied by a heavy South-Easter and rain, we reached the Castle, where I hoped to find all clean, peaceable, and comfortable, from a comparison which after the last month was likely to be in its favour.

The first person I saw was Revel, the cook—who, instead of welcoming me back, seemed to avoid me. This I felt as a sad omen—I need not say why. He burst into tears—or pretended to do so, and told me my little buck was dead—that it had never been well from the morning of my departure, constantly bleating and running about, looking for something—would not taste food, and died in ten days!

Though I knew the half of this to be untrue, it affected and worried me more than common sense can justify, and indeed gave the moment of return a shock which I leave those to pardon me for feeling who have had a favourite and lost it in some measure by their own want of judicious arrangement. I should not have trusted Revel—I knew he drank, and I should have risked it with Madame Goetz in spite of her children and dogs, or with any other friend in my absence, rather than with him. But he had talked me over, with so much specious fondness of my animal! What pain did I not suffer when I heard from the other servants,

who now crowded upon me with their grievances, that, from the day I left the Castle, no one had seen my buck, and that he had it locked up, but had been constantly drunk himself,—that he had sent a slave with it into the country to have it buried in my garden at Paradise, but with strict charges to let no one see it. But let me leave the subject.

Whoever leaves home without a very steady person in rule will be apt to find that all has gone topsy-turvy in his absence. The coachman and the cook had quarrelled ; the cook had cited him before the Fiscal—two men in the stable had been fighting ; both were black and blue—Margaret, a soldier's wife, whom I have to keep the apartments when we are out of town, complained that Revel would not permit her to enter, but had sent for the two black slaves, whom I had returned to the slave-lodge while absent, as they are all thieves—he and they had finished a cask of wine in three days, which was to have lasted the family till our return—Jane's dog had been stolen by a Dutchman, who, finding it in vain to bribe the coachman, had enticed Tartar away ; but we hoped to find him out—Martinus, a black boy, whom I had desired to water some plants, had never given them a drop, and had permitted regimental goats to walk in and eat up a box of fine young nutmeg-trees—my penguin, who had lived with me a month, and with his long ruffle wings and solemn gravity as respectably filled the link between fish and fowl as I hope my little ostrich will do that between bird and beast, had been choked by a bone—and, to sum up all the misfortunes and ill-humour of the component parts of our family, the cow, hitherto mild, had become insolent, and had offended the laws by walking on the parade, the consequence of which was that, like other caitiffs, she was put in the *Tronk*, where she then was. If anything could have made me laugh, it was this last misfortune.

Our tour finished and all well, the 1st of June, Mr. Barnard thanked our kind Governor for the pleasure he had afforded us, and we were all glad to have made the journey.

Whether we shall ever, in a family party, venture farther into the country, I cannot tell ; I think it probable we shall not. I shall therefore confine my little migrations henceforward to the quarters where I'm likely to pick up flowers, which may be done within a hundred miles of the Cape, and shall endeavour to stock myself with such things previous to that return which will put it in my power to embrace you all, my dear friends, with affection unabated on my part, and undivided by any new ties which the head or heart can form here. . . . .

## VII. DEPARTURE FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

The Dutch, having heard of my departure, hastened to take leave of me at the Castle,—at least those did who *had* heard. Their countenances were expressive of regret, but brightened up when I told them Mr. Barnard certainly remained behind. The Fiscal entreated and even implored me to give his family the last day I spent in Africa, and to pass it at his country-house. It was extremely inconvenient to me to do so, but, when a small sacrifice is to make another person very happy, I cannot find it possible to say no. Mr. Barnard and I went. He had shewed some taste in the walks he had made through his woods, and much industry, all being done by his slaves ; his rural staircases particularly pleased me ; instead of sloping his rapid ascents, he had cut the steepest into steps, and with straight young trees had bound in the earth so as to make it secure and very pretty. I wandered amongst the wild bushes, and picked up a few seeds as souvenirs of the day, but the season was as yet too early to afford ripe ones in plenty, and *I* could not wait their maturity ! Every day was now to me a gain and a pleasure ; but as every hour of delay became alarming to the Admiral, while I was exulting in the westerly breeze, on Saturday the 9th of January, 1802, at breakfast, the mandate came—I must be on board at twelve o'clock—the fleet was to sail at two—every last, last package was therefore to be sent on

board. Hurry is favourable to feeling, for it does not permit reflection. A few particular friends came to say adieu ; my best ones gave me the cordial ' God bless you ! ' of kindness. All was at last ready—I stood a moment on the quay before I descended its steps, and looked at the town and at the mountain rising over it. I left with them a benediction—praying Heaven to avert from the land the ills which French principles and French rapacity might pour over it in greater volumes than clouds from the hills—I thanked God for the peaceful days He had permitted me to pass there, and for the health in which He allowed me to return—and, dropping a tear at the last look of a place where I had spent five years, I stepped into the barge and soon reached the ship.

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